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July 1965, 75 cents
Vol. 216

THE Atlantic

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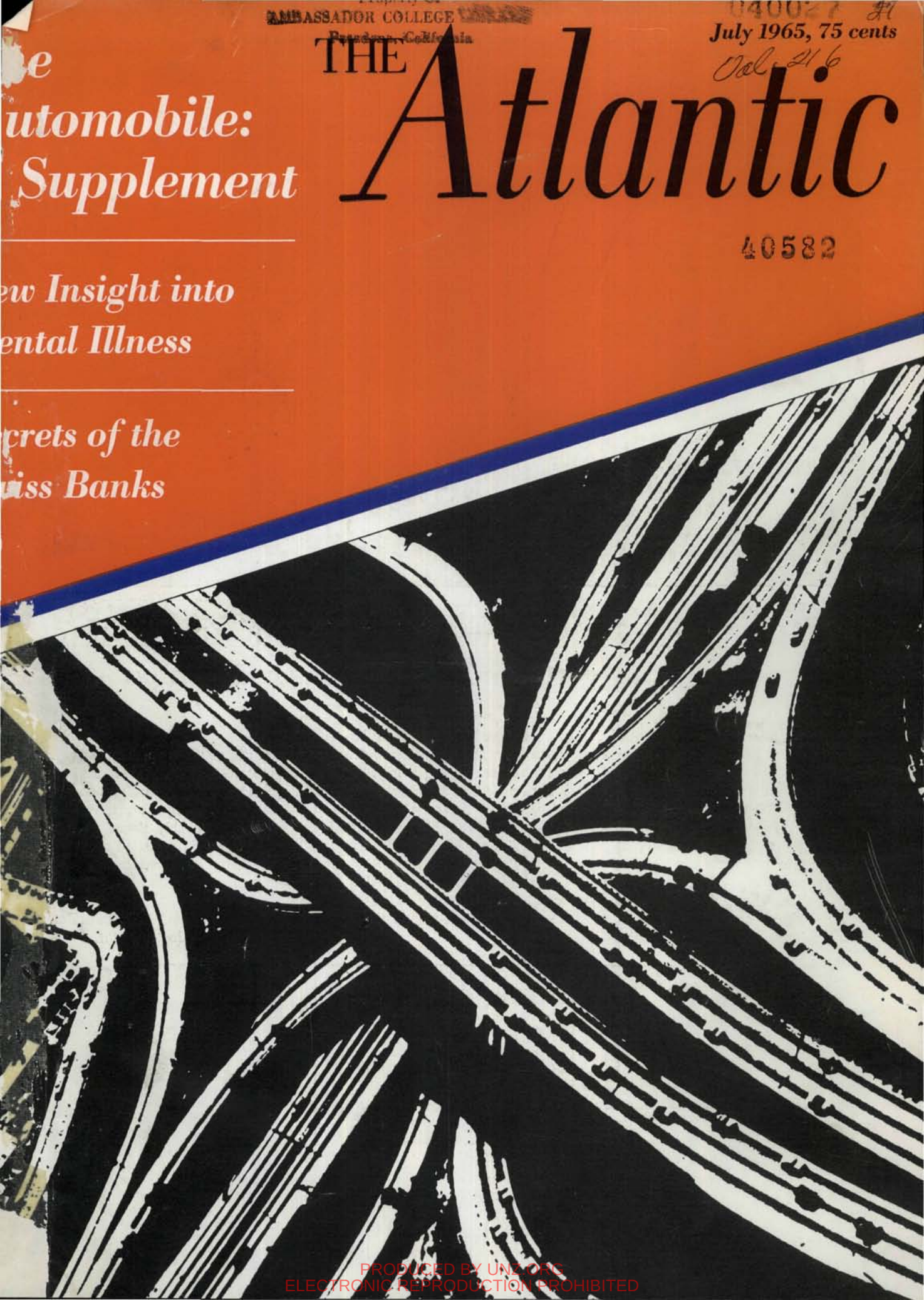

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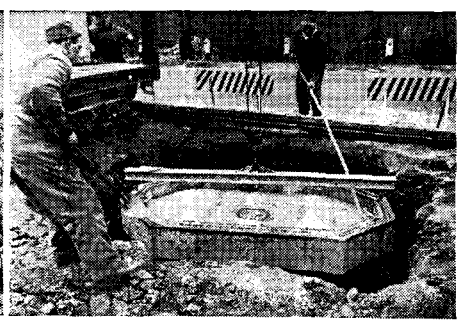
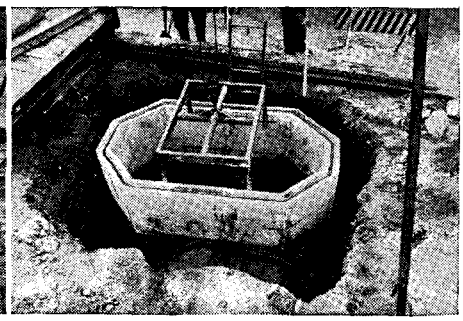
Dig a hole.



Lower manhole vault . . .



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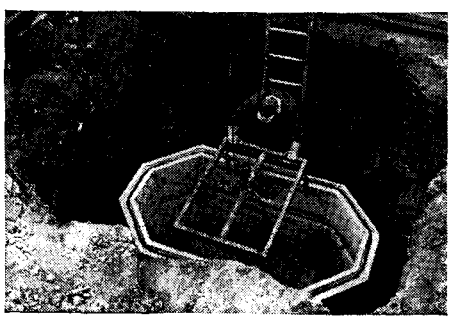

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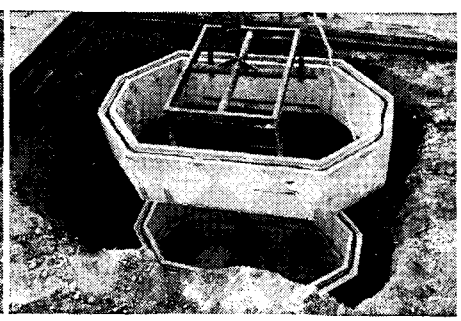

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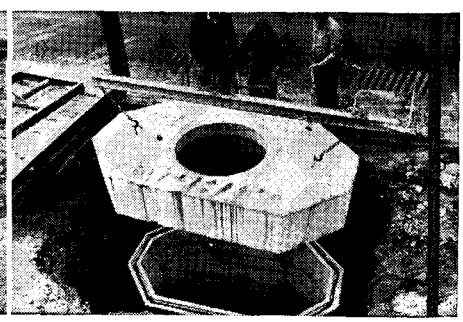
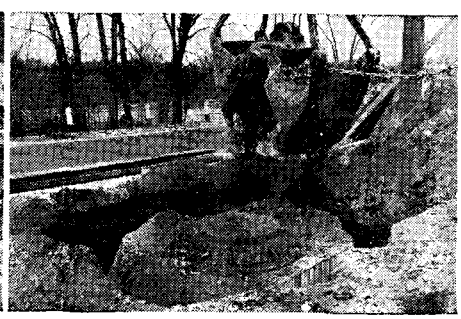
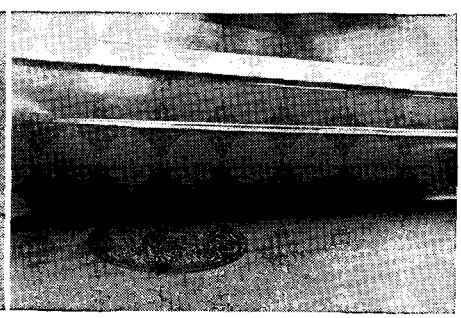


until covered.

Add cover.



Fill and surface.



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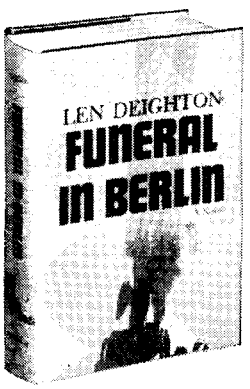

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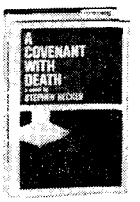

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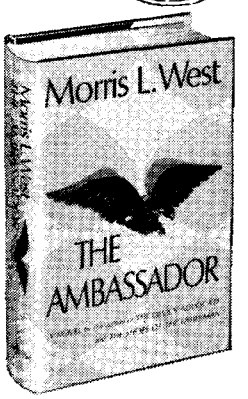

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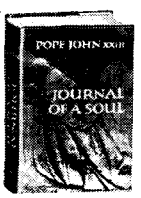

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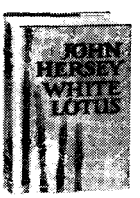

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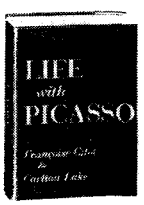

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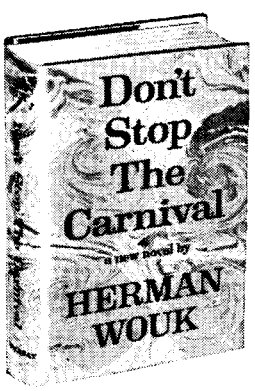

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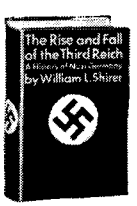

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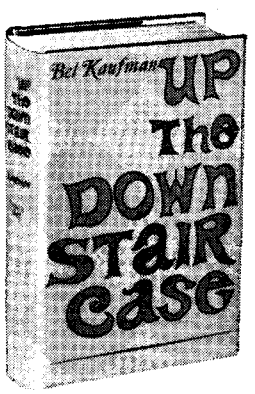

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

The conflict between the Soviet Union and Communist China is causing new worries in Washington and a new examination of America's relations with the Communist states. Only a few months ago, it was confidently believed in Washington that better relations with Russia were possible and that a period of peace and relief from major crises was at hand.

While there continue to be indications that Moscow favors a détente with the West, it is nevertheless accepting new risks in applying pressures in the underdeveloped world. It also is taking advantage of the confusions and divisions in the Atlantic alliance resulting from French policy. No one believes that Moscow desires a deterioration of relations with the United States. But circumstances and opportunities seem to impel the Kremlin to run graver risks now than at any time in the last two or three years.

Averell Harriman, ambassador at large, has made the most explicit public warning that the Sino-Soviet conflict "is increasing the dangers to the free world of Communist subversion and aggression." He acknowledged that in the long run the conflict "may have great significance in breaking the monolithic structure of international Communism." But he said that at the present time the rift between Moscow and Peking "has led to a bitter struggle for leadership of the international Communist movement." In an effort to enlarge their influence, he said, the Russian and Chinese Communists "are stepping up their respective economic and military assistance programs, their propaganda and subversion campaigns, and where possible, supporting terrorist action leading to guerrilla-type 'wars of liberation.' "

In policies with respect to Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, the Administration is acting on the assumptions underlying Harriman's warning. It believes that we are entering a new period of danger as the two Communist powers compete to expand their influence in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Yet the Administration is not giving up hope that a détente with the Soviet Union is possible. It remembers that one of the first principal manifestations of the Sino-Soviet conflict was a dispute over the approach to national liberation movements in underdeveloped countries.

A clear lesson

The quarrel over strategy in Laos and Vietnam was a natural outgrowth of this disagreement between Peking and Moscow. Peking was prepared to run risks that Moscow did not want to take. But to maintain its leadership against China in the underdeveloped world Moscow must assume a new belligerence, Harriman and other Washington experts believe. It must give greater support to the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam and support, even if reluctantly, the Hanoi and Peking demand that the United States and Saigon negotiate, if at all, with the NLF.

President Johnson said that he would hold "unconditional discussions" with any *government* precisely because he had no intention of negotiating with the NLF, the political arm of the Viet Cong guerrillas. If the United States agreed to negotiate with the Viet Cong this year and accord them a legal status, why could it not be prevailed on to negotiate with the Thailand or Congo or Venezuelan guerrillas next?

The President, like Harriman, is convinced that the threat of guerrilla-type wars is greater now than when President Kennedy first began remodeling American Army training tactics to deal with the threat. "To stand firm," the President has repeatedly said, "is the only guarantee of a lasting

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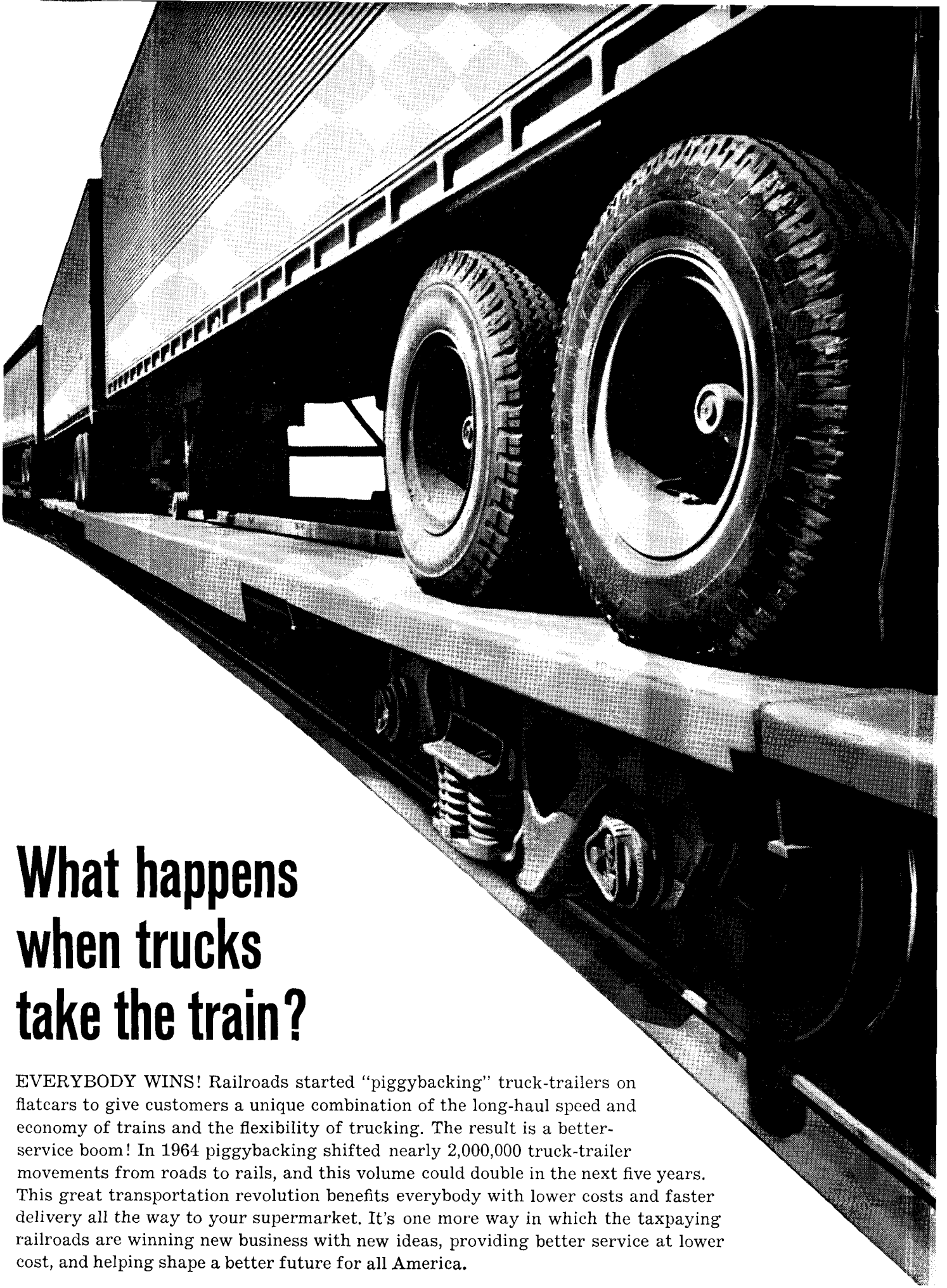

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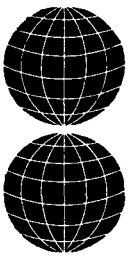

peace." He calls this "the clearest lesson of our time." It is a key to understanding his actions.

Twenty years of the UN

Despite the many recent attacks on the United Nations, Washington views the organization on its twentieth anniversary with a sober understanding that it is both an indispensable and an imperfect instrument. Even in its extreme youth, it has performed useful functions and continues to have, in the face of considerable popular disenchantment, the firm support of Democratic and Republican leaders.

They recognize that it is an important forum for the discussion of international problems, that it was an instrument for solving the Cuban missile crisis, that it has negotiated settlements, supervised truces, and provided peacekeeping forces in Cyprus, the Gaza Strip, the Congo, and elsewhere, and that it has been useful, as Secretary Rusk has said, "in minimizing the dangers of a great-power collision."

For the first time in the UN's history, the President has asked the Senate to ratify two amendments to the Charter. They involve relatively minor changes, but they are the first that have been proposed. Because the UN has grown from 51 to 114 members, the first amendment would enlarge the membership of the Security Council from 11 to 15 countries and raise the requisite majority from 7 to 9 members. The other amendment would increase the size of the Economic and Social Council from 18 to 27 members.

As the UN has grown — and it may eventually reach a total of 125 to 130 members — the chief American concern has been with the clear disproportion between voting power and real power. All the major powers and all the experts on UN affairs have been concerned with this problem.

Suggestions have been made for weighted voting, for dual voting, and for the establishment of a bicameral arrangement requiring decisions on certain matters to be approved by both the General Assembly and the Security Council. But agreement on reform to meet the fundamental question of the power imbalance in Assembly voting is some distance away, Washington believes. Meanwhile, the experts think that those who fear the worst from the voting power of the small Afro-Asian countries have forgotten that the influence of the major powers extends far beyond their votes in the General Assembly.

Looking ahead, it is obvious that the next major crisis facing the UN will almost certainly be over the admission of Communist China. Though the Administration is aware of the inevitability of such action, it is unprepared to meet it. Involved is the whole question of American policy in Asia, particularly with respect to Taiwan and Vietnam. And involved also are Communist China's relations with the rest of Asia, including Taiwan, and with the United States. A broad settlement is undoubtedly too much to hope for in such a critical situation. But if there could be a negotiation on Vietnam, the first step toward an eventual settlement at least would have been taken.

Dollars and kicks

President Johnson's chief adviser on Latin-American policy, and the man most responsible next to Johnson for decisions affecting the Dominican Republic, is Thomas C. Mann, Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs. At fifty-two, the quiet, soft-spoken Mann is a controversial figure in the State Department and its number three man. A pleasant charmer at times, he can also be blunt and tough to the point of rudeness, and a driver of his staff and of Latinos who do not move as fast as he thinks they should.

A Texan, Mann, like the President, believes in the use of American power. He has been heard to observe that Latin Americans understand two things: the dollar and a kick in the pants, or words to that effect, and he manifests this attitude in many ways. Military, economic, and political power should be used when necessary to protect the country's interests, Mann thinks. He is not overly impressed by the importance of public opinion, here or abroad.

In the State Department, Mann is regarded as a realist who wants to achieve prescribed objectives. In Latin America, he is regarded as a conservative who is not very sympathetic to the important forces of the non-Communist left. His emphasis is on orderly reform, on law and order, and on what he thinks is achievable, not on reform for its own sake. He is a lawyer, not an economist.

The timid Dean

The outcome of the clumsy Dominican affair will be more a measure of Mann's and the President's policies than of any other's. According to the scarce information so far available, Secretary of State Dean Rusk warned against precipitate landing of the Marines in the Dominican Repub-

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Close Your Mind!

Samuel Butler, that breath of fresh air in the stuffy Victorian age, once wrote: "Cursed is he that does not know when to shut his mind. An open mind is all very well in its way, but it ought not to be so open that there is no keeping anything in or out of it. It should be capable of shutting its doors sometimes or may be found a little drafty."

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lic. He wanted the Organization of American States to be consulted or at least informed in advance.

Mann, however, has little regard for the OAS, which he looks upon mainly as a powerless debating society (which it may be). Yet form can be important, and Rusk should have made a stronger argument than he did for form and for accepted procedures.

Mann and Admiral William F. Raborn, Jr., who had just been sworn in as director of the Central Intelligence Agency, urged speed to block what they regarded as a serious Communist threat. As a man of action himself, with a scorn for intellectuals who debate and hesitate, the President acted with furious haste.

Moreover, the President complicated the situation further with a series of flamboyant speeches that did neither him nor the country any good. Washington has been disturbed more than once by the President's frenzied, seemingly undisciplined approach to great issues. Sometimes his manner of doing things rather than a policy itself arouses the greatest misgivings. His love of power, his sensitivity to criticism, his headlong quest for action worry many who admire his unquestioned gifts. If ever a President needed effective critics, a strong Secretary of State, and a staff that is informed, alert, and willing to argue, Johnson does.

Rusk is intellectually well equipped to hold the first place in the Cabinet. But he has one serious (some say crippling) deficiency. He gives the President clear and well-reasoned advice, but he does not fight for his point of view. He does not inspire the men under him.

Instead of looking upon himself as the President's only important adviser on foreign policy, as John Foster Dulles and many other Secretaries have, Rusk thinks of himself as one among several who help the President determine American policy. Since there are strong persons like Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, special assistant for national security affairs, Mann, and others who have the President's ear and are not timid about speaking into it, Rusk's voice sometimes is lost in the murmur.

The pliant staff

In many ways, the President's staff lacks the same quality that is missing in the Secretary of State. It does not press its views on the President with sufficient force. As an example, during the first part of the Dominican crisis three of his staff agreed that a certain course of action by the President was required. But they found themselves debating not what advice to give him but how to give it in a way that would not arouse his anger. An effective staff would have no such inhibitions when the President's own interests are at stake.

For instance, an alert staff probably would have dissuaded the President from demanding that Congress pass the $700 million appropriation for military purposes in Vietnam as though a new crisis had developed. Congress gave the President the money in record time, but it did not like the emergency atmosphere that was created by the President's dramatic request. You would not know it, of course, from the compliant vote of 408 for and only 7 against.

Mood of the Capital

While the President has made up his personal staff almost entirely of fellow Texans, his other appointments have been distinguished by the fact that they are heavily from the career service. Ability and not politics has been the chief criterion in the overwhelming majority of Johnson appointments.

John W. Macy, Jr., chairman of the Civil Service Commission, has been the President's chief adviser on appointments and personnel problems. The selection of Macy was an indication of the President's interest in career people and in finding the most competent men to help run the huge federal bureaucracy. In the same way, the President last year fought hard for larger salaries for senior officials. The result has been greatly improved morale throughout the career service, for there were many at first who thought that Johnson would be strictly political in his appointments. He definitely has not been. On the record to date, he has very high grades.

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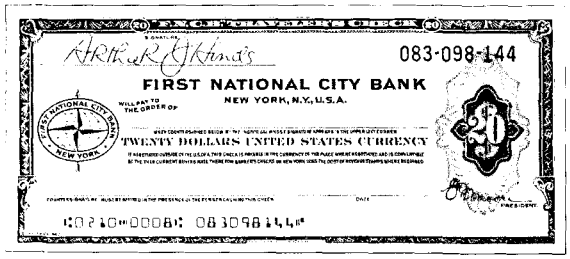

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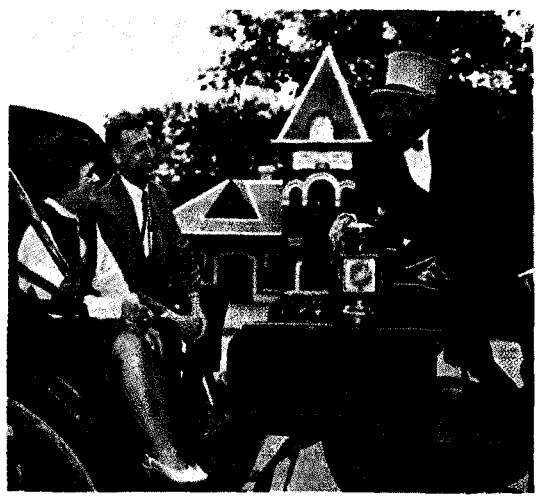

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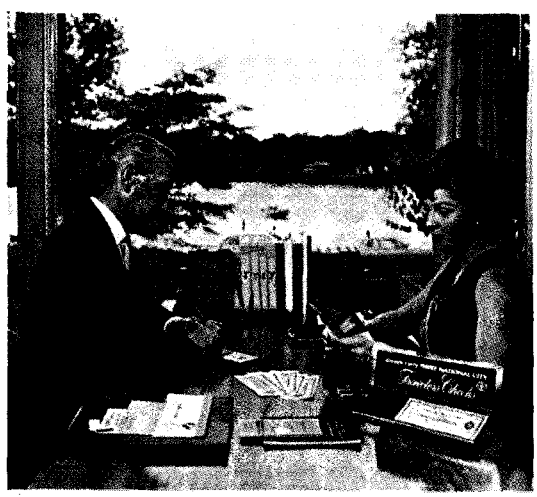

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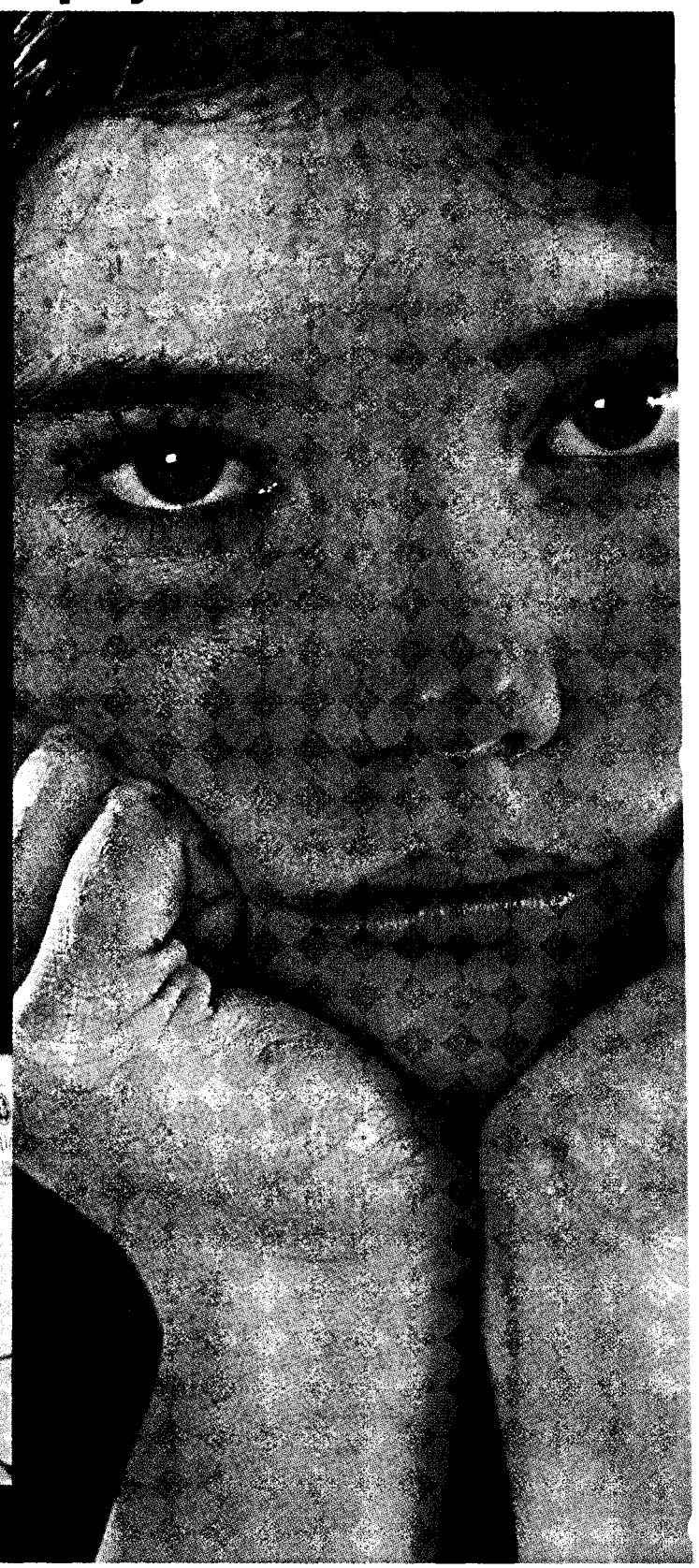

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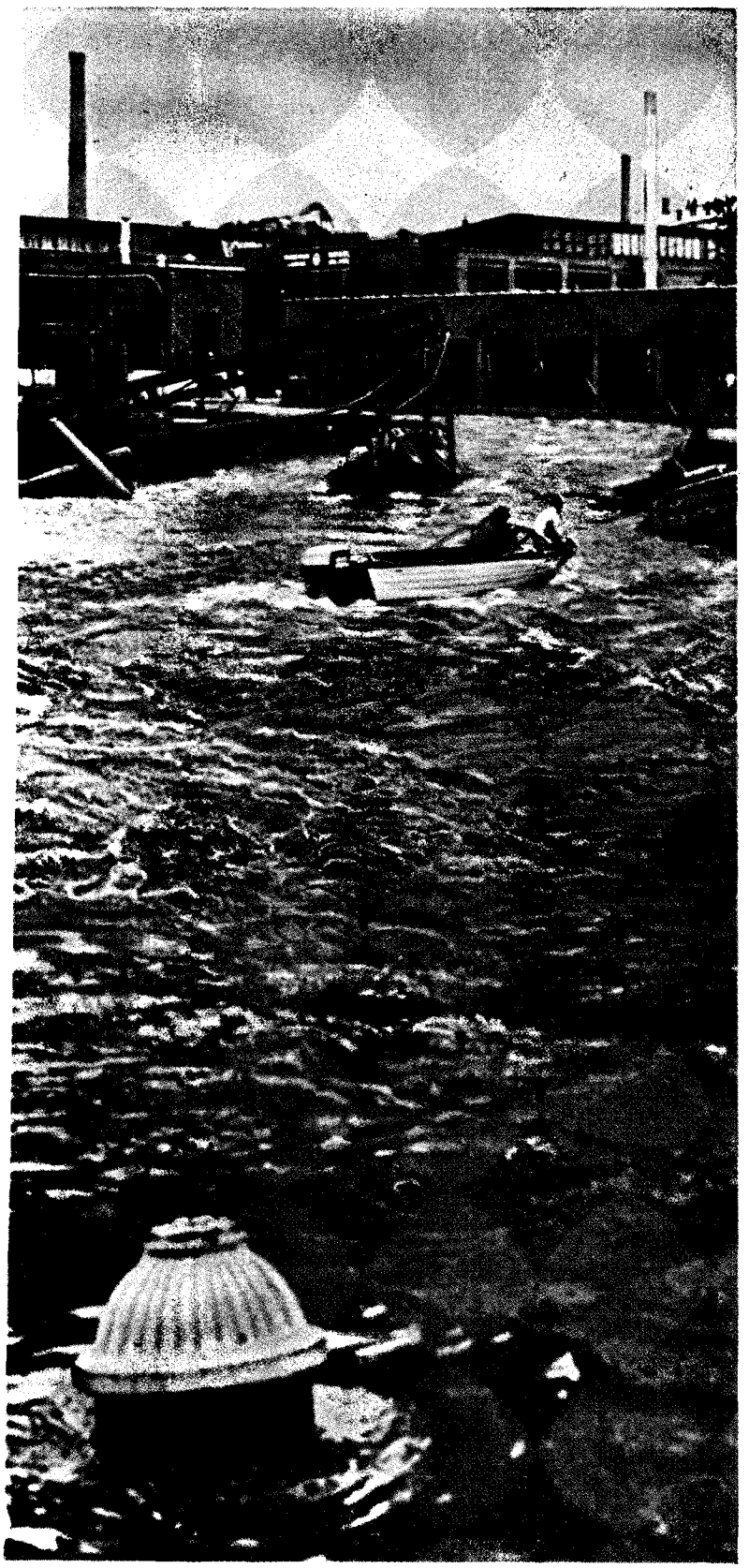

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When Lyndon Johnson made his proposal for unconditional peace talks on Vietnam it was nowhere more warmly welcomed than in Yugoslavia. Tito's government had played the biggest part in organizing the seventeen "nonaligned" nations' appeal for a cessation of fighting in Indochina and the holding of a peace conference. Following President Johnson's statement, the Yugoslav government threw out hints that it would be prepared to play a constructive mediatory role if asked to do so, and might be able to sponsor the establishment of a new international control commission in Indochina.

This attitude was in line with Yugoslavia's philosophy of foreign policy, which contains two features of particular interest. The first is the creation of the bloc of nonaligned countries, which may themselves be concerned in local conflicts (the U.A.R.'s campaign against Israel is the most obvious example) but which will produce a "third-force" view over world problems, designed essentially to promote the maintenance of peace.

The second interesting feature is the demand that détente in Europe must be constructive rather than passive. Yugoslavia's Foreign Minister, Koca Popovic, and his deputy, Dusan Kveder, are exponents of the view that East-West relations in Europe must be progressively improved if they are not to remain vulnerable to every minor change in the world's political climate and to problems which may center on areas thousands of miles away from Europe. Better East-West relations, Tito's ministers believe, can be achieved by more consultations among governments, more personal contacts, more trade, and a freer exchange of views. It is significant that American and British newspapers, periodicals, and books are sold freely in Belgrade and other Yugoslav cities.

Nonalignment means a policy of good-neighborliness. Yugoslavia has a virtually open frontier with Italy, in spite of the Italian wartime occupation of much of the country and the temporary annexation of part of the Dalmatian littoral, and in spite of Yugoslavia's own annexation of Istria up to the doors of Trieste after the war. Trade between the two countries has been liberalized, and Italy is now Yugoslavia's chief trade partner. Relations with Austria, too, are excellent, and Yugoslavia relishes the thought of a neutral buffer on its northern frontier. Friendship with Greece was proclaimed when Prime Minister George Papandreou visited Belgrade in the spring.

Relations with the countries of the Communist bloc have been less easy, owing to memories of the breach with the Soviet Union in 1948 and the slavish preoccupation of Moscow's satellites with the Soviet Union's foreign political interests. But the Rumanian revolt against toeing the Moscow line may have helped to bring about the trade pact between the two countries which was signed this year, even though Yugoslavia has improved its relations with the Soviet Union at the same time. President Tito has been invited to Bulgaria, and the old animosities over rival claims to Macedonia have at last been decently buried. Finally, nonalignment has in no way interfered with the friendly relations which have been established with the United States, Britain, and other major powers while it has made Yugoslavia a discreet champion of Afro-Asian interests.

Hostilities and hatreds

There are two exceptions to this tale of good relations: Albania and West Germany. The Yugoslav-Albanian frontier is tightly shut, and there is no trade and no other contact between the two countries. The small clique of "Peking Communists" which controls Albania regards Tito as a traitor to Communism and a semicapitalist. The Albanians keep an eye on the Albanian (Shiptar) minority in Yugoslavia, which numbers three quarters of a million but which has shown no vestige of interest in subversive propaganda for a Greater Albania.

Of much more importance is Yugoslavia's feeling of hostility toward West Germany. This is based only partially on the country's terrible

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sufferings under Nazi occupation. Nearly 2,000,000 people, or one in nine of the population, died during the war. Losses in action were 305,000, the highest of any European country except the Soviet Union. More than a million and a half Yugoslavs were imprisoned or mobilized for slave labor. One house in every six in the country was destroyed. So was 50 percent of the forests. The capital, Belgrade, was reduced to rubble. War damage was assessed at $38 billion, a staggering amount for a poor country.

Yet Yugoslavia was among the first countries to establish diplomatic relations with West Germany after the Federal Republic was formed in 1949. These relations were broken off, on German initiative, after President Tito decided to accord equal recognition to the East German regime. They have never been re-established, although there has been talk of setting up economic missions, and Dr. Rolf Lahr, Undersecretary of the West German Foreign Ministry, was sent to Belgrade for talks last year.

The issue of Yugoslavia's relations with West Germany has been further complicated by the Federal Republic's refusal to pay reparations for at least some of the damage done by Hitler's armies. The claims still outstanding total $800 million — in Belgrade's opinion a modest sum in view of the mass extermination of Yugoslavia's Jews and gypsies, the shooting of up to 100 Yugoslavs for every German killed by partisans, the murder of thousands of old people and children, and the deportation of more than 50,000 people to concentration camps in Germany and Poland. The German case, that reparations can be paid only to countries which recognize the Federal Republic as the sole legal representative of the whole German people, is a weak one.

Production up, wages too

Payment of reparations would make a useful difference to Yugoslavia's economic problems. For a variety of reasons these are causing concern. The country has few natural resources. Its communications are complex — it takes, for instance, twelve hours to travel the 200 miles from Belgrade to the Adriatic coast by road, and fifteen by train. Even before their war losses the Yugoslavs had a low standard of living. The pre-war average wage in Macedonia, one of the poorest provinces, was around $16 a month. It requires a united nation to build a unified economy, and the Karageorgevich monarchy, which ruled until 1941, manifestly failed to unite the Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians, Montenegrins, and the other groups, which were administered by a small Serbian ruling clique. Set up as a composite state after World War I, Yugoslavia had failed to develop either politically or economically by the time World War II broke out.

In the circumstances, what Titoist Yugoslavia has achieved in the economic sphere, and is still achieving, is remarkable. In ten years, industrial production has been raised by 350 percent, and agricultural by 55 percent. Real wages have multiplied 2.2 times. The number of children at school is up from 2.1 million to 3.6 million, although an alarmingly high percentage of the people in some districts are still illiterate. The number of doctors has doubled.

Also the economy is becoming better balanced. Ten years ago 61 percent of the population lived and worked on the land. Today the farm population has been brought down to just under 50 percent. Thriving new industries have been established in what were previously purely rural districts, such as Bosnia and Macedonia. These underdeveloped areas are being brought into line with the more highly developed Croatia, Slovenia, and northern Serbia. There has been some criticism of Tito's policy in this respect, for it is obvious that new industries would be most profitably run by the more sophisticated races in the north and west of Yugoslavia. But a heavy concentration of industry there would have caused immense ill feeling.

Tito's policy of spreading the wealth and allowing no component part of Yugoslavia to remain a distressed area may be expensive for the short term. Given the necessary skill in planning and utilizing investment, it should justify itself in the long run.

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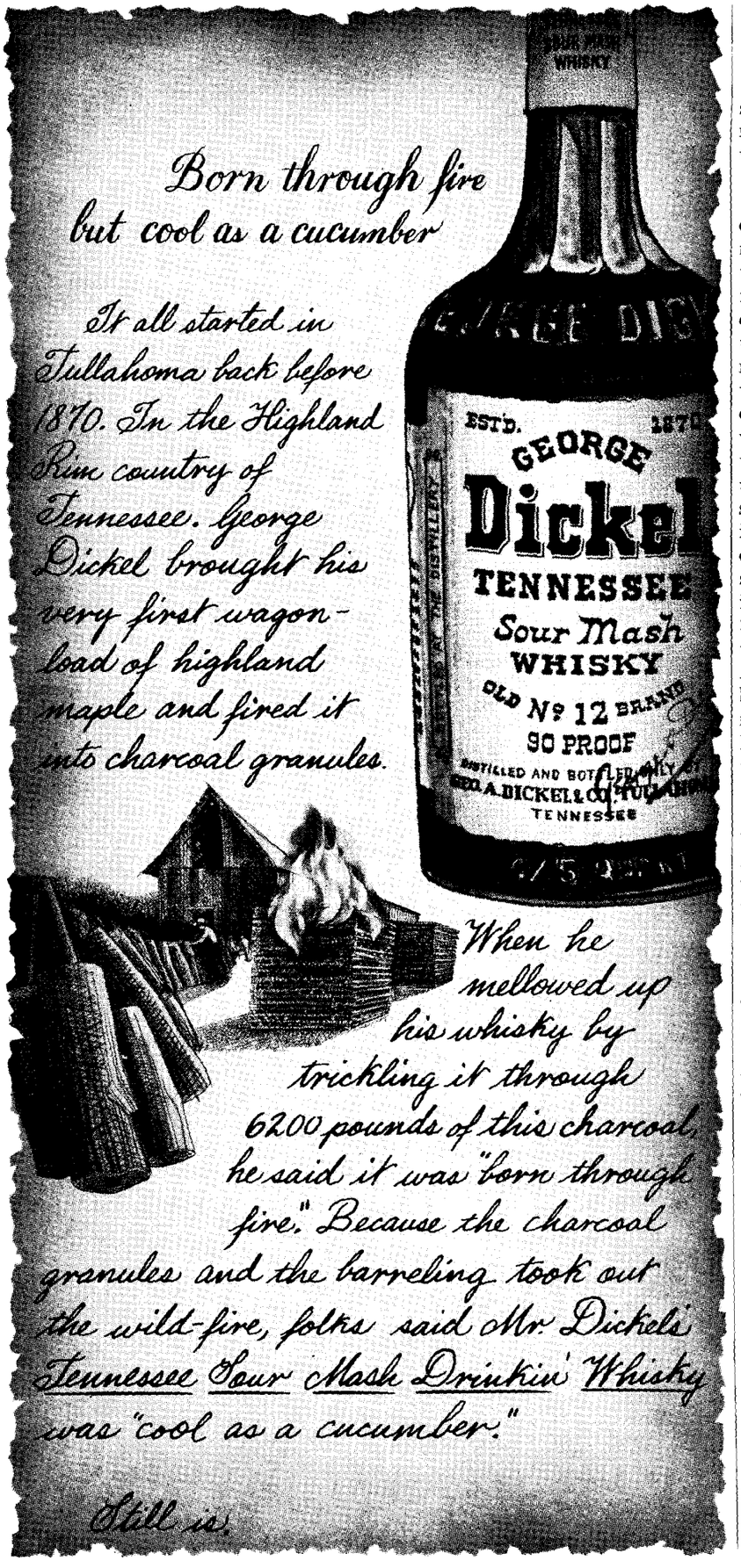

Report on Yugoslavia

But the achievements of Titoist socialism should not conceal for a moment the fact that 1965 is going to be a critical year economically.

Yugoslavia is underpopulated, underhoused, underfed. The government has very naturally determined to maintain a high rate of capital investment. Last year investment in capital goods bounded up by an unprecedented 58 percent. Too much capacity was being created which could not be brought into early production. Industrial plant was being installed ahead of its time. But as a parallel and totally unconnected process, nominal personal incomes were allowed to rise in a single year by 42 percent in order to give workers a higher standard of living. (Workers in industry often earn as little as $45 to $50 a month.) At the same time, the cost of living rose by 16 percent. And major investment projects in housing, electrical power, roads, railways, and industrial plant loomed ahead. This all meant one thing — inflation.

In a Communist state inflation is unknown, or at least undeclared. But Yugoslavia is a Communist state with a difference. Its industrial firms and its agricultural cooperatives are surprisingly independent and self-governing. Their profits are partly plowed back and partly distributed. This system of "local socialism" has produced excellent morale. The Yugoslav regime respects the Yugoslav workers. Paradoxically, this has made inflation more possible, for the government has been determined to increase consumption and purchasing power. In two years the cost of living rose by nearly one third. Restaurant prices went up by 25 percent, which could have an adverse effect on a tourist industry which brings in $90 million a year. Rents for flats and houses have more than doubled since 1962. Prices of most consumer goods have risen to something like Western European levels, but wages are only one third as high.

Squeeze and freeze

Last September the government decided to take action. In October it announced that no new building

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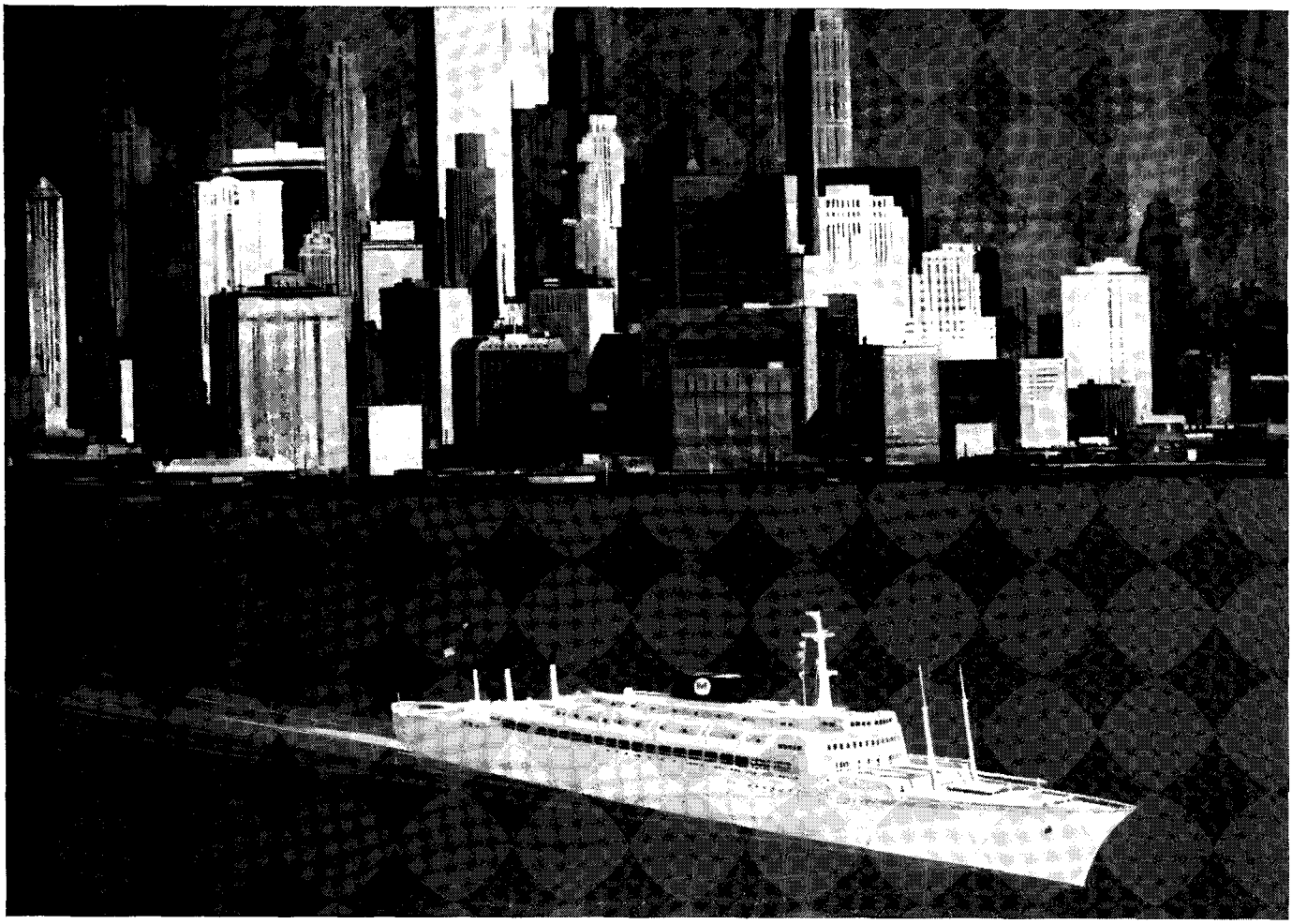

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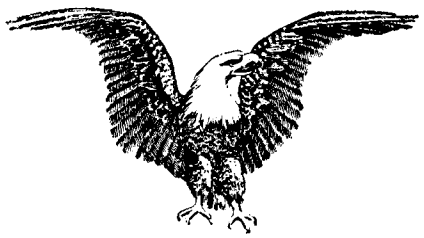

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of offices would be authorized for the time being. Office buildings already under construction would be completed only if 25 percent of the costs were covered by advance payments. Early in 1965 the banks were instructed to increase their obligatory reserves and restrict credits. But in January and February the rate of investment in capital goods rose by a further 15 percent.

In March a major credit squeeze was applied. Prices were frozen by government edict. The budget was cut by 5 percent, and this amount remains temporarily blocked. A target was set for reducing the production of capital goods by 3 percent from the 1964 level. This may look modest, but the 1965 target for the national income is an increase of 10 percent. Thus the proportion of capital goods will fall from 32 percent to 26 percent.

At the same time, more productive capacity will be devoted to satisfying the needs of the consumer, and personal incomes are expected to rise by 9 percent this year. Some believe that the government is adopting a wise and courageous policy, and that it will succeed. But hovering in the immediate background will be the fear of devaluation of the dinar (800 to the dollar) and of a possible currency reform which will reduce the immense amount of paper money in circulation.

No right to dissent

The Yugoslavs are tough, confident people, and it is improbable that they will be seriously held up by their economic difficulties. Possibly a more worrying problem for them is that of their personal liberties, which have grown in recent years but now seem to have suffered a significant setback. On April 30 a young writer, Mihajlo Mihajlov, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for slandering the Soviet Union and distributing banned writings. Mihajlov was arrested early in March, after two articles had appeared in the Belgrade literary periodical *Delo* describing his "Moscow Summer, 1964." The first article was highly critical of the Soviet system, but no more than that. The second article, of 20,000 words, described the atrocities committed in the Russian forced-labor camps in the 1920s and pointed out that Hitler was not the first man to organize genocide.

President Tito ordered the suspension of *Delo* and instructed a Belgrade weekly, *Nin*, to launch a literary counterattack on Mihajlov. Even this did not daunt the thirty-one-year-old writer, who might have been well advised to lie low at this stage. He wrote a spirited reply to the *Nin* article, and knowing that it would not be printed, sent copies to 290 Yugoslav papers and one additional copy to an Italian editor.

Tito's view was that if the articles had gone unchallenged, the Soviet government would have assumed that he endorsed them officially. Relations with the Soviet Union, which have improved during the last two years, would have suffered a bad setback. As for the dispatch of Mihajlov's letter to an Italian, this was regarded by the government as an unpatriotic and undisciplined act which justified a second set of charges being brought.

President Tito also accused the Yugoslav press of countenancing "Djilasism" by printing dangerous ideas and endangering their country's foreign relations. This was a reference to the apostasy of Milovan Djilas, who has been in jail since 1962 for allegedly writing offensively about the Soviet Union. Djilas, it may be recalled, was expelled from the Yugoslav politburo eleven years ago for demanding greater democratic liberties and the abandonment of Stalinist totalitarian doctrine.

The Mihajlov case is an unhappy reminder that political freedom is still circumscribed in Yugoslavia. Yet for a Communist state, a surprising measure of freedom is tolerated. Even though they must be careful about the printed word, Yugoslavs speak their mind without inhibition. Four fifths of the land is still farmed by private landholders. Freedom of thought is encouraged in the self-governing bodies in the factories and agricultural cooperatives. There is no persecution of religion, and churches were full for the Easter services. On the whole, Titoism is popular, and it appears to work.

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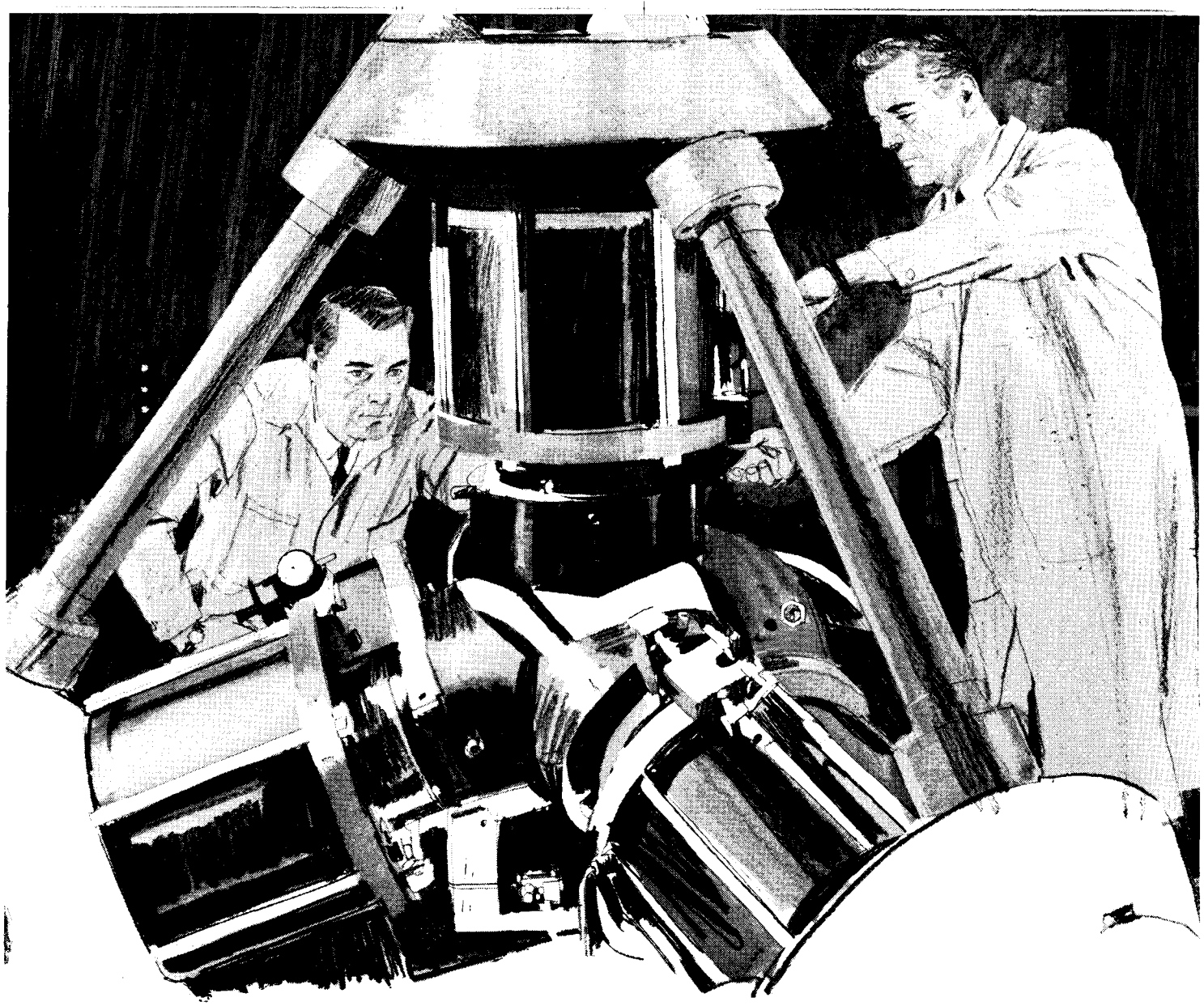

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The Atlantic Report CAMBODIA

A HIGH American official has been quoted as saying that with the explosion of new nations since the war, a Secretary of State cannot be certain whether his envoy to a new government should be an ambassador or a psychiatrist. Anyone who has had cause to watch the course of United States relations with Cambodia in recent years might easily decide that this is precisely the country the American official had in mind.

After many months of sliding downhill, formal diplomatic relations between Washington and Pnompenh are now completely severed. If there is to be any meaningful intercourse between the two governments, it will have to take place through intermediaries or at the much bruited but not altogether likely international conference to discuss Cambodia's neutrality. The conference, if it ever materializes, would be expected to reach beyond Cambodian questions and, either openly or in masquerade, to grow into an international negotiation to seek an end to the war in Vietnam.

Daily life in Cambodia is, more than in many other countries, a very sound indication of what it is like to do business these days with Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's publicity-sensitive head of state. There was a time when Pnompenh was considered a gay little capital. It has always been fairly small and provincial, but when the Diem regime in Vietnam was imposing a superficial morality on Saigon, Pnompenh, with its treelined French avenues and typically Cambodian nonchalance, maintained an open-door policy to refugees from "Vietnamese aggression" and became unusually lively.

This is no longer so. Following "biased" reports from Western newsmen let in for the occasion of the independence day celebrations last November, all journalists from "imperialist countries" were recently banned. They could not, it was complained, report objectively on Cambodia; only the press of the Eastern bloc manages to do this successfully, largely by copying government handouts about its own progress and achievements. But the West is considered persistent in its abuse of Cambodia, so that even before cables (which it was proudly announced would be uncensored) were sent out last November, they were read by the authorities, and official contradictions were given before any story ever appeared in print.

No criticism wanted

In no other country in the world is the foreign press seized upon by the head of state with such hostile avidity. A report that in most states would be considered beneath anyone's dignity to comment upon, Prince Norodom Sihanouk takes up, elaborates, and pillories. If Peter O'Toole in an insignificant French screen review says, on filming *Lord Jim*, that Cambodia is full of snakes and jungles, then this gets full publicity and a two-page reply in deadly earnest. If the *Financial Times* produces a list showing Cambodia as the country with the lowest per capita figure for gross national product, then this at once becomes part of an Anglo-Saxon plot. When the *Financial Times* replies that its figures came from the United Nations, Sihanouk asks his advisers if it would not be better to leave the UN.

Criticism is anathema to the prickly Prince, who behaves, as he has always done, as a typical Oriental despot. An anonymous letter, supposed to have been written by some Cambodian students in Paris and criticizing his conduct of public affairs and finances, arrived the day before Sihanouk should have entered the hospital for a brief checkup and diet. He canceled his arrangements, summoned the rubber-stamp National Assembly to debate the charges and to exonerate him, spoke for four hours nonstop on the radio telling how hard he had worked and how little profit he got from it, and condemned the students as either Marxist republicans or right-wing imperialists.

Anonymous letters indeed rule the country. People are encouraged to write them to denounce corrupt practices, real or imagined, and one of the Prince's senior advisers, who occupied the highest positions, has been successively stripped of all power as a result of, as it happens, unjust allegations in an unsigned letter.

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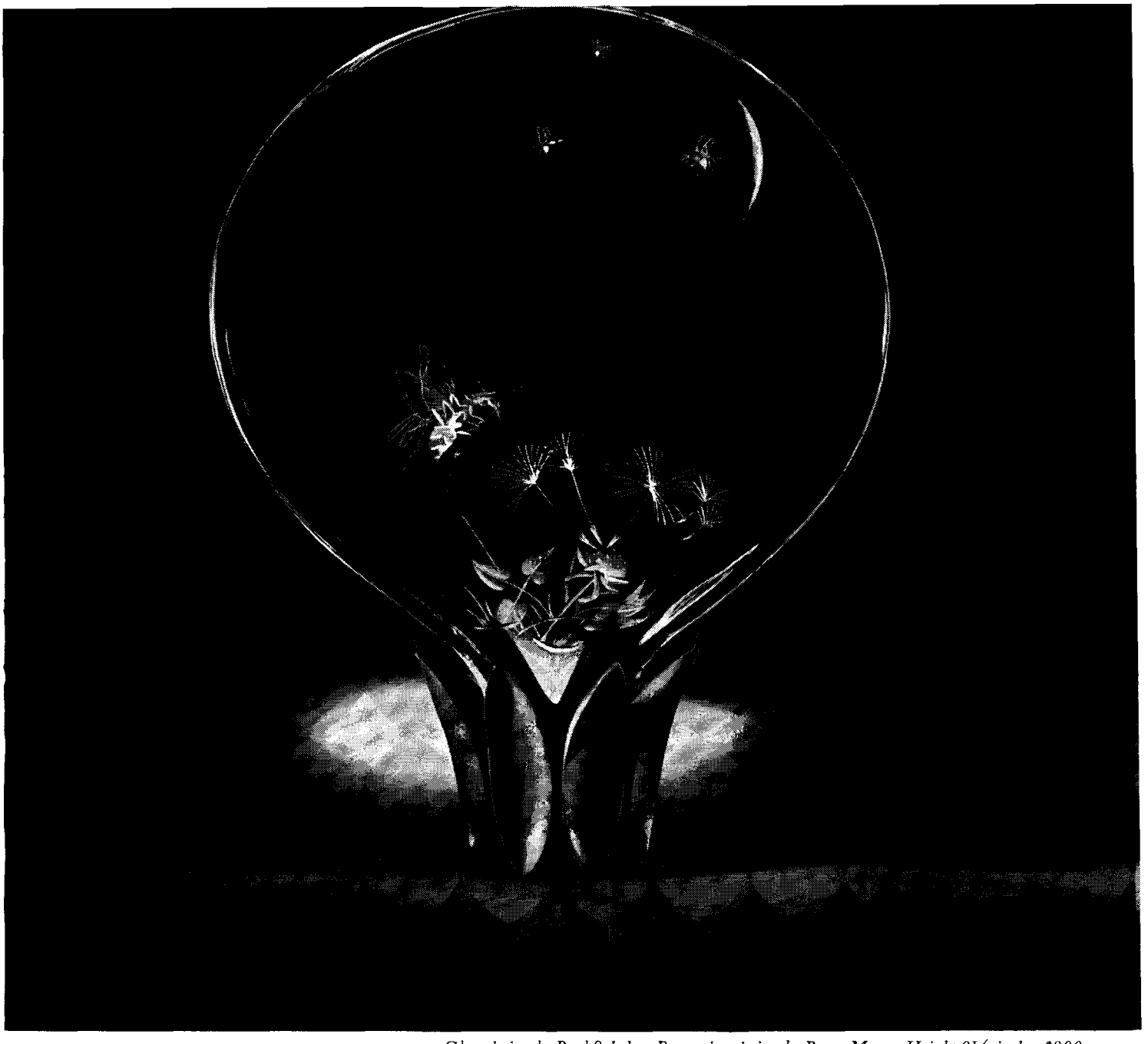

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COMING IN THE ATLANTIC

HEMINGWAY IN TWO ACTS

A pair of long love poems from the unpublished writings left by Ernest Hemingway plus an intimate portrait of him in his last years of working, talking, and fishing in Cuba.

ONE WOMAN'S ABORTION

by Mrs. X

THE BIG MONEY AND HIGH POLITICS OF SCIENCE

Harvard historian Donald Fleming documents the perplexing problems of how best to distribute the federal government's 15-billion-dollar-a-year subsidy for scientific research between the "have" and the "have-not" universities.

BEHIND THE MAGNOLIA CURTAIN

by Richard Boeth

A Yankee writer who has chosen to live and work in Mississippi tells, in words that charm yet hurt, about life in a town where what everyone fears is fear itself.

DR. ZHIVAGO: THE MAKING OF A MOVIE

In which an *Atlantic* editor presents in close-up detail the Spanish setting and the thoughts and actions of director David Lean, playwright Robert Bolt, and actor Omar Sharif, principals in the lavish film production of Pasternak's big novel.

And among other features . . .

Erich Leinsdorf on Richard Strauss, a new Atlantic "First" story, and a glimpse of John P. Marquand during his high school days.

Report on Cambodia

Perhaps the most accurate reflection of this intolerance of criticism is shown in the treatment of a French doctor who wrote to the paper *Le Matin* in Cambodia an open letter following the death in an auto accident of the Polish delegate to the International Control Commission (a body set up by the Geneva agreements of 1954). Dr. Royer maintained that the Pole would not have died in most countries, that the standards of driving, especially of buses, were deplorable in Cambodia, and that instead of giving the dead man's family a few medals and fine speeches, the government should do something about improving road manners. He then proceeded to give concrete examples of what needed to be done.

He was rewarded by a forty-eight-hour notice to leave the country, his possessions were seized and sold by public auction, his past was dug up and made as murky as possible, and *Le Matin* was closed down forever. The government wrote a virulent attack on Royer and made the whole affair a political issue, since it was the fault of the imperialists if driving standards were poor, and Cambodia had no need to be told what it should do. This said, it then proceeded with indecent haste not only to give out speeches and medals but also to implement Dr. Royer's suggestions in a series of unexplained governmental decrees.

But, try as he may to stem the flow of complaints, people are becoming increasingly critical of the Prince's handling of affairs, and more particularly, of the economic results of his policies, which have managed to bring the country to the edge of disaster. Sihanouk is by nature extravagant and unrestrained; he talks grandly of having willed all his prosperity to the nation (which simply means he has disinherited his children) and boasts about the frugality of his private life — a point many dispute.

Few dispute the grandeur of his public life, his vast entertainments, his movement around the capital in a huge American car surrounded by motorcycled militia and numerous police cars, and his frequent trips

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THAT'S MY POP.

THAT'S MY SPRITE.

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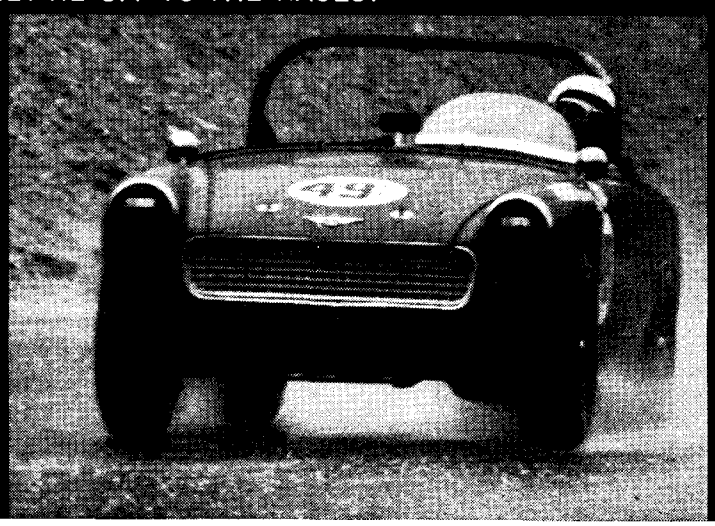

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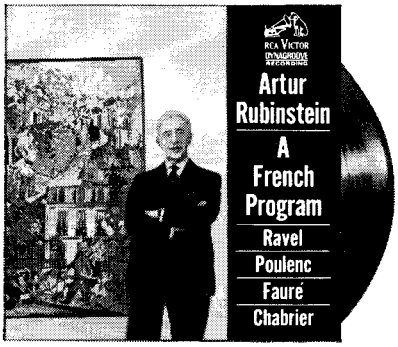
Each performance by Artur Rubinstein adds to the legend which has grown up about his name, and the performances recorded in his new album of Beethoven Sonatas are no exception. Here are two "firsts"—his first recording of the Sonata in C and his first stereophonic recording of the "Appassionata." The freshness of interpretation and the over-all quality of this album are characteristic of every Rubinstein performance. The recording, in RCA Victor's Dynagroove sound, is all a perfectionist such as Rubinstein could want. As a result, this new album should take its place beside the prize-winning "French Program" which was released last fall. Add both of these distinguished RCA Victor Red Seal albums to your library of great piano works soon.



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Report on Cambodia

abroad accompanied by advisers in the role of court favorites, attendants in scores, and the entire troupe of the Royal Ballet. When the Prince generously gives a million riels to one of the four new universities he has created, one knows that this must come from state funds because his own, as he admits, are almost nonexistent now.

The need is cash

By cutting off American aid at the end of 1963 and hoping to get by on the slogan "Cambodia aids itself," Sihanouk not only deprived the country of foreign exchange, a loss that Peking has not made good, but also deprived the army of its funds. The riel remains grossly overvalued (the official rate is 35 for $1, but in Hong Kong one gets 100), and the economy of the country stagnates.

Tourism, which is potentially the greatest foreign-exchange earner, given the location in Cambodia of the stupendous ruins of Angkor, is criminally neglected, and even the "*bons touristiques*," which used to give a more favorable rate of exchange, have been abolished as "too difficult to administer." If tourists do not come, says Sihanouk, it is not the fault of the exchange rate but of the anti-Cambodian propaganda of the imperialist press. The difficulties of entry and exit, the accessibility of Angkor through Pnompenh instead of directly from Saigon or Bangkok as in the past, not to mention the riots last year directed against the American and British embassies, have apparently nothing to do with it.

What the country needs is, simply, cash. The American negotiators at the Delhi talks last December chose to ignore the thinly disguised noises from Pnompenh implying that though Cambodia would never accept U.S. aid, it would not necessarily be averse to a no-string loan or even a straight gift. That, and the Castro-like cry for a bulldozer for every Cambodian killed on the border attacks from Vietnam — which are at the root of anti-Americanism in Cambodia — came to nothing. So the Prince found a new cliché, "the policy of austerity." This new drive forbids the use of air conditioners in government buildings except when VIP's are present, forbids any ministerial expansion, obliges ministers, deputies, and many working in government departments to accept a "voluntary" 10 percent cut in salary, bans the travel abroad of Cambodians, and requires even domestic air tickets to be paid for in foreign currency.

Fripperies are out. But that fact does not prevent the project for the national theater from going ahead; nor has it stopped the foundation of a luxurious Norodom Sihanouk Museum, in which all the relics and achievements of the god-king are assembled, including his certificate of primary education and his collection of signed photos from other heads of state. It has not even involved the dimming of the streetlights, more numerous than those on Broadway, that line the roads leading nowhere through the jungle at Sihanoukville, Cambodia's new and only seaport.

Austerity program

Prices are rising astronomically, and Pnompenh long ago was, at the official exchange rate, far more expensive than New York. Potatoes recently reached $1 a pound. Hotel prices are exorbitant, and it costs nearly $3 to have a continental breakfast in a decent restaurant. Sihanouk blames the rise in prices on the distributors and has threatened to nationalize the grocers if their prices do not come down. Last year he nationalized the banks, imports, exports, and the boy scouts, and state monopolies already exist in tobacco, liquor, and perfume, and in the country's few industries.

The three foreign oil companies, Caltex, Esso, and Shell, proposed a counterplan to nationalization when it was presented, and this is being studied — as well as their balance sheets for the last ten years. Taxes are being increased, and these will add to the cost of living. The latest tax of nearly $6 on every radio receiver hits hard in a country where the only luxury is often a small transistor set. Small wonder that people are glum and hostile.

Purity campaign

Brothels, opium dens, and bars are being raided as a profitable means of increasing state revenue

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and, presumably, bribes for the special and secret police, whose numbers have swollen of late. Bribery is exposed in governmental office boys, but no one else ever seems to get caught; important cases are all judged, of course, by the Prince. All games of chance, including cards, are forbidden, and any person caught is due for a stiff prison sentence; this falls hard on the small remaining foreign community, who have few other distractions left to them except an innocent rubber of bridge. Even the hostesses at the nightclubs have been put into a uniform designed by Sihanouk himself and are capped with little air-hostess berets.

The gaiety has gone. Frenchmen who have lived all their lives here are going while they can, but the French still remain the largest single Western community and were the only occidental nation deemed friendly at the last independence day. Although Sihanouk maintains that his policy is one of strict neutralism, it is a neutralism facing only one side — the lineup with Peking and Djakarta is already made, for the Prince sees in China the only counterbalance to the historical predators from Thailand and Vietnam (North or South). In Indonesia the Prince presumably sees another demagogue, whose economy has managed to remain on the verge of ruin for ten years or more.

As criticism increases and as the activities of left- and right-wing rebel groups in neighboring states are given great publicity in order to build up national unity in a country conscious of its 20 percent Chinese and Vietnamese minority, Sihanouk finds his way out more difficult. It is the upper class and the foreigners who have suffered by nationalization. The middle and lower classes suffer from the policy of austerity, and bribery becomes a necessary means of livelihood in a nation where the civil service, when it is paid, receives a miserable salary.

The peasant is, according to impartial observers, less well off than ten years ago, less well fed and clothed. Pnompenh boasts a new international stadium, wide new avenues, and big building projects; provincial centers have expanded a little, but outside the towns there are no signs of change at all.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The plot to drown Alaska

SIR:

On behalf of our several hundred members, we wish to congratulate you for the publication of Paul Brooks's very fine article ("The Plot to Drown Alaska," May *Atlantic*) summarizing the Rampart Dam controversy. Mr. Brooks has described the tactics and the attitudes of those elements in Alaska which have promoted Rampart Dam from the start with no concern for consequences, and with no regard for proven feasibility.

If any of your readers should express interest in learning more about Rampart Dam, please feel free to refer them to me.

DR. FREDERICK C. DEAN
President, Alaska Conservation Society
Box 192
College, Alaska

SIR:

Paul Brooks's beliefs that Yukon River wildlife cannot be saved and that Yukon River power cannot be sold are rationalizations designed to justify his preconceived opinions. On this point I cite the 1000-page field report of the Department of the Interior, a report, incidentally, that gets slight attention from Brooks.

Brooks's conclusions are premature, since analysis of the massive field report by a six-man task force appointed by the Secretary of the Interior has just begun. Until this task force completes its work, and the Secretary of the Interior publishes his conclusion, we will not have the overall official determination pertaining to the multiple aspects and relative merits and demerits of this great hydroelectric resource.

REP. RALPH J. RIVERS
Democrat, Alaska
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

Text of the statement to you from Congressman Ralph Rivers has just been released here in Alaska. The charges of "preconceived opinions" and "premature" conclusions are hilarious in view of the well-financed promotion campaign which has been waged at an ever increasing tempo since the founding of Yukon Power for America, Incorporated, at McKinley Park in September, 1963.

In view of Mr. Rivers' statement, I feel you should be made aware of the local situation and also that you should be assured that many, many Alaskans do not support the Rampart Dam project. Since the owners of most of the major newspapers, radio stations, and TV stations in Alaska have jumped on the Rampart Dam bandwagon, the only medium through which this opposition can be expressed is the "Letters to the Editors" columns, or the publications of such groups as the Alaska Conservation Society.

CELIA M. HUNTER
Secretary, Alaska Conservation Society

SIR:

Just a note of commendation for your article by Paul Brooks and to let you know that this legislator and several others feel Rampart is one of the biggest boondoggles to hit the Pacific Northwest.

Few men in politics here in Alaska dare speak against Rampart regardless of personal feeling, so we must depend on the common sense of the people and their representatives to the south of us to stop this destruction.

REP. CLEM V. TILLION
Alaska State Legislature

SIR:

Give up, Mr. Weeks. Sorry, Mr. Brooks. Very soon now your Grand Canyon and your Alaska will be drowned by surveyors, building contractors, engineers, jobbers, real estate agents, and political projectors of the grimmest sort. These are the men who look at a mountain and say "Level it." They see a valley and they yearn to fill it up. They try to make a ghetto out of San Francisco by girdling the city with a double-deck freeway. They convert a pleasant mountain road into a series of expensive mudbanks which we must admire as we drive seventy miles per hour toward a lake which becomes increasingly contaminated. Their motto: Every Country Lane a Freeway. Some will be "scenic freeways," but freeways nonetheless. After all, redwoods are only trees.

HAROLD W. KROEGER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR:

As one of the Alaskans who accompanied author Paul Brooks and his wife, Susie, along the Yukon River last summer, I was heartened by his forthright article.

For several years the people of Alaska have been bombarded with propaganda giving reasons why Rampart Dam should be built but never

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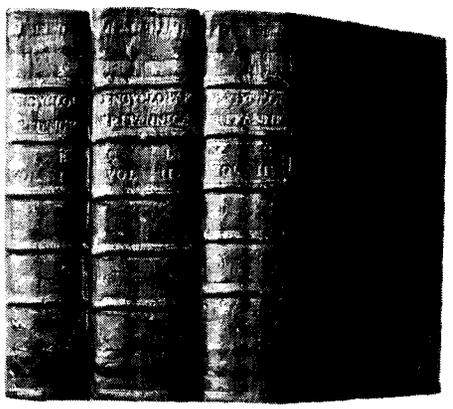
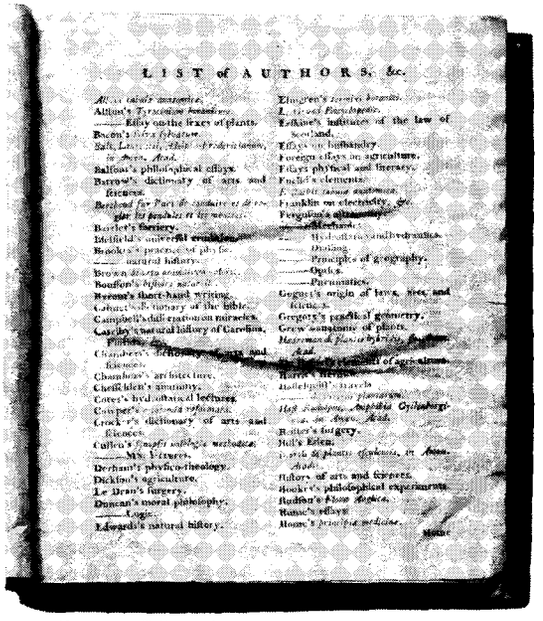
Encyclopædia Britannica says:

The known universe is three feet wide.





LIST of AUTHORS, &c.

Addison's Travels into Italy.
——— Essay on the Evidences of Christianity.
Bacon's Advancement of Learning.
Bacon's Natural History.
Bacon's Essays, Civil, Moral, and Historical.
Bacon's Works, Moral.
Balfour's philosophical essays.
Barrow's dictionary of arts and sciences.
Bernhard Varenius Geographia generalis.
Bertholet's Statics.
Bertholet's Chemistry.
Bielfeld's universal erudition.
Bocker's practical physic.
——— natural history.
Brown's Vulgar Errors.
Buffon's Natural History.
Bremner's short-hand writing.
Calmet's dictionary of the bible.
Campbell's dissertation on miracles.
Cassiby's natural history of Carolina, Florida, &c.
Chambers's dictionary of arts and sciences.
Chambers's architecture.
Cheselden's anatomy.
Cotes's hydrostatical lectures.
Cowper's anatomical tables.
Crock's dictionary of arts and sciences.
Cullen's chapter on the materia medica.
——— MS. lectures.
Derham's physico-theology.
Dickson's agriculture.
Le Dran's surgery.
Duncan's moral philosophy.
——— Logic.
Edwards's natural history.
Elmgren's Tentamen Inaugurale.
Encyclopædia Britannica.
Erskine's institutes of the law of Scotland.
Essays on husbandry.
Foreign essays on agriculture.
Fothergill physical and literary.
Euclid's elements.
Franklin on electricity, &c.
Ferguson's astronomy.
——— mechanics.
——— Hydrostatics and pneumatics.
——— Dialing.
——— Principles of geography.
——— Optics.
——— Pneumatics.
Gregory's origin of laws, arts, and sciences.
Gregory's practical geometry.
Grew's anatomy of plants.
Hartman's Praxis Chymiatrica.
Hill's Materia Medica.
Hill's Eden.
Hill's Natural History.
Hill's Vegetable System.
Hill's Synopsis Gyllenborgii.
Hill's Exotics.
Hill's Fossils.
Hill's Trees and Shrubs.
Hill's Aquatics.
Hill's Plants of Canada, &c.
Hill's Acta Academiæ Scientiarum Imperialis Petropolitanæ.
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Hill's Art of Weaving.
Hill's Art of Writing.
Hill's Arts and Sciences.
Hooker's philosophical experiments.
Hudson's Flora Anglica.
Hume's Essays.
Hume's Political Discourses.
Hume's Political Essays.
Hume's Principia Medicinæ.
Hume's Principia Philosophiæ.

From 1st Edition. Note "Franklin on electricity."

Back in 1768, when the Encyclopædia Britannica was first published, the known universe was hardly a foot wide—and fit snugly then into the Britannica's three husky, leather clad volumes: "Aa" to "Bzo," "Caaba" to "Lythrum," and "Macao" to "Zyglophyllum."

Man's first balloon flight was still more than a dozen years away. "ATOM" was described as "a particle of matter, so minute as to admit of no division."

The current edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica consists of twenty-four volumes, spans more than three feet... explains how "subdivision of atoms by a variety of physical means has become commonplace"... and contains photographs of the moon taken from a few feet off its surface and relayed to earth by a man-made device.

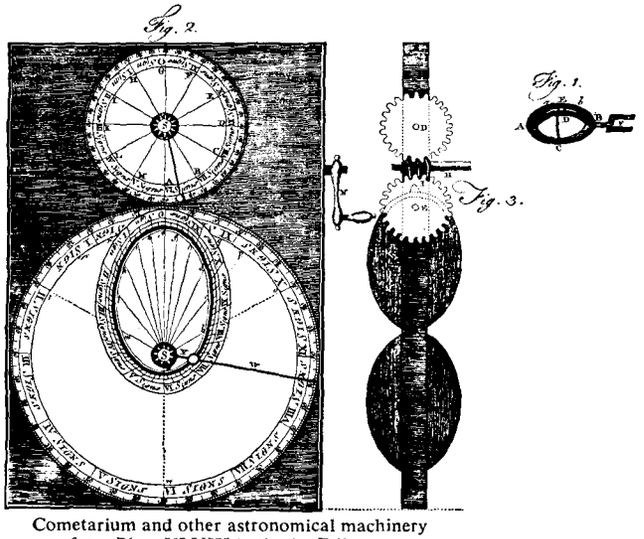
Considered together, these occurrences do more than dramatize man's scientific progress during the last 197 years.

They suggest something of the growth of man's knowledge about himself and about the universe in which he lives.

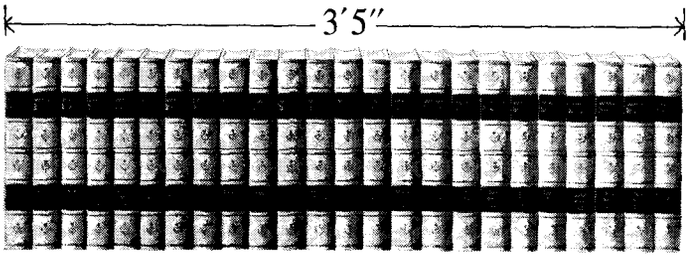
Clearly, he did not move directly from past to present, from balloon to rocket. He moved first through the acquisition, and then the use, of knowledge.

Nor will he move from present to future without first the acquisition, and then the use, of knowledge.

Part of our work is to provide one of the universal tools which give men access to the knowledge they need. For wherever in the world a single human soul reaches out for knowledge, for a way to improve himself, or broaden his horizons, we feel honor-bound to serve his needs. And to encompass within the covers of one readily available set of books the definitive report on man's noble advance.



Cometarium and other astronomical machinery from Plate XLVIII in the 1st Edition.



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questioning the feasibility of or the need for the project. This propaganda has come from both public and private sources.

Few Alaskans have any arguments against the sensible development of electric-energy sources that would raise our somewhat low material standard of living. Yet on the basis of research and present knowledge, many of us find that Rampart will not solve our state's problems, but instead will create more, while destroying one of our most valuable resource regions, the Yukon River basin.

TERRY T. BRADY
College, Alaska

SIR:

The article by Paul Brooks is of particular interest to us here in Arkansas.

We are threatened with the loss through impoundment by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers of our last and finest Ozark Mountain stream, the Buffalo River.

While the Corps has done good work for our country, it seems now to be reaching out for projects which cannot be justified on any reasonable basis. The National Park Service, with the support of Senator Fulbright, has recommended the Buffalo for preservation as a national river. The great majority of the people of Arkansas are for preservation.

Nevertheless, there is an authorization bill in the Congress, and the outcome is uncertain. Opposition to the dam is centered in the Ozark Society, Box 38, Fayetteville, although the society is only one of numerous organizations favoring preservation.

MRS. LAIRD ARCHER
Fayetteville, Ark.

(See pages 56 to 59 for Senator Gruening and Paul Brooks on this subject.)

Lord of the Flies

SIR:

In my opinion Kenneth Rexroth's article "William Golding" (May *Atlantic*) is disgusting, petty, peevishly malicious, and entirely stripped of a critical attitude.

JEANNE VOLLRATH
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

SIR:

May I point out that it is not William Golding's fault if schoolteachers impose *Lord of the Flies* on their classes. His books are meant for people of Mr. Rexroth's mental caliber, who fail to understand what it is all about. I admire, however, Mr. Rexroth's honesty in saying that he wrote the article for money and prestige alone. If this implies that he is unable to criticize Golding's works on a literary basis, then why does he try? Why not let some other reviewer take a crack at it?

RAMAN K. SINGH
Kalamazoo, Mich.

SIR:

The *Atlantic* showed initiative and wisdom in inviting Kenneth Rexroth to review the "spirations" of William Golding. Pungent criticism, unfortunately rare in our literary hallows, is an art in which Rexroth is the unchallenged master. I tried to do it for a while, until I ran out of magazines, but I never challenged him because he always succeeds. I would look forward to *Atlantic* day each month with even more avidity were I sure of a Rexroth piece in every issue.

Rexroth is always lively and interesting, but more than that, he is always honest and uninvolved. When he sees a fraud he calls it.

WILLIAM BITTNER
Memphis, Tenn.

SIR:

I do not know what malaise Mr. Rexroth is suffering from, but his caustic attribution to William Golding that he (Golding) is but a social-climbing nouveau professional who should take another job and/or his money and move to the Riviera because it is stylish is unwarranted to say the least.

While Golding is combating and expressing the turmoils he finds in this age, Mr. Rexroth is simply displaying cruel self-importance.

MARK BRAHAM
Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR:

In his article Mr. Rexroth introduces a startling criterion to literary criticism: the critic's opinion of his own conception of the author's audience.

Can it be significant that Mr. Rexroth makes a protracted disclaimer of envy for Mr. Golding, but not for the "affluent parvenus of cybernetics"?

DAVID A. LEE
Xenia, Ohio

SIR:

Kenneth Rexroth's piece on William Golding was delightful and just. My own thought on *Lord of the Flies* is that there is better anthropology in *Tarzan*.

ELLEN A. DAVIDSON
Guilford, Conn.

Slaves for rent

SIR:

"Slaves for Rent" by Truman Moore was a brilliant and most timely exposé of the misery and desperation confronting farm workers in our society.

Coincidentally as the May *Atlantic* was published, I was putting together an omnibus bill directed at alleviating many of the hardships described by Mr. Moore. "Congress could, if it would, establish a minimum wage for migratory workers, improve the methods of recruiting, training, transporting, and distributing farm workers, and extend the National Labor Relations Act to cover agriculture," Mr. Moore stated. With the addition of a child labor provision, this would accurately describe my bill, the Agricultural Labor Reform Act of 1965.

It is high time that agribusiness be brought within the coverage of those humane and progressive acts that have so long applied to other businesses. Though the situation has been much lamented, little progress has been made because of the cries that legislation requiring decent wages and working conditions for farm workers would wipe out our family farms. The 3 percent of growers who hire over a third of the farm labor force will no longer find this lament effective.

REP. JAMES ROOSEVELT
Democrat, California
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

As I read the Moore article, I lived again the two summers I worked among the *Mexicano* migrant workers in Putnam County, Ohio, as a National Council of Churches migrant minister, social worker, adviser, recreational director, commiserator. To comprehend the seriousness of their problem, one has to smell the stench of their concentration camps and observe the truculent maneuvers of the cunning plant managers, the owners, and the wily crew leaders.

SERGIO D. ELIZONDO
Austin, Tex.

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We thought we hadn't missed a spot. Then we spotted Ipanema.

We had been to Acapulco before the Jet Set found it. We had been to St. Tropez and St. Thomas. What we needed was a new playground.

Happily for us, a playboy acquaintance put his finger right on it. "Ipanema," he said, with the accent on the *Ip*.

"It's the latest find in smart resorts—and not many people have found it."

That did it. Not long afterward, we were on a Pan Am Jet headed for Brazil—and Ipanema.

Ipanema is a strip of land that looks on the Atlantic from the southern edge of Rio. It's a little bit of the Riviera with a dash of Jamaica thrown in. There are several miles of white sand, with dozens of choice restaurants, cafés and a race track nearby.

Best of all, Ipanema is right in Rio, probably the world's most beautiful city from the air. The perfect harbor is surrounded by purple mountains and street after street of white-and-pastel houses marching from the water's edge straight up the mountainsides.

When you come down to earth, there are miles of mosaic walks, fabulous restaurants, night clubs that go till dawn, shops that give Fifth Avenue a run for its money, plus music everywhere.

You really ought to fly down there and see it all. South America is a giant among continents, yet so easy to get around.

Fly Pan Am to Rio, for instance, and take advantage of no-extra-fare stopovers in oil-rich Caracas, Belém (on the Amazon), and Brasilia, the world's newest city. From Rio, you can fly Pan Am south to Buenos Aires. And, from there, fly Panagra west to Santiago, then north to Lima, the "City of Kings," then on to unspoiled Ecuador.

From there, Panagra will take you to a tame place called home.

A word from two airlines: Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just $550 from New York, $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

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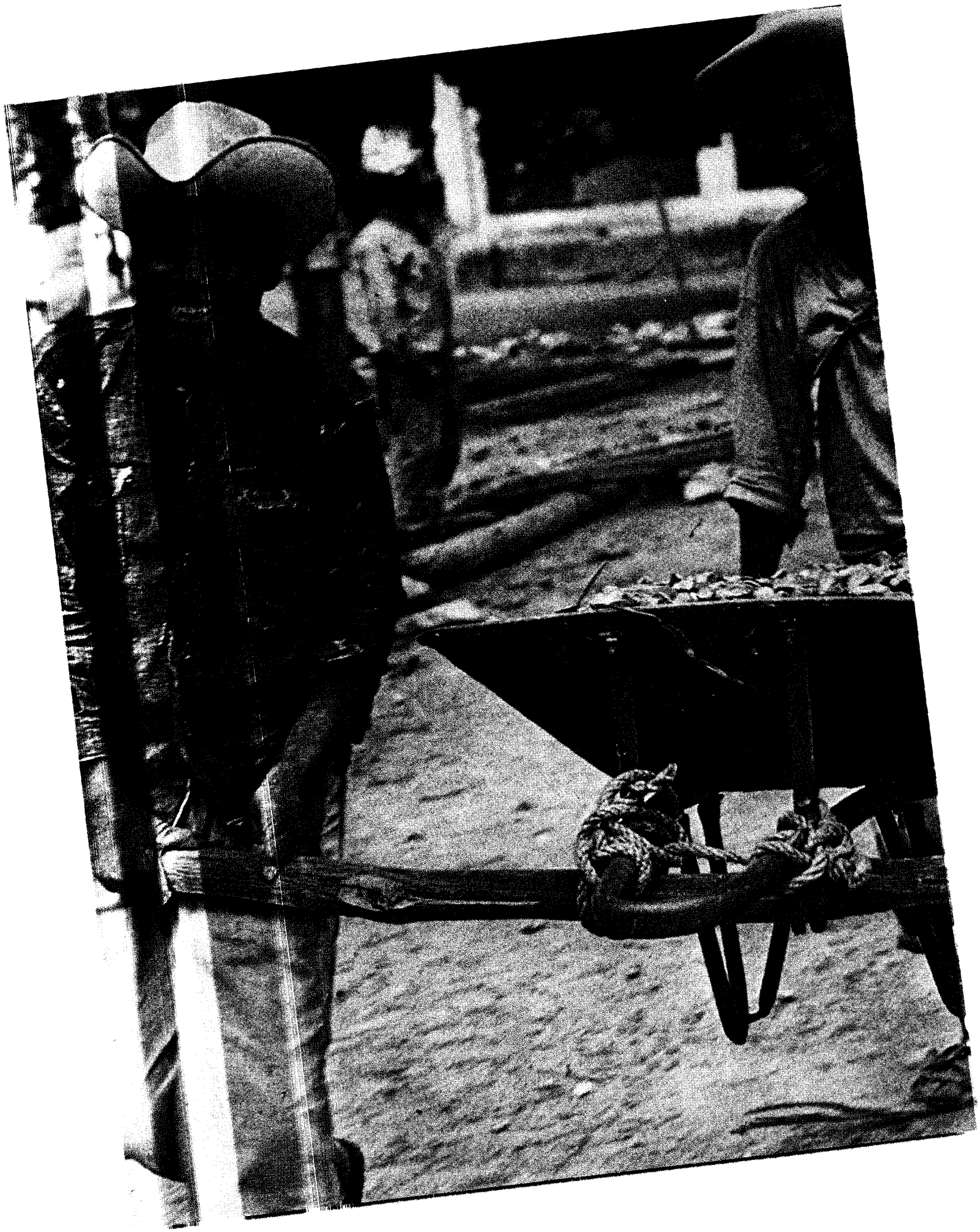

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IBM computer helps 1000 Mexican villages build new futures

A QUIET revolution is taking place in Mexico's villages. People impoverished for generations have taken fire from a new self-help idea.

On their own time, they are building long-needed roads and schools, erecting dams, digging irrigation ditches, and starting new local industries. Many hundred *little* projects that could make a big change in their future.

As an incentive, they receive food—plus technical help, materials and equipment from the Mexican Health Ministry, which recently undertook this program with the Community Development Foundation, American sponsor of the project.

Originally, this splendid program seemed an impossibility. Records had to be kept of thousands of little details. *The work each volunteer did, the food rations earned, the progress of each village on each project—these were only a few of the items that had to be recorded and analyzed quickly—and economically.*

Just minutes for IBM computer

This task would have overwhelmed the small CDF staff and curtailed the program. The solution was found with an IBM computer that could do the job in minutes-a-month. Now CDF has been able to extend the program to more than a thousand villages, benefiting hundreds of thousands of people. *Soon, millions more may also benefit.*

Going into other countries

Now the idea is going worldwide. Other CDF village programs are at work in several Caribbean areas. And seventeen more countries in Latin America, in Asia and in Africa are interested in adopting it.

"Computer... key to success"

Glen Leet, executive director of the Community Development Foundation, recently said: "Only a computer can give us the flexibility we need, and handle the record-keeping.

"Best of all, with the IBM computer, we have worked out the method of extending our program to almost any nation on earth. I feel that our future is limited only by the number of field men we can train to introduce this good program to waiting countries."

IBM®

Men of San Bartolomé Quialana build a needed school for their village. An IBM computer helps coordinate such self-help programs throughout Mexico.

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Plinking with cap and ball–photo by Mark Shaw

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THE ATLANTIC

SECRETS OF THE SWISS BANKS

BY T. R. FEHRENBACH

For people with tax problems, Swiss banks have always been an attractive solution, and it is no secret that many film stars, prosperous businessmen, and political potentates use the Swiss "numbered accounts" in order to protect their financial resources from tax collectors, fiscal catastrophe, and the shifting winds of political favoritism. T. R. Fehrenbach, whose book on the Swiss banks will be published in the fall by McGraw-Hill, is a lieutenant colonel in the Civil Affairs branch of the USAR. His history of the Korean War, THIS KIND OF WAR, *published in 1963, was a book-club selection and best seller.*

After World War I, when European currencies generally collapsed, and inexperienced, often socialistic, and inherently panicky governments retreated into a new mercantilism trying to keep their gold at home or retain an umbilical cord to the monies they printed, the flight of capital in all its forms to Switzerland was not only predictable but irresistible. And in 1965, when there is still uneasy money and uneasy government in many places, the staid Swiss banks are the only ones operating precisely as most banks did in the golden age preceding 1914.

Switzerland upholds international law exactly as it was written at the Hague; it has a legal system in which private property always has dominant rights over government, a fiscal system with minimal controls, and a representative democracy in which there have been no significant shifts in party strength through two world wars and a worldwide depression. Switzerland has carried over the evils of the 1890s, modified not by war passions or social pressures, but by increasing prosperity and time. Switzerland is still smothered by cartels and trusts; taxes on corporations rarely exceed 25 percent; and personal income-tax rates do not rise proportionately after the first $5000.

This nest of reaction, however, still enjoys the highest standard of living in Europe after Sweden; and Swiss workers, thoroughly unionized, exact the highest wages on the continent. Switzerland is more industrialized than Belgium or Britain, and its industry is far more modern, too. Stability and social conservatism have not been applied to techniques and artifacts.

It is the complete financial freedom of Switzerland, more than its fabled bank secrecy, which accounts for the continuing flow of capital. Bank secrecy, which was first written into Swiss law in 1934 to help foil Nazi efforts to ferret out expatriate German money, applies to government as well as to credit managers. But in a country where tax evasion is an administrative matter, not a criminal offense, and where the constitution states that no governmental agency, domestic or foreign, may confiscate private property without full and prior compensation *for any reason*, government has no need to invade bank vaults. The facts that no government, including the Swiss, will ever get into a bank vault without a court order and that court orders are next to impossible to obtain (in some bankruptcy cases, litigation has continued for eight years) please most Swiss, rich and poor, and fascinate many foreigners, too.

The fact that the Swiss protected Jewish deposits in a Nazi sea, then later extended the same privacy to Nazi assets in an Allied age disturbs outsiders,

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who reject the Swiss notion that they are not their foreign brothers' keepers. In a struggle between Washington and Bern over German assets in 1945–1946, the U.S. government, after great pressure, got the Swiss to disgorge some $60,000,000 of a claimed $750,000,000 in German capital. What is less well known, and hardly palatable in America, is the fact that the Swiss government, feeling both its honor and its cherished neutrality at stake, saw to it that all German individuals so despoiled were repaid in full.

A few years ago the Franco regime got its hands on a list of Spanish depositors at the Société de Banque Suisse, complete with names and numbers. In Geneva some bankers say flatly that someone was paid off, though there are more charitable answers: a traveling bank agent may have been criminally careless, or the Spanish police may have arrested one and used certain pressures, such as the threat of a long jail term. At any rate, the Spaniards involved were assessed $2,900,000 in capital levies, and fined $2,900,000 more. There was an immense scandal. The depositors ranked high in Falangist or Royalist circles, and no Swiss bank is ever supposed to let this sort of thing happen. It almost never does.

Not only does the Swiss government stand behind the letter of international law (in which private property rights are dominant), but it has seen to it that the Swiss franc is backed by gold to the tune of 135 percent. And every sophisticated investor in the world is aware of both facts.

What kind of people need, or think they need, a Swiss bank? Four broad classes can be defined.

1. People who love their country and would die for it, but who have lost all confidence in their government where their own money is concerned.
2. Men who hold offices which pay well but have uncertain tenure.
3. People in areas where there is constant fear of war, revolution, or inflation.
4. Men and women with tax problems.

Group one includes almost all moneyed Frenchmen from 1789 up until De Gaulle; Italian industrialists from the end of World War I until Mussolini and beginning again in 1963; most Germans in the 1920s who held liquid capital or foreign exchange, and many Germans who have gold in 1965; Spaniards, Levantines, and a host of Africans and Latin Americans.

Group two includes the heads of state, or powers behind the throne, of a majority of the modern hundred-odd nations. These people are not concerned with the tax collector; in some places they are the tax collectors, or at least the beneficiaries of the national revenue system. But for various reasons their heads lie uneasy.

Group three can be said to cover most Europeans from time to time, as between 1929 and 1939, and again during the periodic crises of the cold war. It would include in 1965 almost all Latin-American oligarchs and even some small businessmen, and Near Eastern or Arab capitalists who see some kind of handwriting on the wall.

Group four is the most comprehensive, yet most select in the Atlantic world. Anyone who receives a large, liquid, and movable income has an immediate tax problem.

All four groups sleep better if they can transfer at least a portion of their holdings into Switzerland. Syrian merchants know that political upstarts may shoot them, but there is some satisfaction in the knowledge that socialistic regimes cannot get hold of their money.

The Swiss nation has always been hospitable to both persons and money. In the seventeenth century the Swiss gave refuge to Huguenots and their money; here Swiss banking in the modern sense began. Later, the Swiss accepted fleeing aristocrats from France. In time, the nobles went home — but left a significant part of their wealth in Geneva. Each world revolution has brought in a new set of refugees, from anarchists to deposed royalty. Swiss hospitality was broad enough to give asylum both to Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, and to Luccheni, the anarchist who murdered her at Geneva. There was room for Algerian rebels, and ex-King Farouk too.

Because so many of the people from abroad who deposit at Swiss banks are *ipso facto* delinquent at home or are breaking criminal statutes against the removal of capital, an air of conspiracy and even illegality has settled over what are really quite staid Swiss institutions. In the world of international finance, where all these foreign deposits give them considerable importance, Swiss bankers are known as sharp, hardheaded, but utterly conservative, completely honest, and eminently respectable. They deal continually with and make loans to the most responsible corporations and national governments on earth. What causes a certain unpleasantness, and creates an undeniably bad image of Swiss banking, is the fact that many things which are illegal all over the world are still perfectly permissible in Switzerland.

The Swiss have no laws against personal corporations or holding companies (which are not taxed, either) or the transfer, sale, or manipulation of gold or assets or foreign exchange. The Swiss, collectively, have never seen any reason why they should try to abide by or enforce other nations' codes or prejudices. As a Bernese banker put it: "Long ago we gave refuge to Protestants, when

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Protestantism was illegal in much of Europe. Later, it was illegal to be a Jew. We consider a man's financial affairs to be just as sacred, and as important, as his soul or body. Why should we not give sanctuary to persecuted money, as well as souls?"

The fact is, simply, that the Swiss ethic, born of Calvinism and Zwingliism, does attach as much importance to private property, including money, as it does to formal religion. "We do not reconcile Christ and mammon," a Zurich banker once remarked, smiling. "We have never seen any conflict." In 1964 a retired vice-chairman of the Swiss Banking Commission, a Vaudois, was asked about the Swiss gods. He thought a moment, then replied, "There is only one, Catholic or Protestant," and he made a rubbing motion between thumb and fingers. The Swiss do not love money. Any fool can do that, they say, and millions of Spaniards and Italians do. The Swiss *respect* money, so much that even rich Swiss can hardly bear to squander it.

Consequently, they give anyone who comes calling the exact respect his money is due. This is irritating to governments determined to keep Caesar's fingers on what they consider to be Caesar's, but outside governments can do very little about it. The Swiss in the 1920s invented underground banking: the plain manila envelope, the carrying of letters in bulk across the border to mail with local stamps, the coming by night of the discreet bank agent, the complicated cable code, and finally, the numbered account.

Money comes openly into Switzerland whenever national law allows. At various times, and in various places, millions in gold, cash, or securities have also been smuggled across the border. French and Italian customs agents have played hide and seek with their nationals for generations, but it is as impossible to keep capital out of Switzerland as it is to keep heroin out of New York.

Inside the Confederation, many people have felt there is always a danger that the Swiss government may bow to pressure and publish a list of foreign holdings, or may tax, regulate, or administer foreign deposits in some way. Even the mere revelation that accounts exist would be disastrous for many depositors, such as the Spanish or Czechs or Rumanians, and politically embarrassing for many heads of state. The late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, shot in Marseilles, left no records lying about, a fact which has made it next to impossible for his son Peter, living in unroyal circumstances in Monaco, to claim the money he maintains is his. King Feisal's and Trujillo's alleged heirs have complained of the same problem, but this is another story — Swiss banks do demand that a beneficiary be named; what usually happens is that someone gets the money and keeps his mouth shut.

The fear of possible exposure has led foreign capital to seek a protective Swiss coloring in the form of a Swiss personal corporation, a thing of flexibility and beauty in the financial world. First a good Swiss bank is needed, which will secure the services of a clever and honest lawyer in the right sovereign canton. Charters are easily obtained, and legal fees in Switzerland are laughably small compared with those in London, Paris, or New York.

All that bank and lawyer need to know are the client's wishes, problem, and the nature of his assets. The lawyer's office can qualify as a corporate address, and bank and law office combined can easily dig up sufficient qualifying Swiss directors. The directors may hold stock, but it can be limited-voting stock; or even better, a number of corporations may be formed, all owned by Swiss citizens, and the whole consortium wholly controlled at the end of the trail by the shares of one holding company, the sole property of one foreigner. The intermediate companies can be produced to show legal Swiss ownership, as in the notorious Interhandel – General Aniline and Film case, but the real beneficiaries, protected by bank secrecy, need never be revealed. It must be emphasized that none of this is illegal under federal or cantonal law; and the very attempt of any government agency to investigate would raise hackles all over the Confederation — and has.

And in this way, over the years, many immense German, French, or Italian fortunes have been strategically transferred to Swiss control, managed for years, and even passed on to secret beneficiaries without payment of inheritance taxes, which are often steep at home. The fifty top fortunes of France have been managed out of Geneva for generations. The seven leading private banks of Geneva, the famous *Groupement*, manage or control at least $3 billion worth of securities on the New York Stock Exchange, not a tenth of which could be owned by bona fide Swiss.

Swiss banks, unlike American, act as both security underwriters and stockbrokers. Hans Bär, of the largest private bank in Zurich, J. Bär and Company, estimates that Swiss banks all together manage or control 140 billion francs in marketable securities on private account. The amount is probably closer to $40 billion, and an equal amount in currency and gold is probably also held in Swiss vaults. The three biggest banks (Swiss Credit Bank, Union Bank of Switzerland, and Swiss Bank Corporation) handle the bulk of this. According to their admitted assets, these big banks rank only about fiftieth in size among the world hierarchy of big banks — but money on private account does

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not show up on balance sheets. In this way Swiss banking is like an iceberg; seven eighths of it is underground and never shows. But it is this private money which gives the Swiss their real importance in the financial world.

This $80 billion is not invested in Switzerland. Too much foreign investment there, in fact, has been an acute problem, resulting in both overheating and inflation in the sixties; and since January, 1964, no foreign monies may be invested within the Confederation, and no interest may be paid on foreign deposits.

The underground money goes mainly to Wall Street; if Wall Street should turn sour, it will go somewhere else. The Swiss bankers wear no blinders and play no favorites unless there is a profit in it. In 1963, more than $4 billion in lire assets were carted off to Lugano, symbolic evidence of Italian instability; the Swiss shoveled most of it back into Italy. But by then it was "Swiss," and went back to Italy almost tax free.

Switzerland does have withholding agreements with many countries on interest and dividends. The United States is one. Fifteen percent is withheld on American securities held through a Swiss bank in the United States, and by treaty the Swiss withhold another 15 percent if the beneficiary is an American. Refunds can be applied for, if due, in the regular way. However, there is no tax applied to capital gains made in selling through a bank, and no way any government can discover if such gains exist. Of course, any American who has failed to report such gains has filed a fraudulent tax return, and the U.S. Treasury has traced considerable money to Swiss banks — where the trail, of course, ends abruptly. If repatriation occurs, the Treasury can step in with all kinds of penalties, including those for criminal evasion. But it is against Swiss civil law for any Swiss bank to cooperate with any foreign (or even the Swiss) government on fiscal, financial, or tax matters of any kind unless the matters investigated are also crimes within the Confederation.

Therefore, since the U.S. government slapped a tax lien on Billie Sol Estes' reportedly missing money, if the cash should be in Switzerland, no Swiss agency may act. Swiss banks do not take stolen money, however, if they can identify it. Proceeds from a recent Canadian bank robbery were reported and turned over to Interpol, permitting the case to be solved. Tax evasion is not a crime in Switzerland, but bank robbery is considered a very serious offense.

While a certain number of what the Swiss frankly call American "shysters" do try to deposit in Switzerland, usually to avoid taxes, the American trade is small. The real reason money goes to Switzerland is instability at home, and the number of Americans who believe a social revolution is at hand, or that confiscation or runaway inflation is just around the corner, is minute.

The American with a numbered account is likely to have children in one of the Swiss preparatory schools, or to be a genuine tax expatriate or one of that small group who like to keep 10 percent of their portfolios outside Wall Street. Except for the tax expatriate, these people are not trying to avoid taxes; good New York law firms have already shown them how to do so profitably at home.

The bulk of foreign money in Switzerland always has been French. No matter what the French do with their money, France itself is an immensely rich land. Significantly, a few years ago French money began returning home; De Gaulle's stabilization had paid off. At the same time that De Gaulle took power, a new source of Geneva deposits opened up — this time, with the Iraqi revolution, from the Middle East. As Edouard Pictet, of Pictet & Cie, an old and elegant private bank, says, the Middle East has more than taken the French place. Also, some Latin-American money, which once went mostly to Miami, New Orleans, and New York, now flows to Europe. Trujillo and Batista, by actual record, always kept more dollars in North American banks than in Swiss banks, but in recent years the United States has shown itself less hospitable to dictators' money. In cases like that of Rolando Masferrer, the *Batistiano* "tiger," the United States has impounded, frozen, or otherwise interfered with certain kinds of foreign assets, and since 1961 the United States has not, in the ruling circles of Hispanic America, exactly inspired trust. Switzerland, where it sometimes takes almost ten years or more to get a court ruling to open a bank vault in a bankruptcy proceeding, seems more *simpatico*.

Among the Latin "elite" with verified Swiss accounts have been Trujillo, Batista, the Peróns of Argentina, and Jacobo Arbenz of Guatemala, the last of Swiss descent. The amounts are always exaggerated, but even so, are considerable. Batista deposited at least $3,000,000; the Peróns a probable $15,000,000, mostly in the late Evita's name. Amusingly enough, she seems not to have named husband Juan Domingo as beneficiary before she died, much to his annoyance. Actual figures which could be put in print are, of course, not available, but the moves, such as buying or loaning in world money marts, made by certain banks known to have been contacted by prominent parties, as in the case of the Banque Genevoise de Commerce and Rafael Léonidas Trujillo, are indications.

Not all Swiss banks will touch "blood money," though it is perfectly legal money. Pictet, for

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example, refused to bank Trujillo's. But those banks which do take it have no trouble disposing of it at a profit within the financial world. As one elegant, aristocratic Genevan stated: "*Pecunia non olit.*" And after it has gone through the fumigating process of a staid Swiss bank, money indeed retains no smell. The significant thing about Trujillo's and Batista's and Moise Tshombe's cash (he arrived in Geneva in 1963 with what was left of the Katanga National Treasury) is that it provides Switzerland, and thus all Europe, with a unique mobile pool of liquid capital. Without such deposits, it would be much harder for such respected European companies as Sweden's Telefonaktienbolaget Ericsson to raise $10.5 million as it did in 1959, and, in 1962 and 1964, for the democratic governments of Holland, Denmark, and Great Britain to float needed loans.

In 1962, Swiss banks arranged $200 million for the World Bank, in a shoring operation on the dollar. They participated heavily in the recent three-billion-dollar resuscitation of the pound. In a slightly different vein one Swiss bank official remarked with a smile: "The Americans cannot really lose on much of their foreign aid. It comes to Switzerland, but ends up in Wall Street." In fact, it is quite interesting to find out from New York brokers — those who will talk — where their foreign trade comes from. One admitted that at least one third of his 1964 volume came from Swiss Lugano alone.

The Swiss take money freely, then, from the so-called undeveloped world, which even more freely sends it out. In 1961, Mexico, supposedly stable, sent $125 million in fright capital abroad; Venezuela in 1963 exported two thirds of its entire foreign exchange. Another significant thing about this bleeding is that the dictator's money gets all the publicity, but most of it is sent abroad by private citizens. Even the oligarch money accounts for only a part; every businessman and shopkeeper in such countries as Venezuela and Brazil, beset by governmental chaos and rampant inflation, sends abroad all the money he can. There was a time when the little people did not think it mattered who sat in the presidential palace. Since the advent of Castro, and of his imitators, such notions have changed.

But the Swiss are no source of capital to the poor nations. Swiss banks, through backing Belgians, dropped some $120 million in the Congo fiasco. The Swiss, who once were extremely important in certain industrial financing in Africa and Latin America, are closing that door, or rather, feel it is being closed on them. The Swiss money goes increasingly only into the Atlantic world; the rich get richer, and the poor poorer. Swiss bankers, pressed on the sociological implications of this, say bluntly that nothing is given to man in this world, and people deserve only what they earn. They point out that Switzerland is a tiny country completely without mineral resources of any kind, and that it got where it is today largely through an ethic and hard work.

The cases of Italy and France recently, with money flowing back to France and again leaving Italy, seem to prove that stable government must come before stable economics. Meanwhile, certain blood-and-sweat money is very useful to the Atlantic community as a whole, through Swiss banks.

The Swiss tax expatriate is something slightly different from the frightened depositor. A few years ago a Swiss lawyer worked out a hypothetical schedule for an anonymous movie star, who earned $1,000,000 per year, and who at pre-1964 U.S. rates might be liable to as much as $870,000 in income taxes. British and Swedish rates were even more ghastly. However, if the star bought a Swiss villa and established residence in the right canton, he could then form a personal corporation and have his entire income paid into it tax free. The corporate name does not matter — the corporation can be called the William Holden Company, the Noel Coward Corporation, Elizabeth Taylor & Cie, or Joe Blow, Inc. It is not necessary to be a movie star; writers like Georges Simenon or Irwin Shaw, even a Swede who happened to be heavyweight champion of the world qualify. A large and liquid income is the criterion. Patent and license millionaires, a new and important breed, can use a personal corporation too.

Such a corporation, in the best of cantons, pays only two tenths of one percent corporate tax. Swiss income taxes have to be paid on the sums dispensed by the corporation (say $5000 to $10,000 per month living expenses), but Swiss income taxes are most moderate by Atlantic standards. No tax is collected on undistributed profits, and there is no requirement that profits ever be "distributed." And after all Swiss taxes, if the American star or writer or millionaire has had to pay more than a tenth of what his U.S. tax would have been, he or she should consult new legal talent.

Nationals of some countries may have to change citizenship; for Americans and British subjects this is not required. The new U.S. tax laws are affecting this operation, especially the imposition of taxes on amounts over $25,000 earned by Americans domiciled abroad. Solutions, however, are being found; if necessary, some people, like Elizabeth Taylor, may run up the Union Jack. Parliament has been most reluctant to tax British subjects living overseas.

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British domestic taxes, meanwhile, assure that Peter Ustinov and Noel Coward in Vaud, and Richard Burton in Geneva will go home only if necessary to fight for Queen and country. Orson Welles, Charlie Chaplin, Maria Schell, William Holden, Mel Ferrer, Audrey Hepburn, Sophia Loren, Deborah Kerr, Valenti, and a horde of lesser lights have all found the Swiss climate invigorating. Of all this group, only Maria Schell is actually Swiss.

Residence permits are tightly controlled. But in Ticino money draws respect, whether it is the Aga Khan's, the Sheikh of Kuwait's, or Fritz Thyssen's. If they are "in," the very rich can often also make a deal on taxes, which in some cantons are negotiable for foreigners. Swiss tax men have never seen any reason to be stuffy or conventional. One man who went through the process described it as follows: "You go in with your Swiss lawyer and tell them you have an income of five million Swiss francs. You will send it all to a Swiss bank. Then you promise to spend at least two million in the canton — and with lake yacht, autos, servants, villas at $250,000 an acre, and all the hangers-on and girlfriends, they believe you. Then you say frankly you want no trouble over taxes, and are prepared to pay, say, fifty thousand a year. If you have real substance, you can make a deal." The cantonal authorities feel that they come out ahead when they settle for what is offered, since, instead, the customer could always go on safari, or to Jamaica, and could take all his money with him.

Many of the rich favor numbered accounts. The numbered account, which assures secrecy inside the bank as well as abroad, came into vogue when in the 1930s Swiss banks first began to undergo independent audits. Even auditors, who come under Swiss bank secrecy laws and would go to jail if they talked, have no idea whose accounts they are working on. With a numbered account, only two or three bank officials know who the client actually is — but someone in the bank *must* know; there is no such thing as an "anonymous account." The numbered account gives a certain added protection against inadvertent or bribed betrayal; a Jewish depositor in 1934, or a Rumanian exporter in 1964, slept better if few people knew his name. The Gestapo was once active in Switzerland, using bribery on bankers, and in 1958 a Rumanian attaché was expelled for taking money around from bank to bank, to see whether any would accept it if he offered it in certain names.

No Swiss bank advertises numbers, but all give the service, legally and without question, if requested. The decision has no bearing on whether the customer is acceptable as a client or not. As everywhere, there are banks and banks, and some, admittedly, are not fastidious. But even the most notorious of Swiss banks, like the old Banque Commerciale of Basle, which once helped smuggle assets over the border for clients (and which failed from too much German investment), has never been accused of being controlled by the Mafia, as some American National banks have been.

The game, then, goes on. Men still write out digits in longhand as their normal banking signature, or disguise a number in a complicated cable code. And while new tax treaties between nations are under negotiation, it is safe to assume that Swiss banks will stay ahead of all attempts to keep money at home. The only thing which could end the Swiss position in world banking is the arrival of worldwide stability in politics and economics and sound money everywhere: a world in which money could flow freely wherever it was needed, without fear of regulation, restriction, or confiscation, and a world in which there is limited, reasonable taxation even of the rich.

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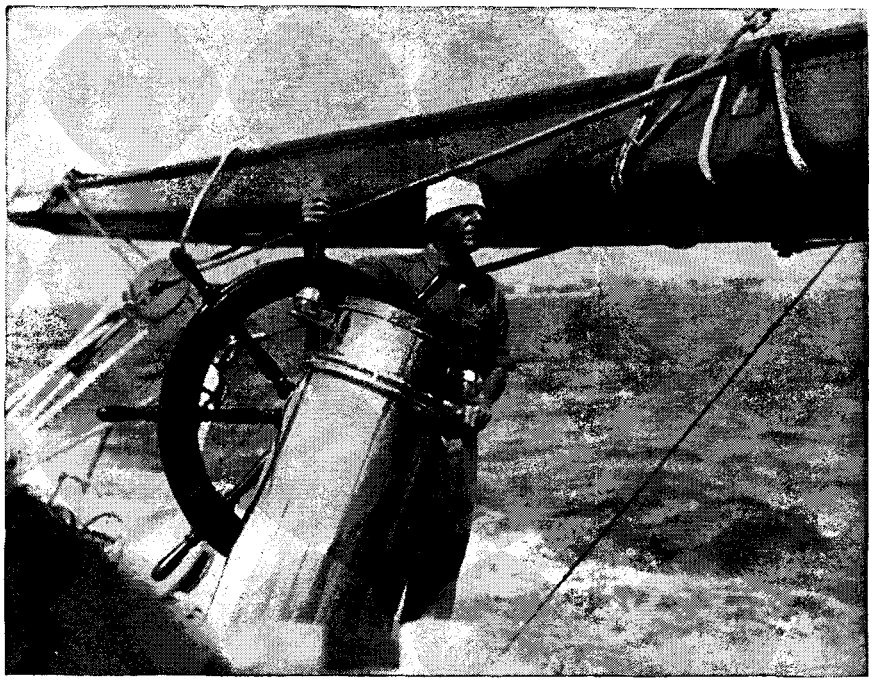

SAILING WITH UNCLE CHARLIE

By GEORGE C. HOMANS

The late Charles Francis Adams was in his maturity Boston's leading citizen and Secretary of the Navy in President Hoover's Cabinet. He was also for fifty years the best helmsman on the Eastern seaboard. This racy memoir by his nephew George Homans, professor of sociology at Harvard, was first presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and we print it with pleasure.

THE historians spend their time talking about every great Adams except the one I knew, my mother's brother, Charles Francis Adams, the third of the name. I cannot speak of his career as treasurer of Harvard College, as Secretary of the Navy in the Hoover Administration, as the leading citizen of Boston in his day. I can only try to describe what it was to serve as one of the crew of his yachts. My excuse is that his career as a racing skipper was the greatest of his careers, the only one in which he reached supremacy. For some fifty years he was acknowledged to be the ablest helmsman in Massachusetts Bay, and if the ablest there, the ablest on the East Coast — though Long Island Sound may have had its reservations — and if the ablest on the East Coast, then also in the world. He was, moreover, supreme in every kind of boat, from the little Herreshoff S-class to the cup defenders: in 1920 he had, in *Resolute*, successfully defended the America's Cup. Here was a new kind of excellence for an Adams, since to the earlier members of the family, competitive sport may well have seemed frivolous, even British. But if new, still excellent. Let those who do not know what it is to be a seaman argue that in Uncle Charlie his tribe had lost its bite.

I never sailed with Uncle Charlie on the big boats, but I did sail with him as one of his crew most summers from 1923 through 1940: in the R-class sloops, designed by W. Starling Burgess, *Lightning*, *Dandelion*, and, greatest of them all, *Gossoon;* in the Q-class *Bat*; and, finally, in the 8-meter *Thisbe*. All of them, I suppose, were between 30 and 45 feet long overall. Almost every year we were champion in our class at Marblehead, our most dangerous opponent being Frank C. Paine in *Gypsy* of his own design. In the smaller boats, those of the R-class, two of us went as crew, myself and Uncle Charlie's son, Charles Francis ("Chas") Adams, now president of the Raytheon Corporation. In the larger boats we added a third, usually my other cousin, Thomas Boylston Adams, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In short, we were all Adamses, crew and skipper. As the smallest and lightest hand I was ordinarily assigned the work with jib and spinnaker, requiring less muscle but, by that token, more brains.

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For many summers Uncle Charlie had lived — if it can be called living — in a wooden barracks, hugger-mugger with Perkinses, Hunnewells, Lees, Thorndikes, and other Adamses, forming a sort of advanced communist experiment like Brook Farm, only more successful, called the Glades Club. The "Glades" may suggest something lush; it is in fact a bleak promontory jutting out from the South, or proletarian, Shore of Massachusetts Bay inside Minot's Ledge Light and outside Cohasset Harbor. Uncle Charlie kept his boats moored behind the Glades in a hole affording slightly greater depth of water than elsewhere over the sandy bottom.

The Glades is some eighteen miles across the bay from Marblehead, where we raced. Every Saturday Uncle Charlie sailed his boat over to Marblehead in time for the race in the early afternoon and then back again afterward. Note: he sailed her. He could well have afforded a motorboat to tow him, but he sailed. No other boat in our classes sailed from anywhere: they stayed in Marblehead; and I suspect that no other skipper would have been prepared to sail our distance. The result was that we got more experience in handling ship and sails than did the others, who only went out for the afternoon to race, and far more experience in keeping her going in light airs. We had to keep her going if we were to get to Marblehead in time to eat and back to the Glades in time to sleep. But we got something more than experience: to the imagination of at least one boy, we were, compared with our opponents, the hardy, the bold, the true mariners. It was we, not they, who followed the sea and carried on the traditions of sail.

Looked at objectively, the task of getting a racing yacht back and forth across the bay under sail in summer was by no means arduous. In all my years with Uncle Charlie we always reached Marblehead in time for the race, and almost always in time for lunch before it; and as for getting home, I spent only one full night aboard, when fog, blowing in before an easterly, surprised us halfway across and made it doubtful that we should find the entrance through the Cohasset ledges. We ran in under old Boston Light and then anchored in Hull Gut till morning, when the weather cleared. It is fair to admit that if the weather was bad enough, we did not try to sail over, partly, I think, because Uncle Charlie's boats were not at their best in a blow. For the record, our fastest run across the bay was made in *Bat* from Marblehead in one hour and three quarters under trysail and small jib before a fresh northwester. Our average run was, I suppose, somewhere between four and five hours.

The weather on the less typical passages included northwesters in the early fall, when the bay was, in Uncle Charlie's words, feather-white and the salt dried and crusted on our faces in the sun as we beat up to Marblehead, reefed; and rainy northeasters — again a head wind — when we had the choice of getting soaked on deck or sick below. More characteristically the winds were gentle, southeast by day, westerly by night.

We met at the Glades float a little after seven in the morning and rowed out in the dinghy, our oars puddling and breaking the rafts of eelgrass combed out by the ebb tide. Looking overboard one could sometimes catch a white flash against the bottom where a flounder shifted berth and showed his underside. To the west against the coffee-colored Cohasset rocks the water was pale blue, but to the east and seaward, golden and hazy under the sun. Still heavy with sleep, we set the working sails and ran out with the last of the night breeze. Then while some of us slobs were likely to go back to sleep on deck, Uncle Charlie puttered.

But it was puttering with malice in it. When people tried to explain Uncle Charlie's racing record, they spoke of his touch at the helm. That was what they could see; what they could not see was his tireless obsession with anything that would help the boat sail faster — not just the big things, like the slow agonies of breaking in a new mainsail or statesmanlike conferences with the yardmen about the state of the underbody, but also all the little things most yachtsmen did not bother about. He spent some time on his boat every day in summer, rowing off to her after he got back to the Glades from a long day in State Street, righting crimes against speed.

His method was characteristically elimination rather than addition. He was, above all, death on superfluous weights. When he bought a boat secondhand he went over her with a screwdriver taking off useless gadgets and dumping them unceremoniously overboard. A whole stove once went overboard in this fashion — and with it any suggestion of hot coffee. All cushions and mattresses went the same way: should anyone want to lie down, there were always the sail bags, which were in fact much more comfortable. He would have been glad to get rid of the heads, and the boats he had built for himself never had one. Even for crowded waters, a canvas bucket was just as good. In brief, he was, in his care for speed, the supreme rationalist, the supreme functionalist.

He was indeed a bit of a puritan. Anything that did not directly contribute to our salvation, even if innocent in itself, was suspect. No one cared less for the elegancies of yachting. He never shined brass. He seldom coiled a line. When we hoisted the mainsail below deck, we let the halyard lie

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where it dropped. If it came in all right, he argued, it would, left undisturbed, run out all right again. Our furls had only to be good enough to let the sail cover be put on. Nor did Uncle Charlie insist, as Admiral Morison does, that the stops be tied in neat bows on top of the sail. He did not care for fancy work like a golden groove along the sheer strake. The appearance of the vessel was nothing to him so long as the paint in contact with the water was smooth. We were a working ship; the others could go in for the beautiful.

In the same way, telltales were a superstition and contributed, however little, to friction. At night we ran, quite illegally, without lights, for lights prevented the helmsman's seeing what he ought to see. In the days of prohibition this suspicious feature of our behavior led Coast Guard cutters to overhaul and hail us, until, I suspect, they got used to our presence in the bay on Saturday nights. Finally, Uncle Charlie never insured his boats, and never lost one, though the moorings off the Glades were pretty well exposed to northeasters. The loss of a vessel would, in his mind, have paid him off fairly for being a damned fool.

Nor long after we cleared the land, the offshore westerly would die. Then we slatted gently over the smooth sea, waiting for the standard summer southeaster to make. We would first see its scattered cat's-paws to windward; then they were all around us, bringing freshness to the golden summer. The water would begin to whisper under the bow. With luck we could set the spinnaker and count on reaching Marblehead with time to spare. To starboard we left the red lump of the Boston lightship; to port, our halfway mark, the gray pillar of the Graves lighthouse, crossing the tracks of the ships bound in and out of Boston. In the early days these sometimes included a coasting schooner. Later the wooden draggers from the Georges Bank were more prominent, trailing stinking clouds of diesel smoke, and mackerel fishermen towing seine boats almost as long as themselves.

At Marblehead we came to our moorings, took off the working sails, put on the racing sails — we were always heaving sails up on deck — and went ashore for lunch at the Eastern Yacht Club. Uncle Charlie's approach to the clubhouse was in some ways his finest moment, and the only one when I ever suspected him of self-consciously acting the reverse of self-consciousness. An old navy seaman's duck cap, its brim reversed, might be pulled down over his noble beak; then came a pullover sweater, and finally a pair of knickerbockers, left unbuckled perhaps and drooping below the knees, held up by a sail stop instead of a belt, a stop passed not through the belt straps but below them so as to hitch the knickerbockers up. The effect was as little nautical as possible, and put Uncle Charlie at once one up on the gentlemen in white flannels and yachting caps on the piazza.

How shall I reproduce the smells of an old-time yacht club before it became just another country club: smells of tarred marline, manila rope, and new cotton duck, of large, dark high-studded rooms fitted with varnished woodwork and straw matting, of the sea breeze blowing through open transoms and slatted doors, of clam chowder and blueberry pie?

After lunch we dumped our spare sails into the dinghy and went to the starting line off Marblehead Rock. If there was one department of yacht racing in which Uncle Charlie fell short of excellence, it was in starting. He was never very bold or skillful at getting the best berth at the windward end of the line. Indeed, I never felt he liked, as so many racing skippers do, maneuvering at close quarters. He would get into a luffing match if one were forced upon him, but his heart was never in it. I suspect he felt it was irrational, bringing in factors outside the sheer speed of the boat. In starting, at any rate, Uncle Charlie seemed to be content if at the gun he was somewhere near the line with his wind clear.

Since the commonest wind at Marblehead in summer is south to southeasterly, the first leg of a race is usually to windward. This is the point of sailing that brings out the greatest differences in ships and helmsmen, and in this point lay Uncle Charlie's skill. He counted on getting ahead on the windward leg and holding his lead on the run or reach that followed. He did not expect, except by sheer luck, to pass another boat off the wind, though he was certainly afraid of being overhauled himself. Nor was he at his best in strong breezes, which demanded crude methods. His supreme expertise lay in coaxing a ship to windward in light airs — and at Marblehead in summer the winds are light; the place fitted the man. Like all great magicians he was credited with powers he did not possess. People thought he had the gift of finding the strongest breezes, but in this he was no better than other skippers. Indeed, there were no special tricks of wind or current at Marblehead that gave an advantage to local knowledge. Uncle Charlie never sailed any extreme course on the mere gamble of picking up a favorable slant. Even when he was, for once, behind, he seldom went off wind-hunting. I do not mean he did not care about finding the breeze: he certainly did. All I mean is that he was, above all, a rational sailor. Since he ought to be able to beat any boat sailing under the same conditions as his was, the best strategy was to stay with the rest of the fleet, and especially his chief rivals, rather than leave them and look for a breeze.

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To the usual maxim "Stay between the leading boat and the mark," he added the rule "Stay with a boat you're beating."

And he did beat them. Besides what I have called his rationality, his only gift was a superb sensitivity to the helm and the trim of the sails, as if he were a delicate machine that could register to ten decimal places when the ship was doing her best. Characteristically he sat to leeward watching the jib, the tiller over his shoulder, holding it, as he could in these beautifully balanced yachts, between thumb and forefinger, as if to pick up and read its least vibration. Occasionally he would say in a low voice: "Ease the jib a hair," or something of the sort. And however bad our start — and it was seldom really good — we found ourselves before long well up in the fleet or leading it.

During a race there was little conversation. Unlike some skippers, Uncle Charlie did not seek his crew's advice unless things were going very badly. For our part we volunteered no suggestions, but simply reported the movements of our competitors and the sighting of the windward mark. Our efforts in the matter of strength and skill were not always distinguished. In the early days I myself weighed less than a hundred pounds and added little pull when getting in the mainsheet. But we were always willing, proud of our boat and our record. Uncle Charlie, moreover, assumed we would do our best. He found it embarrassing to praise us, as to express most other sentiments, and seldom did so except for some truly outstanding feat, when I think he praised us out of duty, not desire. I once got a "good work!" for setting the spinnaker without a hitch in a northeast blow when the ship was putting her nose down under the seas. But neither, since being inarticulate works both ways, did he blame us, not even when I managed to fall overboard from the forecastle at the start of a race in a nearly flat calm.

In demeanor Uncle Charlie was normally the calmest of men. In his younger days he acquired a reputation for hard swearing when his blood was up, and I was often asked whether he swore at us. He did not: perhaps he felt that his son and nephew were sitting ducks for abuse. But there were times when he got, shall I say, excited and behaved rather unlike the cool skipper that the code of the sea demands. There are, in my experience, such times for every skipper. For him they were likely to come when we had rounded the weather mark for the run to the finish, and another boat was close astern. As one of us went forward to struggle with the spinnaker, he would appear to jump up and down in the cockpit, not shouting so much as passionately exclaiming: "Hurry, boys! Hurry up! Oh, hurry!" These vivid comments did nothing to speed the setting of the spinnaker. They were irritating distractions in a ticklish job. Nor did Uncle Charlie nourish any intellectual doubts that we were doing our best. It was just that for once the tension got too much for him.

For Uncle Charlie wanted above all things to win. Beneath the calm exterior, surely at times of a type that justified an Englishman in claiming the Yankees to be the coldest of men, lay a passion for victory, at least in racing. Much trusted and respected though he was as a financier, I doubt that in this field he felt the same passion. Like his father, he must often have felt that he did not want to be bothered. Racing was different. He enjoyed sailing for itself, but there was no nonsense that racing was a way of getting a pleasant afternoon sail. Once when one of our opponents withdrew from a race for reasons that seemed to us quixotic, and so allowed us to score a win, Uncle Charlie remarked quietly: "I like to win boat races." ("Boat" was pronounced *bot*.) He was lucky in wanting to win what he was good at winning, and we were lucky, too. He set us an example of the passion for excellence that, in whatever unlikely places it may show itself, is still the thing in the world to be most cherished.

Back to the weather mark. At Marblehead the last leg of a race is usually a run before a failing breeze. It is not the point of sailing that separates the men from the boys, in boats or skippers. Uncle Charlie harbored no illusions that he could, except by sheer luck, overhaul any boat on the run to the finish, and he went over, so to speak, to the defensive. His preoccupation was not to pass but to avoid being passed. He would sight astern, holding at arm's length his thumb erect, with his index finger against it, to measure the angle subtended by our nearest pursuer's mainmast, and so determine, by comparing two successive observations, whether she was gaining. I never found out how he remembered where against his thumb his finger had stood on the previous occasion. Under these circumstances the finish line came as a blessed relief.

With the end of the race our opponents' work was done. Ours had hardly begun: we had to work the ship back across the bay. We returned to Marblehead Harbor, bent on once more our working sails, and got under way again. By this time our late rivals were sitting on their piazzas, knocking back the first of many cocktails. Toward them our attitudes had all the ambivalence of working stiffs eyeing the fat cats of the bourgeoisie. No doubt they were to be envied their costly pleasures. On the other hand the moral superiority was unquestionably ours. Ours was

> all that beauty
> Born of a manly life and bitter duty.

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Yet as we rounded Marblehead Rock, it was hard to sustain enthusiasm for the great tradition. Not only was the wind failing, but it was ahead. Much experience to the contrary, it did not seem possible that we should beat our way over to the South Shore. When we had made enough offing, we put the ship onto the port tack and started a long board over toward Nahant. At this point Uncle Charlie turned her over to the crew and went below to sleep. He threw himself flat on his back on the sail bags and at once began snoring, mouth open. He had the gift, shared, we are told, with other great men, of relaxing swiftly and completely when his responsibilities were at an end. He was, by the way, far ahead of the other great men of his time in his inability to refrain from going to sleep in the midst of public speeches. But even in sleep he retained his preternatural sensitivity. He would feel the ship check her way, and would wake up and call to the cockpit: "She's all in the wind, George," or, "You can bring her up a hair." In the same way, he could sail her by the way she felt, even in black darkness and light airs.

By suppertime our prospects were usually cheerless enough. The onshore day breeze had died. The ship slouched over the seas, sails slatting in the gear, blocks banging, somewhere between Nahant and the Graves. The sun was sinking in smoke over Boston, and the sea resuming its eternal cold, eloquent of shipwreck in the North Atlantic. Having slept his fill, Uncle Charlie would stick his head out of the cabin, make a tour of the horizon, sniff, and announce by way of encouragement, "Fair wind on t'other tack, by 'n by."

Then we piped — if that is the word — to supper. This usually consisted of club sandwiches, sardines, and invariably bananas, the brown parts of which Uncle Charlie would cast overboard, saying: "Why make a sewer of your stomach?" He ate with slightly exaggerated champings of his jaw and lips. Except sometimes for a thermosful of soup or cocoa — never, I think, anything as stimulating as coffee — it was a cold supper, and the only other liquor aboard was a bottle of Poland Springs Water, referred to by my cousin Tom as eau de pologne.

Uncle Charlie never touched alcohol. He once asked me how many members of my class at Harvard had been ruined by drink while still in college. As members of the prohibition generation, many of us drank hard, but "No," I said, "none of us has been ruined by the stuff." He implied that several of his class had been. His was the era at Harvard of the Gold Coast and the California millionaires. "Billy" Hearst, he said, always kept outside his door a bucket of whiskey, together with a tin dipper, to which anyone was free to help himself if so disposed. Uncle Charlie did not try to stop people's drinking, nor did he fail in good fellowship while others drank, but no member of his crew would have considered bringing a bottle aboard: it would have been too uncomfortable.

If Uncle Charlie ever became conversational it was at supper. He would ask us what we were doing; especially, as a former treasurer of Harvard, he was interested in what we were doing in the years we were attending the College. He liked to talk about the prospects of the football team and the crew. He even asked who the great professors were, once saying wistfully that it must be a great satisfaction to spend one's life doing something one was really interested in. Would he have liked to spend his life boat racing? He had served on the Harvard Corporation under two presidents; both were able, though Lawrence Lowell in his youth had been conceited, but Eliot was one of the greatest men he had known. In what ways Eliot was great he did not undertake to explain.

Uncle Charlie, though a rationalist, was in no sense an intellectual. He had had two famous intellectual uncles, one of whom, Brooks, he certainly regarded as a crank; and two members of his crew were intellectuals in grain. These experiences had not led him to share the vulgar anti-intellectualism of the common businessman. His was rather the healthy attitude of the nineteenth century, which did not regard intellectuals as a different breed of men. His view may have resembled that of his father, John Quincy Adams II. When my mother as a little girl asked him why her uncles, Henry and Brooks, spent their time writing, he answered simply and accurately, "I suppose it amuses them." It was perfectly legitimate to amuse oneself.

So Uncle Charlie did not talk about books or ideas. Indeed, he was not a reader, though he liked to have his wife, my Aunt Fanny, read to him of an evening as he fell asleep. They seldom, I think, read novels, certainly not the novels of my literary enthusiasms. I once urged him to read *Moby Dick*, but I am afraid he never even started it. I doubt that he was much interested in the drama of human personality, which did not mean in the least that he ever failed in his devotion to his friends. He would talk about the abilities of his contemporaries and their qualities of judgment, but not about their souls. In following this rule, he began with himself; he did not talk about himself: gentlemen did not do so. Human beings were, no doubt, capable of anything. Why they should be so was their business, not his. One could but try to deal with them, and then only when it was absolutely necessary, and all one might use was honesty, courtesy, some good fellowship, and a great deal of

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silence. What intrigued him were not the human passions but the spectacular problems of coping with the physical environment. Politics had too much of the irrational about it, but he enjoyed reading, for instance, about Arctic exploration and naval warfare. He became an expert on the Battle of Jutland, and when he was Secretary of the Navy he liked to discuss the proper use of aircraft carriers in a potential war against Japan. On subjects like these he was exceedingly interesting and exceedingly acute. Not until his imagination was captured did his mind go to work.

His taste in the arts was that of the American people as a whole. He did not look like their epitome, but he was just that. He enjoyed musical comedies and almost any movie. When we stayed at the Eastern Yacht Club for Race Week, we would row across the harbor in the evening and walk to the local movie house to see anything that was showing. To only one of the finer arts did he respond: he liked to look at paintings, though he seldom in fact did so, and he had developed firm and unconventional tastes — unconventional at least for the thirties. While his crew submitted their orthodox, avant-garde enthusiasms for Rembrandt or El Greco, he maintained that Franz Hals was the greatest of painters. Franz Hals *is* a great painter, and Uncle Charlie was not being vulgar.

During his service as Secretary of the Navy under President Hoover, Uncle Charlie was often indiscreet with us, or perhaps he worried less about security than people do today. He once discussed the problem of bribing Japanese admirals, and told how he had detected a British ambassador lying twice in one morning. His statements were astonishingly matter of fact: it was not in moral outrage that he mentioned the ambassador but, if anything, in recognition of human foolishness. He was, in fact, opposed to the taking of moral stands that could not be made good by force. Accordingly, he deplored the refusal of his colleague, Secretary of State Stimson, to recognize the Japanese conquest of Manchuria, as well as Stimson's refusal to use information gained through cryptography that had broken foreign codes. But this same high respect for physical realities and his lack of imagination about human passions led Uncle Charlie at the outbreak of World War II to believe that Britain was finished and that the United States should stay out of the war in Europe. Pearl Harbor ended all that. The Japanese war was the one he had been preparing for, with all too little in the way of funds, while he was Secretary of the Navy. So while we were slatting around off the Graves we were never, in those days, very far away from great affairs and the Adams tradition of statesmanship. But what we dramatized, I am sure Uncle Charlie did not. Self-dramatization was the last thing he was given to, except perhaps in making his entrance to the Eastern Yacht Club. He never saw himself, or wished to see himself, as a statesman.

He disliked the New Deal in almost all its forms. Indeed, he failed to understand what it was *about*. In the middle of the Depression he once remarked that he had driven a good deal around the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and that the workingmen appeared to him to be reasonably well clothed and housed. Yet he never expressed the fear and hatred of Franklin Roosevelt so current among businessmen of his class, never talked about "that man in the White House" or told any of the scabrous jokes — but then he never told jokes at all. Anyhow, Franklin Roosevelt was a Harvard man. Nor did he mouth the catchwords of "free enterprise." I doubt if he was aware of economic doctrine, whether Adam Smith's or Maynard Keynes's, which did not mean that he was incapable of wisely investing his own and other people's money: he certainly was not caught in the stock market crash. He believed that the country would get out of the Depression more quickly by saving than by spending, but he stated his views as a matter of good judgment, not good doctrine. No doubt Franklin Roosevelt was a demagogue; no doubt he was taking advantage of the Depression to get votes, but then it was the nature of politicians to try to get votes. No doubt he was bad for the country, but the country was, at bottom, wise and would with experience get over the New Deal. Above all, Uncle Charlie never expressed that most vulgar of sentiments, the complaint that he was being personally hurt by the New Deal or increased taxes. If he was a conservative, he was an aristocratic conservative, though no one was less likely than he to think of himself as an aristocrat. On the other hand, he rarely expressed criticism of businessmen, and certainly not of businessmen as a class. He could never have said, as my father did, "In bad times the country is ruined by the politicians; in good times by the bankers."

Naturally Uncle Charlie spoke about seafaring. He had a long story that ended with the wise and rhythmic line: "If you ever gets ashore, and I guess you never will, don't you never cuss no more about the weather." And he described sailing out from the Glades in his youth to a Boston bark that had dragged anchors during a northeaster and slid up onto the West Shag ledges. The skipper was somewhat discouraged, not only by his immediate situation but by the circumstance that his wife had died off the West Coast of Africa and was now below, pickled in a barrel like Lord Nelson. You can see that Uncle Charlie's view of seafaring was less than romantic. He was not given to scorn, but if anything could rouse his scorn it was hearing that

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someone "loved the sea." No one but a damned fool could love the sea. He had once signed on with a friend of his to take a schooner down south in winter. They were dismasted in a gale and spent two days expecting the ship to go to the bottom at any moment. In itself, the sea was cold, fearful, and treacherous.

Though he had a sense of humor and could reach a kind of quiet gaiety, Uncle Charlie's conversation was never consciously funny. Its quality was quite different. Whatever our actual ages, he always took for granted that we were his equals; indeed, that we were just like him, sharing his sense of what constituted good judgment. This was flattering and good for us but sometimes hard to live up to, as two of the crew were in fact emotional romantics, closer to Shelley than to Uncle Charlie. Finally, since he was human, he could be fatuous, as in his great statement about a Boston businessman: "He'll go far if he don't bust." But fatuous was the last thing Uncle Charlie usually was.

If supper did much to relieve our cheerlessness, the wind did more. Though we never believed in it ahead of time, we usually did get a fair wind on "t'other tack." The night breeze, the offshore breeze, began to make, breathing of all the heavy, hot summer of North America. It blew high in the air and did not show on the surface of the water at all, which remained unbroken. As if at some secret pressure, the sails fell asleep, and we gathered way with a hiss like softly parting silk. We came about and began to move up under the South Shore, the lights and music of Paragon Park at Nantasket Beach coming to us with an incongruous suggestion of human frivolity.

Sometimes we had to anchor or lie to at the entrance of the Cohasset channels waiting for the flood tide to give us enough depth of water over the shoals. More often we picked up the ledges, lying black in the moon glade, and went right in. We shot up to our mooring buoy — Uncle Charlie was an effective though not an elegant buoy shooter — getting our sails down as we did so, for our racing yachts did not lie to a mooring well with sails hoisted. A quick furl and we were in the dinghy, rowing in to the Glades, phosphorescence dripping from our oars. If we were early enough, some of the natives were still sitting after dinner on the back piazza, swatting mosquitoes and arguing about whether they could see Thatcher's Island lights, as they had done, by way of passing an amusing evening, for fifty summers gone.

ON LOSING TOUCH

BY R. P. LISTER

Sometimes I lose touch with the planet of my birth;
I seem to be neither on it nor off it.
I am suspended between heaven and earth,
Like the tomb of the Prophet.

This is a most uncomfortable circumstance;
Even if I could stay up there forever,
It is much too drafty, difficult to dance,
Warm rarely, and gay never.

But apart from this, I am troubled all the time
By the delusion that someone is calling,
By a sense that I have committed some crime
And by the fear of falling.

Better by far to be lashed to a mental block
In the small space between two warring cultures
Or even chained like Prometheus to a rock
Near a few friendly vultures.

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NEW INSIGHT into MENTAL ILLNESS

PHILOSOPHICAL IMPLICATIONS

by D. W. Woolley

Biochemical discoveries about a disease that causes idiocy hold fascinating philosophical implications. Those implications, growing out of research into the origins of a disease called phenylkelonuria, are here discussed by Canadian-born D. W. Woolley, who has been associated with the Rockefeller Institute in New York City for twenty-five years and is currently professor of biochemistry there. He has worked primarily with vitamins and hormones and with the development of new means for treatment of diseases.

There is a widespread belief that mental disease of the so-called functional kind arises from psychological rather than from organic abnormalities. Some recent biochemical discoveries, however, about a particular mental disease, namely phenylketonuria, may make us re-examine this common idea. The purpose of this paper is to explore the philosophical impact of this new concept of the causation of mental diseases and in particular to consider what it may mean for the understanding of the actions of normal minds.

Let us begin by mentioning why the idea of psychological cause has flourished in preference to others. It was primarily because no specific anatomical abnormality could be found in any particular mental disease of the functional kind. In schizophrenia or in manic-depressive psychosis there was no set of organic changes which marked the patients as being different from normal people, although, of course, they behaved abnormally. The belief arose that such mental diseases were the result of psychological damage perhaps suffered early in childhood, or according to some, even before birth. This way of looking at things has come to be known as the "Freudian" view. It is true that Freud said very little about schizophrenia and directed most of his discussions to neuroses, and to symptoms such as hysteria and anxiety, but his followers have taken his interpretations of mental abnormalities as fundamental to an understanding of the causes of the more severe mental diseases such as schizophrenia. His name has thus become attached to a widely held rationale for those mental diseases in which a distinctive anatomical or toxicological cause has not yet been found.

This "Freudian" concept of functional psychosis has been the prevailing one for quite some time. Its influence is prominent even in novels and plays and movies. Only within the past decade have dissenters become more outspoken because of the rather limited success its followers have had in controlling these mental diseases. Dissent has also increased because of the discovery of evidence to suggest that some specific biochemical abnormalities, particularly those involving the hormone serotonin, may be causally related to these psychoses. There has even been some success in the treatment of such diseases with therapeutic drugs based on these discoveries, and this, more than anything else, has increased dissent. Nevertheless, the Freudian philosophy is still dominant, especially in the large cities.

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The importance of the lack of a distinctive and specific anatomical (that is, physical) sign cannot be overemphasized as a contributing factor in the thinking about causation of functional psychoses. If in all persons suffering from schizophrenia a characteristic anatomical abnormality were always present, the psychological hypothesis about causation would never have become so widely accepted. If, for example, one could always find that certain cells in schizophrenic brains were abnormal, one could easily believe that the malfunctioning of the mind was because of this anatomical lesion. In senile psychosis, for example, one can find these anatomical lesions, and therefore one does not need to go further to recognize why the mind of such a patient is sick.

So also in toxic psychoses, one does not need a psychological concept to understand why the mind has failed. Once the toxic agent has been recognized, there is a physical rationale for the disease. Thus, in the psychic changes arising from the use of alcohol or opium, there may be no anatomical lesion visible, but the cause of the mental failure is the taking of the drug.

In the case of functional psychoses, on the contrary, no characteristic physical or toxicological abnormality has been found, and largely for this reason the hypothesis about psychological trauma as the only cause has found favor. There have been numerous attempts to show that schizophrenic persons have some special physical abnormality. Thus, they sometimes have a discoloration of the fingernails or a dryness of the skin, but these signs always turned out to be nonspecific. Some people who are not schizophrenic show the same signs, and there are schizophrenic people who do not show them.

Let us now consider the disease known as phenylketonuria, and particularly, let us examine some recent biochemical discoveries about its cause. Phenylketonuria is one of the inherited errors of metabolism. It is the inevitable result of the lack of a single recessive gene, the one having to do with the formation of the enzyme system which converts phenylalanine to tyrosine, the so-called hydroxylase. In persons who have this disease, the phenylalanine taken in their food is not metabolized to tyrosine and consequently accumulates in the tissues. Chemical analysis of the blood, for example, will show greatly increased concentrations of phenylalanine when compared to normal blood. Some of this excessive phenylalanine is deaminated to phenylpyruvic acid, and also converted to phenyllactic acid and phenylacetic acid, products which are present in the tissues and are excreted in the urine. A simple chemical test for phenylpyruvic acid in the urine (a green color when ferric chloride is added) is used to diagnose the disease. Normal people do not excrete a detectable amount of this acid.

Before the time in 1934 when Asbjörn Fölling, a Norwegian biochemist, first found a positive ferric chloride test in the urines of two brothers who were idiots, phenylketonuria was not recognized as a disease, and children suffering from it were often diagnosed as having childhood schizophrenia. Even in recent years this same misdiagnosis has been made, and patients have been committed to mental institutions as having childhood schizophrenia when in reality they have phenylketonuria, as shown by the ferric chloride test. It is well to bear this in mind because it shows how much like a functional psychosis the disease is.

The lack of characteristic physical signs in phenylketonuria is a most important fact. Patients with the disease are normal anatomically. They may be prone to epileptic attacks, but not all phenylketonurics have them, and most epileptics are not phenylketonurics. Similarly, phenylketonurics tend to have a blond complexion (which is understandable in view of their lack of the hydroxylase), but blondness is not a characteristic sign of phenylketonuria. In phenylketonuria, just as in schizophrenia and the other functional psychoses, there is no specific physical sign of the disease.

There is, however, a specific biochemical sign — namely, the presence of phenylpyruvic acid resulting from an excess of phenylalanine; and it is the one which is responsible for the mental failure. This specific biochemical sign is not reflected in characteristic anatomical abnormalities.

The mental failure in phenylketonuria is usually profound and begins early in life. Patients with the disease usually develop into morons or idiots. There is, however, a variation in the severity of the symptomatology among individuals. Most of the patients have intelligence quotients of about 30, but a few have been recorded with IQs of about 90, and one case of IQ 105 has been found. In general, however, a person with phenylketonuria, although he can learn the basic requirements of how to eat when food is provided, or how to put on clothes, is unable to function as a useful member of society.

The mental failure occurring in phenylketonuria can be prevented by reducing the amount of phenylalanine that the patient eats, a biochemical maneuver which establishes the biochemical cause of the mental defect. The reasoning behind this maneuver is that if the trouble in phenylketonuria is the failure to metabolize phenylalanine properly, the disease might be controlled by reduction of this amino acid in the food. The phenylalanine cannot be totally removed because it is one of the essential

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elements of food, but most of it can be removed, and a special diet low in phenylalanine is thus prepared.

When infants with phenylketonuria are raised on the phenylalanine-low diet, the profound mental defect seems not to develop. In order to succeed, it is absolutely essential that the special diet be started early in life, probably before two years of age. If it is started later in life, the idiocy is not prevented. Neither can it be cured once it has been established.

It is impossible to say at the present time whether the use of the phenylalanine-low diet will prevent all mental disease in phenylketonuric persons. The diet has been in use for only about twelve years, so that those who have been using it longest have still not grown to maturity. As will be pointed out below, there is a chance that these treated people may not entirely escape mental consequences, but it is plain at the present time that the characteristic idiocy of phenylketonuria does not develop when the special diet is used properly. When the phenylalanine intake is not restricted but is allowed to remain as it is in normal foods, the idiocy almost always develops.

Why should excess phenylalanine be harmful to the mind? The question is especially apt in view of the fact that phenylalanine is not only a normal constituent of animal tissues; it is also a dietary essential without which animals, including man, cannot survive. Why should it then be harmful in excess, and why should it harm the intellect without at the same time damaging many other organs?

During the past three years Theodore van der Hoeven and I have carried out experiments in laboratory animals which show that the cause of the mental defect is probably a deficiency of the hormone serotonin imposed early in infancy. In England C. M. B. Pare, M. Sandler, and R. S. Stacey had measured the content of serotonin in the blood of phenylketonuric patients and had found subnormal amounts. They made these measurements because in 1954 E. N. Shaw and I had done experiments to suggest that certain mental diseases, notably schizophrenia, probably arose from abnormalities in the metabolism of serotonin in the brain. Pare and the others therefore wanted to find out whether an abnormality with respect to serotonin also could be demonstrated in phenylketonuric idiots, and they were able to do so. H. Weil-Malherbe had shown earlier that the amounts of adrenaline in the blood were also subnormal. These findings were most suggestive because they showed some abnormality with respect to two hormones previously known to influence the functioning of nerves. They did not, however, show that the mental failure arose from these hormonal abnormalities. Nevertheless, my recent experiments with van der Hoeven in laboratory animals indicate that this may be the case with respect to serotonin.

The deficiencies of serotonin and of adrenaline probably arise in phenylketonuria in the following way. The excess phenylalanine, as we have seen earlier, is converted in the body to phenylpyruvic acid, phenyllactic acid, and phenylacetic acid. A. N. Davidson and M. Sandler showed that these acids inhibit the enzyme which forms both serotonin and a precursor of adrenaline. Although there is at the present time much discussion of whether this particular inhibition is the only one caused by these acids or by phenylalanine, the evidence is clear that it is an important contributor to the hormonal deficiency. When the excess of phenylalanine is prevented by suitable dietary measures, the deficiency of the hormones does not occur.

In order to find out whether the deficiency of serotonin might be the cause of the mental failure in phenylketonuria, van der Hoeven and I produced phenylketonuria (the excretion of phenylpyruvic acid) in infant mice. We did this, as others had done previously with other species, by overloading normal mice with excess dietary phenylalanine. We found that it was necessary to begin the overloading at birth and to continue it to maturity. When the learning abilities of these animals were measured, they were found to be subnormal.

Other mice were raised on specific drugs which were known to cause serotonin deficiency in them by other mechanisms, and these mice also were found to be subnormal in learning ability. Finally, the defect in learning ability of phenylketonuric mice was prevented by administration of serotonin derivatives capable of penetration into the brain. These serotonin derivatives were administered from the time of birth in order to correct the serotonin deficiency in the brain early in life. They did not prevent the formation and excretion of phenylpyruvic acid, but they did seem to prevent the mental defect associated with the disease. They could not, of course, be expected to cure the mental defect once it was established.

One might object that the findings were made in animals and may have no relevance to the human disease and its cause. This objection is noteworthy. Nevertheless, we must not forget that the deficiency of serotonin has in fact been demonstrated by chemical analyses in the human disease. Since all phenylketonuric children are now, or at least should be, treated with the special diet, it is quite impossible to do the experiment with the serotonin derivatives in patients with the human form of the disease.

The philosophical implications of these discoveries about the mental failure of phenylketonuria neither arise from nor depend on any particular

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experimental detail. Instead, they arise from the realization that this disease, which for a long time was considered to be a typical functional psychosis, has, instead of a psychological cause, a biochemical one, which is manifested chemically in the tissues and psychologically in the behavior of the patient. It is now quite plain that if you are born with phenylketonuria — that is, if your genetic makeup is such that you lack the one particular gene (the hydroxylase gene) — you will develop into a mentally retarded, subnormal person, and this will take place no matter what your psychological background may be. The psychological environment can be changed until it approaches the ideal. All psychic trauma can be eliminated before and after birth, and you will still be a mental failure. The only thing which can make it otherwise is a specific biochemical interposition. You can avoid the trouble by restricting the intake of phenylalanine. You might also be able to avoid it by the intake of a suitable serotonin derivative. Always, however, unless something specific is done to correct the effects of the excess of phenylalanine, you will end up with severe mental failure, which you will then exhibit by all sorts of unacceptable behavior.

Phenylketonuria is no longer regarded as a functional psychosis. The discovery of phenylpyruvic acid in the urine of the patients removed it from that category. It may be that in like manner other functional psychoses will be found to have a chemical basis. Already there is considerable evidence to suggest that schizophrenia and manic-depressive psychosis may have their roots in abnormalities of the metabolism of serotonin. This evidence has been presented in detail in a book I published in 1952 (*The Biochemical Bases of Psychoses*, John Wiley & Sons, New York).

A more concrete connection between phenylketonuria and schizophrenia deserves some comment. In the book just mentioned, I suggested that when phenylketonuric persons who have been saved from idiocy by the phenylalanine-low diet grow to maturity, they can be expected to develop schizophrenia. The reasoning was as follows. The phenylalanine-low diet is expensive and distasteful in many ways. The pressure to escape a lifetime of it is therefore extreme. The evidence both clinically and from controlled experiments in laboratory animals suggests that it may not be necessary to use the special diet for a lifetime. It may be necessary to use it only during the first years of infancy and childhood, after which a return may be made to normal food for the remainder of the life-span. The economic and social and psychological pressures to do so have been so strong that the experiment of giving up the diet late in childhood is going on, already on a large scale, without anyone having planned it.

If the patient escapes idiocy by use of the diet and then at a "safe" age returns to normal foods, his serotonin deficiency will again be established, for reasons we have seen above. The enzyme which forms serotonin will be inhibited again by the phenylpyruvic and other acids arising from the excess phenylalanine.

Independent evidence has indicated that a serotonin deficiency imposed at the onset of maturity may be a prime factor in the causation of schizophrenia. The phenylketonuric person who has given up the special diet after the danger of the idiocy has passed may thus at maturity face a new mental disease. It is sad to reflect that this experiment on a large scale is being enacted quite unconsciously before our eyes. If the evidence now in our hands has validity, fifteen years from now a survey by any competent medical student may show that the incidence of schizophrenia is surprisingly high among those who in their infancy were treated successfully for phenylketonuria.

Already we have had a single case which bears on this point. We have knowledge of a young woman with typical schizophrenia who as a child gave positive tests for phenylpyruvic acid in her urine. The test was made because three other children in the same family were typical phenylketonurics with the characteristic mental failure. As a child, however, this young woman had been mentally normal, even though she had not been treated with the special diet. She may have been one of those rare phenylketonuric persons with a normal intelligence quotient. When she reached maturity, the test for phenylpyruvic acid became negative. Soon afterward, the schizophrenia became noticeable, and she now has been hospitalized for several years as a severe and typical case of this disease. There are some uncertainties in this case (for example, the disappearance of phenylpyruvic acid), but it may represent a forerunner of what we shall see on a large scale.

With these facts and deductions in mind, let us now consider some of their philosophical implications. These philosophical implications more than the medical ones are the subject of this discussion. The medical facts only give substance to the philosophy. Are we to assume that several aspects of the mind are controlled by a chemical substance called serotonin? Does it call the shots so that in infancy the developing brain depends on it for some of the control of those enzymatic processes which if activated in proper sequence result in a normal intellect? The idea that it does would seem to be a conclusion indicated by the findings in phenylketonuria. It would now seem that when the

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serotonin deficiency is imposed early in life, permanent damage to the intellect almost always results. When the deficiency is not imposed until later in life, at a time when the brain is fully developed, the mental effects may be somewhat different. Nevertheless, considerable evidence suggests that there are mental effects which may be rather profound.

If a deficiency of serotonin in infancy can have such deleterious effects on the mind as are found in most untreated phenylketonuric persons, we can wonder whether it might be possible to do the reverse and to cast some form of superintelligence in this same mold by suitable chemical intervention. It is conceivable that it might be possible to increase artificially the serotonin in the brains of normal infant animals or even men, and thereby to increase permanently the intelligence of the adults which they become. No experiment to test this idea has been done, but many probably will be, at least with laboratory animals. Grave philosophical questions would be raised if it were found possible artificially to change the mind permanently.

Does the explanation of the differences in mental powers of individuals have some connection with genetically determined small variations in the metabolism of serotonin in the developing brain? From the results in phenylketonuria it would seem that the answer in some special circumstances can be yes. The discoveries in phenylketonuria show us how profoundly some fundamental aspects of mind can be influenced biochemically. Of course, we always knew this as a result of the long experience with drugs such as ethyl alcohol and hashish and opium, but somehow the full implications of these pharmacological effects have not been assimilated into philosophy. The substances, because they were foreign to the body, were always regarded as poisons.

Now, however, we see that a normal constituent of the body can, by changes in concentration therein, bring about most far-reaching and permanent effects on the intellect. Whether all individual variations in the mental powers can be ascribed to individual differences with respect to serotonin seems very unlikely, but the findings in phenylketonuria show the sort of thing which can happen.

Does psychological stress cause the chemical changes which influence behavior, or rather, do the chemical changes themselves cause the psychological and behavioral changes? There can be no doubt that psychological stress can result in chemical changes. There is a long series of experiments to corroborate this. It is equally true that specific chemical substances — from ethyl alcohol on down to modern ones — can change behavior and some other aspects of intelligence. How are we then to put the horse before the cart, or decide which is cart and which is horse? In struggling with this ancient problem it may be helpful to remember that in phenylketonuria, if the chemical change in the body is not prevented, the change in intelligence and behavior will inevitably take place. No amount of psychological manipulation will prevent it. If the specific chemical change is prevented, the damage to the intellect will not arise, or in more precise words, the typical idiocy will not develop.

This is not to say that one cannot drive a man mad, or do other damage to the intellect by sufficient psychological stress. We all know many of the things which can be done, and we can believe that they may depend for their effects on specific chemical changes. The nervous system is a marvelously complex structure which cannot be seen completely from any single isolated point of view. Nevertheless, it may help in the understanding of such complicated matters to bear in mind what we can learn from phenylketonuria. It represents an extreme which may help in the understanding of normal properties and of less severe abnormalities of the mind.

To answer the question of whether psychological stress is the primary causative factor of mental diseases or whether, instead, these diseases may have a physical basis is now possible. The biochemical changes *can* cause the mental effects. The fact that psychological stress may also be accompanied by mental changes probably means only that the stress results in the biochemical changes, which are then the direct cause of the mental aberrations. Whether the chemical changes arise indirectly as the result of psychological stresses or whether they are caused directly by biochemical abnormalities (as they are in phenylketonuria) is only of secondary importance. We begin to see clearly that it is the chemical changes which are more intimately related to the mental results.

To understand the nature of being and of thinking is the goal of philosophy. There are recently some suggestions that a small part of this understanding may be possible through biochemical means.

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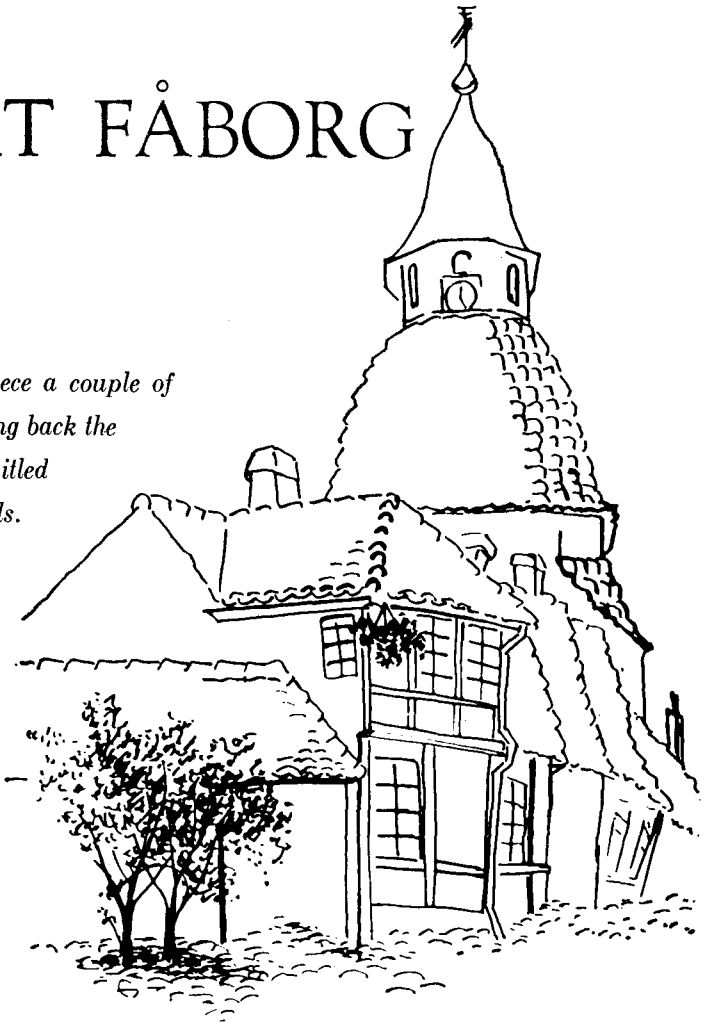
THE TOWER AT FÅBORG

BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

When the ATLANTIC *sent its literary editor to Greece a couple of springs ago, it was with the hope that she would bring back the materials for her first book, which she did. It is entitled* A ROUGH MAP OF GREECE *and is now fresh on the stalls. Last spring she went to Scandinavia, and after a protracted honeymoon with the Danes, moved on to Norway, Sweden, and Iceland. This is the fourth in her new series.*



FYN, alias Funen, alias the fairy tale island because Hans Christian Andersen was born in the town of Odense on a north coast fjord, is a roughly circular territory separated from Jutland on the west by a strait known as the Little Belt and from Zealand on the east by a strait called the Great Belt. The car ferry across the Great Belt takes about an hour, which is long enough to reveal the principles of ferry travel in Denmark.

When Danes go aboard a ferry, they eat. Before leaving a ferry, they eat. In between, they pass the time eating. This rule holds throughout Scandinavia, with certain alcoholic additions where the ferry runs between two separate countries. I do not know what effect rough water has on this system, because when I set foot on a ferry, a flat calm ensues.

I drove off at Nyborg somewhat coffee-logged. Fyn immediately supported its reputation by displaying a golf course on which, in a shimmer of dew, mist, and thin sunlight, two deer and a bevy of pheasants posed at about the fifth tee. I stopped by the roadside, convinced that the creatures had been tethered out for the tourist trade, but when the pheasants ambled off to another fairway and the deer trotted away to the woods, I surrendered to fact. Although Fyn, with its fearless wildlife and its roads lined for miles with lilac hedges fifteen feet high, is obviously too good to be true, it is perfectly real.

Since Odense is the island's principal city and reputed to be a bustling commercial town as well as a literary monument, I turned south toward Fåborg. The southbound route is a compromise between modern efficiency and antique convenience, for while there is a main highway that scoots directly to its goal, there is also an old road which loiters between rather than through the villages that pepper the low green hills and wooded hollows of Fyn.

These villages, set a mile or so back from the traffic on gravel lanes, usually contain no more than six or seven flower-smothered houses and are connected to each other by more gravel lanes, which follow the boundaries of old fields and forests. It would be possible to work all the way down the coast on these quiet unmapped roads, provided one had the leisure to get lost every five miles. I made a loop toward the beach to look at a couple of villages and a wood overhanging the sea, and met only one farm truck and three bicycles. There was

Drawing by the author.

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also a glittering, bad-tempered cock pheasant who ordered me out of his way.

On the map, the road from Nyborg to Svendborg to Fåborg is dotted with tiny red flags; these indicate old castles and manor houses which are sporadically open to the public in order that the noble owners may pay their taxes. Socialist Denmark is making a lackadaisical effort to starve these people out, but with small sign of success. The Rosenkrantz family (there seem to be no Guildensterns) still owns its castle in Jutland, and a whole string of estates in Fyn continue in business — as usual, except for the parking lot, the gate where visitors buy tickets to view the gardens, and the curio shop in the old stables. They are rather likely to continue in business, for the Danish gentry have always been, on the whole, an able and industrious lot.

This is not to say that they are exactly tame. I heard of one nobleman who struck up a friendship with some Copenhagen refugees settled in a village bordering his large estate. He was a hunting-squire type, and became quite fascinated by the urban oddities that came to visit his new friends. One party ended in what is, for Denmark, positive disaster. A drunken guest slipped out of the house with a female friend, started up a car, and drove off looking for privacy. At dawn, the police discovered the trio — car, drunk, and lady — comfortably comatose in a ditch.

Now, the Danish laws against drunken driving are truly terrifying. One can be arrested for merely standing by the car, key in hand and tipsy. As for actually injuring someone while navigating under the influence — it would probably be safer to shoot the Prime Minister on the steps of the parliament building. And when a drunk drives away from a party, the host who first got him drunk and then turned him loose is considered an accessory to the crime and is duly persecuted by the police.

In this case, tradition prevailed, and the police went first to the local baron, who naturally failed to remember anything about the drunk, or the party, or indeed anything much since last St. Swithin's Day. As soon as the police left, he telephoned the Copenhagen couple with warnings and shrewd advice on what sort of tale should be offered to the cops. Then he added, disapprovingly, "I don't understand these city friends of yours. When I get drunk, I only drive on my own place."

It was true. Happily elevated, the baron and his lady would go out in their brace of sports cars and race each other, at top speed and two in the morning, over back lanes, lumbering tracks, pastures, and frozen lakes in season, driving with one hand on the wheel and the other on the horn. Their tenants, I was told, had learned to sleep right through it, and the law had nothing to say, for no amount of liquor had ever blurred the baron's memory of his own property lines.

It was too early in the year to visit Hesselagergård, which opens only when assured of a fairly lavish supply of tourists, but Egeskov was available. This place, half manor and half castle, is surrounded on three sides by a lake which laps directly against the foundations of the building. The rose-gray walls, the pointed towers, the delicate wrought-iron bridge which hangs where a drawbridge and portcullis ought to be are reflected in the still, steel-blue water as sharply as in a mirror. The lake originally surrounded the house completely, for Marshal Frands Brockenhuus had a well-founded fear of assault and pillage by local hinds.

The early sixteenth century had been a period of social upheaval and reshuffling in Denmark, and when the marshal built his fine new house around 1550, he had it set on oak piles in the lake. Hesselagergård, built in the same period, has a moat for the same reason. None of these handsome Renaissance establishments on Fyn were true fighting castles; they could not have endured the royal artillery for half a day. But they were quite strong enough to deter bucolic revolutionaries.

Egeskov changed hands several times; it seems to have attracted unlucky courtiers and men who couldn't quite afford to keep it. At present, the park and gardens are maintained only with the help of three horticultural firms which wish to preserve a fine relic of Renaissance Denmark and incidentally to display their plants in a flattering eighteenth-century setting, for the pleasure gardens are much younger than the house. The gardens circle about half of the landward shore of the lake, and their most striking feature, to my eye, was the maze of hedges made, I think, of clipped beech. (Or could they be lime trees?) Danish beech trees grow to enormous size, but these trees had been stunted by two centuries of pruning. Inside the screen of foliage, the trunks were gnarled, mutilated, hollow with rot, and writhing as grotesquely as trees in a Rackham drawing. From the middle of the path, however, they looked as fresh as spring itself, all their little jade-green leaves jeweled with dewdrops and quivering in a breeze I could not feel.

An old gardener with a wheelbarrow was gathering up stray twigs and fallen leaves, and three guinea fowl paraded on the grass along the water's edge. We shared the place happily among us, but the arrival of a carload of quiet, respectable travelers was too much. The gardener retreated to the surrounding woods, the guineas stamped off, cursing, to the farmyard, and I took a guesswork route back to the coast.

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Astray down a side lane in the neighborhood of an invisible town called Gudme, I came by accident on Mariana's moated grange. It stood in a hollow filled with the improbable Danish beech trees; they have thick, straight trunks with a green patina on the silvery bark, delicate drooping branches, and tiny peacock-green leaves, and they create, in their shade, a diaphanous blueness and mats of small white flowers. In the center of this enchanted wood lay a black pond fringed with reeds and spotted with lily pads, and out of the pond rose the low simple house, its brick walls faded to a muted shade between terra cotta and cerise. It was smaller than Egeskov, less ornate, and possibly later — something about the brickwork suggested the seventeenth century, but I am no expert on architectural detail. It was certainly more beautiful than Egeskov, or any other house that I saw on Fyn. Every line of the place had a gentle, unpretentious perfection. Everything about it was silent, and everything was motionless except for a swan which drifted among the lily pads, trailing a hint of wake — thin silver wires slanted across the dark water, rippling the green reflection of the woods and throwing flashes of pink light against the walls of the house. There were two tree-muffled lanes leading around the moat and arriving, I presumed, at an entrance to the building, but I never found out, for both lanes were marked with large signs saying "PRIVAT," which I translated as "trespassers will be prosecuted."

FÅBORG on the south coast proved to be precisely what the tourist literature suggested: an old fishing and shipping port, preserved in amberine detail and picturesque almost beyond endurance. The waterfront, with modern ferries in action, looked awake, but one block up the inland slope, antiquity flourished undisturbed.

Low half-timbered brick buildings with red-tile roofs surrounded a cobbled square in the lee of a squat white tower. Potted plants bulged from windowsills and half blocked the steps of the tourist office, and wide gateways revealed courtyards thick with blooming trees — apple, pear, and chestnut were all in flower. Immense lilac bushes, heavily budded, overtopped the high garden walls, and a colony of rambler roses filled every inch of space left unoccupied by trees and shrubs. The courtyards and most of the streets off the square are paved with cobbles. One dog-leg street toward the west can be converted into a stage for historical plays simply by cutting off traffic, for with the removal of interlopers in modern dress, the area becomes pure seventeenth century. Except for the town hall, presumably erected during the Age of Reason, there isn't a straight line in the place. Chimneys tilt, roofs sag, houses lean confidingly against each other, and the discreet little shop signs hang subtly askew.

The hotel on the corner (Hans Christian Andersen once stayed in it, vainly courting a Fåborg girl) had floors that slanted like a sail loft and a particularly well-framed copy of the fire rules that decorate bedrooms in all Danish country hotels. They come in three languages, two of which I will not presume to discuss. The English version reads, in part,

> If possible alarm the hall porter by telephone, by fire alarm push button verbally. . . .
> If the fire alarm sounds, leave the room if possible. If passage through the corridors or stairways is impossible on account of smoke, stay in your room, keep the doors closed, preserve calmness and presence of mind and signify your presence to the fire brigade through the window in a composed manner.

This good advice has delighted travelers for years, and survives, I believe, precisely for that reason. So many Danes are adept with English that the peculiar stylistic charm of Fire Brigade prose cannot have gone unnoticed by the authorities.

Fåborg is spoken of in Copenhagen as a tourist center of varied attractions, but the Fåborgians evidently put only intermittent faith in this Johnny-come-lately status. There is no pox of new hotels in the town, and the tourist office was candidly amazed at the arrival of a foreigner in mid-May, especially one inquiring for prehistoric burial sites. Such things exist, it was conceded, and after consultation, directions were produced, of the "try Joe Doakes's woodlot" variety.

So I trespassed for several happy hours in the woodlot of Doakes (at least, I thought it was), and also, to judge by the number of farm dogs complaining in the distance, those of Smith, Jones, and Brown as well. These woods were beautifully clear of undergrowth, like all Danish woods, and well supplied with delicate miniature flowers in white, blue, and pale pink. I came out with a fine nosegay, but no better off for prehistoric burials. The tourist office was apologetic and unsurprised. "You really need a guide, and we won't have one until the schools close. I never saw those things myself, and I know I couldn't find one." The museums were recommended as a findable alternative.

The historical museum is an old merchant's house just off the square. It is painted white inside and out and consists of a square of buildings around a central court. Living quarters fronted on the street, work and storage rooms filled the side wings, and the back of the square was occupied by the stables and a large gate giving on a garden, from which Merchant Ploug had a fine view of the harbor and the doings of his ships. Ploug seems to have been promiscuously prosperous, but another

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burgher of Fåborg is remembered as Poul Kinafarer — Poul Chinatraveler.

Two youths were in charge of the museum when I came through the main gate. They looked about thirteen years old and were enjoying temporary status as responsible men of the world. In this role, they had set up a small table on the cobblestone courtyard and brought out wicker chairs and cups of coffee, over which they were flourishing cigarettes in an aggressively adult manner. I hated to disturb the comedy, but it was the only way to get a ticket.

The front of the house contained an interesting display of formal furniture, mostly of the eighteenth century, embroideries, chinaware, foggy mirrors in elegant frames, and iron stoves that looked like ancestors of the atom bomb. A side wing was full of neighborhood farm furniture, simply designed but often brilliantly and charmingly painted with stiff little people and dashing flowery scrolls. There were cupboards and chests and wardrobes and tables and chairs and box beds, very short and piled with fat lace-covered pillows because the Danes used to sleep sitting up. All this rural furniture was supervised by a couple in antique local costume. When I approached them, they turned out to be manikins.

Somewhat unnerved, I went on to the stables, which still smell consolingly of hay, harness oil, wood smoke, horses, and the sea. The walls here were dark wood, the stone floor sloped erratically, and the lighting consisted of whatever sunlight managed to find its way in from the court. This place was evidently a repository for everything that didn't quite fit elsewhere in the museum. It contained smith's tools, farrier's tools, rusty old plows and hoes and scythes and pickaxes, a broken-down sleigh, a decayed dugout, and what is probably the largest collection of milking stools ever assembled under one roof. I went about stroking them admiringly, for the polish on a well-used milking stool is one of the finest achievements of the human frame.

Fåborg's other museum is a source of much municipal pride, and it is indeed remarkable for a town of this size. It is very much a local affair. Around the turn of the century, Fåborg was inhabited by a group of painters of exceptional energy and mutual goodwill. It was also inhabited by Mads Tomato, an art-loving businessman whose real name was Mads Rasmussen. (Fåborg is full of Rasmussens, running all sorts of enterprises. Mads, one gathers, began in the fruit and vegetable trade.) Having been friend and patron of the Fåborg painters for years, Rasmussen finally gave his collection to the town, along with a building to house it.

The building is low and white with a proper red-tile roof, the whole structure calculated to harmonize with the old bell tower up the street. The architect succeeded so well in his ambition not to violate the established style of Fåborg that I invaded four neighboring courtyards before locating the museum's door. It was locked, but much bell-ringing aroused a female custodian, who was, like the tourist office, politely amazed by my presence.

The museum proved to be a pleasant, rather clubby affair, full of portraits by the painters of each other. The whole group, Christiansen, Hansen, Larsen, and Syberg, resembled one another in technique and stuck to a style that suggests strong influence by the French Impressionists. There are a number of very likable paintings of the Fyn countryside, a series of fine drawings of birds, and one terrible aberration — a huge and hideous historical canvas in the old melodramatic style, depicting King Knut ordering the tide to stop. In the entrance rotunda, there is a large statue of Rasmussen, done by Kai Nielsens.

Nielsens the sculptor seemed to me a bit livelier than his painting colleagues, and when I went to look at his statue *Ymerbrønd* on the square, I found that his work is still capable of arousing active response.

Ymerbrønd means Ymer's well, and the piece represents part of the old Scandinavian creation myth. I cannot find a Danish version of it, but it was recorded in the *Prose Edda* by Snorri Sturluson (an Icelander, but one cannot have everything). The translation is by Arthur G. Brodeur, and is a fair sample of the pitfalls of pagan theology.

> And Thridi said: "Just as cold arose out of Niflheim, and all terrible things, so also all that looked toward Múspellheim became hot and glowing; but Ginnungagap was as mild as windless air, and when the breath of heat met the rime, so that it melted and dripped, life was quickened from the yeast-drops, by the power of that which sent the heat, and became a man's form. And that man is named Ymir, but the Rime-Giants call him Aurgelmir; and thence are come the races of the Rime-Giants. . . . Then said Gangleri: "Where dwelt Ymir, or wherein did he find sustenance?" Hárr answered: "Straightway after the rime dripped, there sprang from it the cow called Audumla; four streams of milk ran from her udders, and she nourished Ymir." Then asked Gangleri: "Wherewithal was the cow nourished?" And Hárr made answer: "She licked the ice-blocks, which were salty; and the first day that she licked the blocks, there came forth from the blocks in the evening a man's hair; the second day, a man's head; the third day the whole man was there. . . ."

Nielsens' sculpture is not a literal representation of this account of the birth of the father of the god Odin. The cow is licking, rather more plausibly, a small child. She is being suckled by Ymir, a Rime-giant of normal human size. He lies on his back, a posture which, in his unclothed condition, obscures nothing essential. This statue caused much

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scandal among the modest when it was unveiled, and despite the alleged freedom of conduct and lack of prudery in modern Denmark, I suspect there is still some objection to it. It was clear that poor Ymir had been strategically vandalized with red paint, which scrubbing had failed to remove.

I got into the medieval tower of St. Nicholas, as I got into the museum, by persistent bell-ringing, which eventually routed out a stout old gentleman who spoke no English. He wore a pair of loafers with the heels beaten forward to lie flat under his feet, a device that converted the shoes into a soft version of the wooden-soled, high-toed Danish clog. I pointed hopefully at the tower. The old gentleman grinned a little wickedly and produced a key.

If I had read the guidebook, I would have known better than to expect a church. The tower is absolutely all that survives, and there is nothing to do in it but climb. I found myself inside a white cylinder. A narrow dark-wood staircase with open treads and an irregular handrail scrimshawed its way uncertainly up the wall. Its destination could only be the little platform high among the bells and the works of the town clock.

Halfway up, I stopped and calculated, weighing the benefit of a bell-obstructed view over the town against the misery of the climb. It was my conviction that the whole stair creaked and quivered at every step, but this may have been a delusion; I suspect all ladders of intending to fall down, and this stair was, in my opinion, a ladder. It made a beautiful pattern against the white wall, though. It looked particularly well from the ground level.

Old loafers let me out of the tower with a knowing grin and shuffled back to his radio.

In a large courtyard near the museum, I found a little shop that sold pottery. The little shop turned out to be a whole cellar, for the pots were made and fired on the premises. The potter, a tall young man with a demure expression and a mischievous glitter in his eyes, explained that he makes dark-blue pots and dark-brown pots and nothing else. Why? He likes blue and brown.

The pots were heavy and plain, highly attractive in their simplicity. I had noticed several other enterprises of this kind in Fåborg, one-man craft shops offering a limited but handsome output. Was this a principal support of the town?

"I'm not Fåborg," said the potter. "I come from darkest Jutland."

From what?

He went into a zany pantomime of firing from the hip — both hips, in fact. "Our little Texas. Shooting in the streets. Very violent place. So I have emigrated to civilization."

Next morning I left civilization, armed with a blue pot and the belief that Jutland would be a place where nothing ever happens.

Waiting for George

BY MARGORET SMITH

Lying between linen sheets
Smooth as small blue petals,
In an ivory bed whose involutions
Defeat the sixth-floor chambermaids,

I watch the sun forge copper bars
To close the city gates.
Twilight solves the day's equation:
Dark squared on light, light multiplied by dark.

St. Patrick's trembling hands
Shake out the evening bells:
Chill compline, laudamus lucent,
Domum, lustra, deus, spiritu . . .

White in the anonymity of
Flustered pigeons,
Light as blown glass
Humming under a finger,

A dove
Brushes my window.
He announces the advent of him
Who now is striding —

His derby preened for flight
To the astonished chandelier —
Over the rods, meters, miles,
Of fresh-scrubbed roses grown by the management

On the carpeted passageways.
The documents jostling in his briefcase
Rhyme where-as-if with now.
My unlocked door holds its silver tongue.

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The Plot to STRANGLE Alaska

BY *ERNEST GRUENING*

Speaking from long devotion to Alaska and with high aspirations for its future, Ernest Gruening, Alaska's governor from 1939 to 1953 and its senator since it became a state, argues in favor of the proposed Rampart Canyon Dam, which Paul Brooks attacked in his article "The Plot to Drown Alaska" in the May ATLANTIC.

With Paul Brooks's aspiration to preserve the wonderful wilderness values, the fabulous scenic and other natural resources of Alaska, I am in complete sympathy, as my writings and utterances have long attested. When his "Alaska: Last Frontier" appeared in the September, 1962, *Atlantic*, I inserted it in the Congressional Record for September 7, 1962, with the eulogistic comments I felt it deserved. To those who are Alaskans by deliberate choice, as I am, this priceless natural heritage, unequaled anywhere under the flag, with its togetherness of high mountains and sea, virgin forests, fjords, waterfalls, riotous flora, abundant wildlife — these, and the frontier friendliness of the people — proves irresistibly alluring.

Perhaps at this point I should qualify myself as a conservationist, and a fervent one. When I came to Alaska as governor in 1939, I found that there was a bounty on the bald eagle. The fishermen's fear of its predation on salmon was reflected in this legislative bounty act. In my first message to the biennial legislature (1941), I urged its repeal, and on my third try, in 1945, I succeeded, securing thereafter that noble bird's protection. In the U.S. Senate I have strongly supported the wilderness bill and the impressive galaxy of national seashores and parks created by the 87th and 88th Congresses. I am a co-sponsor of the wild rivers bill.

Where I differ with some of my fellow conservationists is that in their zeal for the preservation of every feathered, furred, or scaled creature, they sometimes overlook the requirements of people. Man, too, requires a habitat, and unless it has an economy that will enable him to subsist, it is not a viable one. Let me amplify by saying, by way of example, that we should not preserve moose (or any other wildlife) for its own sake, but so that man may continue to see moose, photograph moose, hunt moose, always in perpetual supply. Wise utilization, not mere preservation, is the essence of sane conservation.

Rampart Canyon Dam, I believe, is an important, desirable, and needed project and does not merit the active opposition which has been mobilized against it. The alternatives mentioned by its opponents do not remotely meet Alaska's needs. Rampart would bring in the wide diversity of industries which only its low-cost power can attract. In the controversy over Rampart, Mr. Brooks has swallowed the whole extremist conservationist line; we have been hearing these exact figures, the very same laments and alarums, from the same sources which successfully indoctrinated him.

Mr. Brooks is quite correct in reporting that Alaska has economic problems, that gold mining and fisheries have been on the downgrade, that "the defense boom has tapered off." In short, Alaska needs a statewide economy to support its present and growing population.

To put Rampart in its proper perspective in relation to Alaska's overshadowing problem, some history is pertinent. Twenty-five years ago, Alaska, with a population of 72,225, was getting along comfortably with its two economic props: fisheries, principally salmon, and mining, principally gold.

World War II measures (Order L-208 of the War Production Board) compelled the nation's gold miners to shut down their operations, a restriction not adopted by any other of our allied nations engaged in gold mining; and thereafter federal action compelled the industry — the only instance in our free enterprise economy — to hold to a price established in 1934 and to sell only to the federal government. With the rising costs of labor and equipment, these restrictions make continued operation impossible.

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In 1940 under a government reorganization, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the Department of Commerce was merged with the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture and transferred to the Interior Department as the Fish and Wildlife Service. Ira N. Gabrielson, who had headed the Biological Survey, became the new agency's director. It had complete control of the management of Alaska's fisheries and wildlife. As a result of the colonialist imposition wrought by Alaska's absentee-owned canning interests and their political power in Washington, the Organic Act of 1912 deprived Alaska — alone among the earlier territories — of the right to manage its own natural resources.

Mr. Gabrielson, though a nationally known conservationist, proved ill equipped for his Alaskan responsibility. An ornithologist, not an ichthyologist, he permitted the principal Alaskan resource and the nation's greatest fishery resource, the Pacific salmon, to decline steadily. He disregarded the unceasing protests and remedial recommendations of Alaskans, who despairingly watched the salmon, and the dependent livelihood of the coastal communities, shrink steadily. From an annual pack of some seven million cases production dropped in the six years of Gabrielson's incumbency to half that quantity, a decline continued under the sequent management of Albert Day, Gabrielson's assistant, so that in the last year of federal control, 1959, the pack reached the lowest point in sixty years, some 1,600,000 cases. Meanwhile, in neighboring British Columbia, the same resource, though far less abundant, was adequately conserved.

As Ira N. Gabrielson is the principal factor in Alaska's plight and problem, past, present, and future, it is necessary to follow his activities further. One of his first acts as director of the Fish and Wildlife Service was to persuade Interior's Secretary Harold L. Ickes to withdraw two million acres, approximately two thirds of the Kenai Peninsula not occupied by the Chugach National Forest, to establish the Kenai National Moose Range. Alaskans were denied a hearing. The figures indicated a moose population of 4000, or 500 acres for each bull, cow, or calf. But along the thin fringe of land left for human habitat, between the Moose Range and the sea, only 160 acres were permitted to the homesteader with wife and children.

With gold mining nearing extinction and the fisheries disappearing — both the result of action by a distant federal government — Alaskans in 1957 sought a remedy in oil, which, it was believed, underlay the Kenai Peninsula, and invited some of the leading oil companies to begin exploration.

The proposal was savagely fought by the Wildlife Management Institute, whose director, since his retirement from the public service, was none other than Ira Gabrielson. The institute's bulletins unsparingly denounced the Alaskans — including me — who denied the institute's allegations that oil exploration would destroy the moose. Opposition was likewise voiced on the same grounds by the National Wildlife Federation. Those of us with a concern for Alaska's economic welfare knew that the incidental timber clearing would enhance, not diminish, the moose herd. One conservation society, the Isaak Walton League, dissented from its fellows, and after much hesitation, Secretary of the Interior Fred Seaton opened up a little less than half of the range to oil exploration. The result has been over sixty producing wells, three vast gas fields, extensive filings throughout Alaska, an oil refinery, an investment of over $300 million, and substantial revenues to the state. In short, the oil strikes saved Alaska from bankruptcy, a disaster which the extremist conservationists would have wrought had they prevailed.

As for the moose, they have multiplied and spread all over Alaska, becoming a problem in the Matanuska Valley, where they are eating the farmers' crops. They have reached Barrow at Alaska's northern tip and Kotzebue on Bering Strait. In fact, according to the knowledgeable Jim Brooks, head of the game division of the State Department of Fish and Game, they are now too numerous. So the hunting season has been lengthened, and cows as well as bulls may be taken.

Though oil proved a lifesaver, Alaska still needed a statewide economy. For although under the wise management of the State Department of Fish and Game the salmon runs are being slowly rebuilt, and in the four years of state control have more than doubled, reaching 3.5 million cases in 1964, the population of Alaska has more than tripled since 1940, and is now estimated at 250,000.

The logical economic prop to which Alaskans could turn was hydro, of which only one quarter of one percent of Alaska's potential is harnessed. As in the exclusion of Alaska under territorialism from the federal highway aid, so in much else: while the older states have seen extensive hydro development, the only federal project in Alaska is the 30,000 kilowatt installation at Lake Eklutna, which supplies electricity for Anchorage and a nearby R.E.A. cooperative.

The Rampart site on the Yukon in the geographical center of Alaska was long known as a great potential power site, probably the greatest under the American flag, with an installed capacity of 5 million kilowatts, two and a half times that of Grand Coulee. Rampart was estimated to generate

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electricity at the bus bar at two mills, which would at the time of its completion be the lowest-cost power on the North American continent.

In my first term in the Senate in 1959, I sought, and the Public Works Committee, of which I am a member, approved, a $100,000 authorization for the beginning of studies by the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army. These inevitably must precede any attempt at authorization of such a project — engineering studies, marketability studies, fish and wildlife studies, and so forth. The studies included one let by the Corps to the Development and Resources Corporation of New York, nationally and internationally known hydro consultants. The firm was headed by David Lilienthal and others who organized and directed the Tennessee Valley Authority in its earlier days — probably the outstanding authorities in their field. They found that not only would all of Rampart's power be spoken for within Alaska as soon as generated, but that the demand would by 1990 exceed Rampart's capacity and require a whole river development.

While the studies were proceeding routinely, out of the blue came a condemnatory blast by Ira Gabrielson, which ushered in a nationwide campaign against Rampart. Conservation societies' bulletins inveighed against it and solicited funds to fight it. State Fish and Game commissioners were pressed to pass resolutions against it, and some did. Outdoor and sports magazines sprouted articles such as Paul Brooks's. Newspaper editorials repeated the message, all parading the same "facts." Fish and Wildlife officials proclaimed their opposition in public addresses.

So it was scarcely a surprise that the Fish and Wildlife Service's report, issued in April, 1964, rehearsed, with amplification, the same chorus. The report echoes its concern for the already superabundant moose. Of course, it is conceivable that these intelligent mammals would not wait eighteen years till rising lake waters submerged them but would amble out into Alaska's remaining 576,000 square miles. The small furbearers would probably do likewise. There is no certainty that the salmon — never before deemed important — would be destroyed. Indeed, the report expresses the belief that "a portion of the run could be perpetuated." However, in its place, or in addition to it, a great freshwater fishery — commercial and sport, of lake trout, whitefish, and such other species as a truly creative and resourceful agency personnel could implant in the great lake — would far exceed the present "subsistence fishery," as the Wildlife report characterizes it. As for the birds, there is ample duck nesting ground in the vast swamps of northern, central, and western Alaska.

"Last, but certainly not least," Mr. Brooks worries about the people who live along the river. "Seven villages in the Flats would be drowned," he writes. Part of the campaign against Rampart is a persistent effort to convince the Indian inhabitants that Rampart would uproot them and worsen their fate. Representatives of the opposition have prepared a letter for distribution to the Congress signed by the village residents protesting against Rampart which repeats all the Fish and Wildlife allegations in words not utterable by these natives.

No informed person can sincerely contend that these allegations of injury to the river dwellers if Rampart is built are valid. (Let me say, in passing, that as governor I sponsored and secured the anti-discrimination legislation needed to protect Alaskan Indians and Eskimos against their previous exclusion from various public places.)

Most of these villages exist on a bare subsistence economy supplemented by relief. Their children do not have a future such as every American child should rightfully expect. Rampart would benefit these villagers more than any other group of Alaskans. It would furnish ample varied employment: in the clearing of the timber from the area to be flooded and its processing in sawmill and manufacturing; in the guiding, boating, and fishing on the lake. Mr. Brooks complains that "no technical training program has been established for the native people." Quite right, and regrettably so. Neither federal nor state funds have been sufficiently available, and President Johnson's anti-poverty program is in its infancy. Rampart should and will supply the funds for the necessary training, but hardly before it has been authorized and the resulting work prospects are foreseeable.

In the relocated villages, at a location of the villagers' choice — either on the edge of the lake or on the river somewhere below the dam — because of the resulting flood control they will be free from the periodic flooding and will have better homes, better community facilities, a decent human habitat, and a livelihood which they have never enjoyed. Mr. Brooks probably does not know that no fewer than twenty native villages have moved *voluntarily* from their aboriginal location to secure a better environment.

The slanted and biased sensationalism of the *Atlantic's* presentation and the corresponding unjustified editorial verdict that Rampart is "an ill-conceived project" reflect little credit on the objectivity of Mr. Brooks and of his editor. The announcement in the April issue of the article "The Plot to Drown Alaska" shows a photograph of a cow moose swimming. The implication is clearly that the moose is drowning! There is of course no "plot," and Mr. Brooks is unable to cite

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any evidence that the approach to the Rampart project differs from that which preceded the Tennessee Valley Authority, Boulder Dam, Grand Coulee, or any of the nation's other great hydro projects. To create a lake which will occupy less than 2 percent of Alaska's 586,000 square miles is scarcely "drowning." Mr. Brooks should know that the cost of these hydro projects is repayable, both principal and interest, from the revenues of the generated electric current. If there is indeed a plot, it is a "plot to strangle Alaska" economically.

What is needed, and is so lacking in Mr. Brooks's last *Atlantic* article and in the attitude of Rampart's bitter-end opponents, is a sense of proportion between benefits and possible losses. It is pertinent to note that Alaska has done well in the preservation of values that Mr. Brooks and I cherish. Our three superb national parks, Katmai, Glacier Bay, and Mount McKinley, approximate one third of the total national park area in the rest of the nation. Each is different, and I rejoice in them. Even more striking is the fact that Alaska's wildlife ranges and refuges occupy an area more than double those of all the other forty-nine states, while our national forest area is the largest of any state. But the Yukon Flats — a mammoth swamp — from the standpoint of human habitability is about as worthless and useless an area as can be found in the path of any hydroelectric development. Scenically it is zero. In fact, it is one of the few really ugly areas in a land prodigal with sensational beauty. I believe that the great lake which would cover the Flats would mark a rare man-made improvement. But in the view of Mr. Brooks and his mentors, its present animal life renders it sacrosanct. The better opportunities for the residents of that area and of all Alaska are of no concern to them. The need and striving of a brave and gallant segment of the American people who have had to face unparalleled obstacles of both natural and man-made origin to work out their destiny are merely sneered at and traduced.

There is the true issue between us conservationists.

PAUL BROOKS REPLIES

I am happy to see that Senator Gruening does not question any of the facts in my article. He questions only the conclusions that I draw from them: conclusions that, I regret to say, still seem to me inescapable.

I have no reason to doubt the senator's appreciation of the wilderness values of the area with which he has been so long and so loyally associated, nor his claim to be a fervent conservationist — though some of his statements show less than complete understanding of what conservation is all about. His account of the decline of the salmon fishery, his attack on Ira N. Gabrielson, and his story of the Kenai National Moose Range are interesting but irrelevant. The question is simple: Would or would not Rampart Dam benefit Alaska and the United States as a whole?

Such points as the senator does raise about Rampart and its critics have already been answered in my article. Though I do not happen to agree with him that no wildlife is worth preserving for its own sake, this is not the issue. It is not a matter of people *versus* wildlife. Wildlife is itself a vital part of the state economy. Hydropower may be another part. As I have stated, it is available elsewhere with minimum destruction of natural resources and without invading the rights or destroying the way of life of any native inhabitants.

Nowhere does the senator even attempt to prove that Rampart Dam will accomplish any of the specific things claimed for it by its promoters — other, of course, than spending federal money. There is no proof that it will attract the aluminum or any other industry to Alaska. The price of electricity of two mills at the bus bar assumes full-capacity use, which in this case is extremely unlikely, for reasons I have given. Glorying in "the largest hydro project in the free world," the senator fails to mention that less spectacular projects may be not only less costly but more efficient.

A few points need clarification: (1) it is not a question of moose or ducks drowning, but of the destruction of their habitat, (2) equivalent habitat does *not* exist in Alaska's "remaining 576,000 square miles," (3) experts agree that the salmon run would be destroyed above the dam, (4) the timber in the flooded area cannot be economically marketed, (5) any mineral resources in the area would be lost forever, (6) the recreational values of the lake would be minimal, (7) the sale of the electric current will *not* pay for the dam unless there is a market for the current. As the report from the leading industrial consultants, Arthur D. Little, Incorporated, makes clear, Rampart would "produce a quantity of power many times the ability of present Alaskan industry, commerce and population to absorb."

Those of us who question the wisdom of Rampart Dam are not trying to strangle Alaska. We are trying to preserve the very values on which its future depends.

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Jesse Hill Ford is a Tennessean in whom the ATLANTIC *takes special pride. We published his first short stories, his first novel,* MOUNTAINS OF GILEAD, *and we are about to publish his first major work,* THE LIBERATION OF LORD BYRON JONES, *a novel of the South today and the midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

THE MESSENGER

A Story

by Jesse Hill Ford

THE postmaster does that which is neither allowed nor not allowed. During the noon hour he shoots pigeons. His twelve-gauge shotgun is a full choke automatic. The gleaming weapon smells of Hoppe's No. 9 Nitro-Solvent.

Perhaps the postmaster violates city ordinance 177, subsection B, which states that firearms shall not be discharged inside the corporate limits of Somerton, Tennessee, except by police in the line of duty or other designated officials.

"Other designated officials" will take care of Judge Andrew Frick, now dead, and the lawyer Carter French, now dead, both of whom, for reasons long forgotten and best known to themselves even at the time, would draw pistols from their pockets and begin firing at each other. At the hotel once, during Sunday dinner, they shot the plate glass windows out of the front of the place. In the lobby of the First Baptist Church one Wednesday after prayer meeting the judge caught a slug never removed from his knee. Carter French lost a tooth that time, not from a bullet, but from being shoved or in somehow ducking, dodging, or falling against a stair rail.

Again, one morning in court the judge, firing at close range from a position of superior advantage — that is, from behind the bench — felled the lawyer. At the time, it was thought that the judge had killed Carter French. However, Carter French lived. Or, another way to say it, the lawyer didn't die for six months, and the seventh month he was up walking again, the eighth month was back in court, and the ninth month, one cold Tuesday, shot Judge Frick down, in front of city hall, stomped him, and would have ridden a horse over him had the animal not shied at the smell of blood.

The judge didn't die from his wounds. Both men abruptly patched up their mysterious differences. Soon they were close friends. Then they became best friends, Carter French with his paralyzed arm, his crooked jaw, and little or no vision from his left eye; Judge Frick with his stiff right leg, a shattered left hand, maimed left ankle, and a drooping left cheek.

Carter French's son, Gabe, married Judge Frick's daughter, Melissa. "Blood spilled will now be mixed," people said.

The mansion built by Carter French comes down to make way for a post office annex. Poplar beams such as will never be sawn again from American forests are revealed. Slates such as

Drawing by Thomas Hart Benton.

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never again will cover a roof in Somerton come falling. They shatter on the ground. At noon the housewreckers abruptly stop work. Negro men in hard hats sit down on the lawn. They eat from paper sacks. They drink milk from cardboard cartons.

Nothing has permanence, thinks the postmaster. Everything moves, changes, marches in bizarre directions. A new motel obstructs the lawn of an antebellum home-turned-mortuary. North of town a bypass slices smack through the great home built by Judge Frick on original land his people settled when they migrated from Cincinnati.

The postmaster, gassed and machine-gunned years ago in France, turns off his hearing aid. He raises the gun. It jerks against his shoulder. The pigeons leave the roof of the old house and light on the First Baptist Church. Leaving federal property, the postmaster (a Baptist) crosses the street. He fires again. A pigeon staggers in midflight, bounces off the church roof, and falls dead beside the churchyard water fountain. The flock circles away toward colored town. The postmaster turns suddenly and makes do with a cowbird passing high overhead, stubby-winged and speckled. Crumpling, the bird strikes the post office steps and lies fluttering. The postmaster crosses the street and jerks off its head.

Eating contentedly, the Negroes on the lawn of the old mansion seem not to notice. The postmaster reloads, lights a Kool cigarette, and switches on his hearing aid. He lifts a gold watch from his pocket and returns it — thirteen minutes to go. Pigeons have an uncanny, indeed, the postmaster thinks, a devilish, sense of timing. Some days they return to the house, the church, or the post office roof one second to the tick after shooting time.

So long established is the postmaster's habit, shooting pigeons every noon using dove loads, full choke barrel, and number eight shot, that word of mouth has it such shooting is legal. Some say it is required by the postal service, others that it has been decreed and set down in writing by the board of aldermen. The postmaster encourages the myth. From being a bit timid about such shooting as he was when he began it in a tentative way seventeen years ago, the postmaster has become bold. Moreover, sale of the Gabe French home to the federal government has opened new shooting territory, ground that was a game sanctuary while French was living.

Smoking, waiting, enjoying the sun, the postmaster thinks ahead to the moment when according to his own rules he must step inside the building, dismantle the gun, and carefully clean it. Returning from lunch then, the assistant postmaster will collect the postmaster's empty shotshell hulls, left to lie where ejected. The assistant postmaster has a reloading tool in his garage at home. He hasn't, so he claims, bought a shotgun shell in seventeen years.

With a dry popping of wings, the pigeons return. Off goes the hearing aid. A blue pigeon the color of slate comes falling, already dead. A pink one is hit, flutters on, is hit again on the third shot, and falls dead. On comes the hearing aid. The postmaster lights another Kool. He reloads.

Gabe French dead; who would have believed Gabe French would die? Least of all Gabe French, or Gabe's Negro man, Henty, a paroled murderer who upon a time bathed the white man, dressed Gabe, cooked his meals, and poured his whiskey. The Negro let Gabe French win at checkers to keep the invalid man happy.

The oaks have been cut down, sawn up, split into cordwood, and hauled away. The house has been Gabe French. Turn it around, Gabe French for years and years has been the house. Its destruction becomes his monument, his memory, the nonmonument, nonmemory of progress, sullenly progressing. No one really thought Gabe French dead until work was begun on the house, until we realized. The scrollwork, the inlay, the Doric columns, and the roof peaks; coppered valleys, the long sighing porches where girls in the family, generations of them, courted in creaking wooden swings — all this would disappear. Gone would be the ballroom on the third floor never once used for a ball but put there anyhow by the gunfighting Carter French, who didn't believe in dancing — all this, we suddenly realize, will be coming down.

Death, we think, is the coming down of all these, the taking away of all that. Death is something that wasn't there before, built over it all; earth where we played as children, hidden under the mausoleum shape of a strange building.

Thus it cannot be that the French place is being torn down, that day by day slates are swiftly dropping into the forsythias. It cannot be that the house is to be seen intimately from without, that rude sunlight will shine on its secret entrails, that parts of it built into darkness will be illuminated. Nothing ever should stand so exposed, to be slowly mutilated down to ruin.

Worse is the same sight in the rains of April. It cannot be. The postmaster has said and the assistant postmaster has acknowledged the fact that is no sort of fact. Nothing, the postmaster admits, agreeing with everyone, nothing is the least real about violent change.

It's as though Gabe French still lived. Gabe sits in his wheelchair before the tall narrow window at the west corner looking out north past the white

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porch rails. Looking out at nothing, he has the submerged look of a man with certain memories. The dark oaks, the maples, someone passing along the sidewalk, children at play in the churchyard by the fountain; a squirrel hesitating, leaping, hesitating with a magnolia pod in its little jaws, gray-brown tail fetching and fetching the air — Gabe sees none of this, but something else and more.

Four women were all his grief and happiness. His mother, his wife, his mistress, his daughter; they showered him with jealousy. His mother began by not speaking to his wife, Melissa, when she was yet a bride in the house; Melissa in turn not speaking to Gabe on account of the mistress, a salesgirl at the Somerton dime store. Gabe's daughter, Mattie, ended not speaking to her mother because of Melissa's meanness to Gabe. Thus he was ringed, caught in a perfect circle of misery.

The Negro, Henty, was summoned like an interpreter. Henty conveyed whole conversations between members of a family celebrated for rhetoric. The Negro parolee enjoyed a diplomat's immunity. It is said that they never struck him.

"Tell my husband the roof has sprung a leak and carpenters will be wanted to fix it."

"She say the roof done sprang a leak. She need a carpenter."

"Well, tell my wife to phone Mr. Dick Bass."

"He say phone Mr. Dick Bass."

"Tell my mother she's going to be late for missionary circle if she doesn't get ready instantly."

"Miss Mattie say makase and get ready, Miss Melissa. The circle meeting."

"Tell my daughter I'm well aware that the circle meets."

"She say she know it."

"Tell my wife, Mrs. French, for me, that I perceive a positive ignominy, that I blanch at the spectacle of so vile-tempered and shortsighted a woman as herself daring approach the altar of charity with her neighbors. Ask her how she can muster the effrontery to contribute good money, how she can openly advocate out of one side of her mouth the teaching of Christian mercy to heathens, when she sponsors no good works in her own home, beneath her own leaking roof."

"He say mean womens got no business to meet the circle when they never one time pramalgates no hominey at home. He say how come you such a mean old she hen?"

"Tell Mr. French for me that for all my shortcomings, I have managed to maintain the standard of connubial fidelity. That is more than can be said for him. I have not dipped my banners of honor in the dust, nor do I sit paralyzed from the waist downward by an angry God who was made sick by a shameless spectacle of licentious wickedness."

"She say you the one done the outside courting, not her. You the one laid out on her till God switched dat pretty automobile down the bankment in Mississippi."

"Tell my husband, a man in title only, that I do not unwind the spell of my days reeking of the satanic spirits of John Barleycorn. Tell him I am not the one who must weep for my dead paramour because her silly little dime-store brains were dashed out. Tell him I'm not the one paralyzed with guilt and grief. I thank the Powers that my heart isn't black as the roots of her dyed Jean Harlow hair."

"Henty, before you tell that you tell my daughter-in-law to mind her invidious viper's tongue if she intends to remain under this roof, leaking or not; tell her April will afford her no protection from the lady who is still mistress here."

"Miss Missy say you shut up that yow-yow at Mr. Gabe 'fore she take a mind to clean somebody's plow, raining or not. Den 'fore that Miss Melissa say it weren't no dime-store brains of hers was dashed out in Mississippi. She say she ain't weeping over yellow hair with black roots. *She* ain't sucking no bottle of John Grandad like some peoples."

"Tell my wife that if she dare impugn the memory of one I still hold dear that, crippled and maimed though I am, brought low by the harsh chariots of iron destiny though I am, yet I may forget a gentleman's code if pushed. I'll cease looking on her for a woman. I will not be responsible for what I may do!"

"Tell him I've never feared swine!"

"To speak so of the dead," Gabe French says.

"Hush, everybody hush!" Henty shouts. Just as suddenly he begins pushing the wheelchair. He takes Gabe French back to the sanctuary of the corner room. Henty sets up the checkerboard to turn the white man's mind away from a soft night when the Southern highway unwound beneath the Buick like the beginning of a long, unending dream. The woman beside him would always be beautiful and twenty-four; he would forever be handsome and forty-three.

They had been running away, Gabe French and the girl from the dime store, going first to New Orleans, and after that South America. Ahead of them were ships and staterooms, the taste of real champagne, he told her, whispering into her soft, fluttering hair. It was good-bye to Somerton's dusty midnight lanes.

Forever brand new, always grenadine red, Gabe French's automobile would be hitting ninety on the straightaways down through eternity for her. The car was off the embankment then with a crash like falling slate, which came slipping like a vaporous column down and into the yellow forsythia blooms edging the porch.

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At four minutes to one o'clock the slate fell. The falling slate turned the pigeons off and sent them sailing clean away before the postmaster could raise his gun. Returning the watch to his vest pocket, the postmaster looked up at the roof to confirm what he already knew.

The old Negro, his hard hat flashing in the sun, was up there sure enough, already at work. The rest were still on the ground smoking, taking the full hour like reasonable men.

The assistant postmaster appeared and began gathering spent shotshell hulls into his cigar box. The postmaster looked at the man on the roof. It was him all right. The Negro waved. The postmaster nodded and turned to go into the building.

"Isn't that him on the roof?" the assistant postmaster asked. "Working to tear down the very house that sheltered him all those years?"

"It's him," said the postmaster. The two men entered the building together. The assistant waited for what the postmaster would have to say. "The worst to me — aside from the fact I can't realize Gabe French is gone — the worst is how that damned old savage seems to take downright willful pride in what he's doing. Four or five times I've observed Henty for the last to sit on the ground at noon to eat and the first to be up again afterward, pulling on his gloves."

Hill Dream of Youth, Thirty Years Later

BY RICHARD EBERHART

The river of sweetness that runs through the meadow of lies
Meanders through the providence of summertime.
Seen from a hill, where in my youth I contemplate
The vastness and resource of the imagination,

I think to dream the consequence of being alive.
In the command of my faculties I observe.
I see the richness and grandeur of the summertime,
The river of sweetness that runs through the meadow of lies.

There is a reality of wealth, the wealth of nature
Appears to my sight as beneficent to my fingertips.
I finger a flower and hold the whole of nature,
The river of sweetness that runs through the meadow of lies.

Live dreamer, living in dream, I note from the height
A summerhouse in the meadow by the running river.
Are there people there who mate with my beautiful desire?
Can beauty be devoted to the purpose of life's enchantment?

I see in the summerhouse the quarreling couples,
The desperate chances, the hardship and the ill fate
Of a dark nature hidden by the river of sweetness,
Through open, cut windows I hear the stomp of tragedy.

The dialogue is prompted from the wings.
We have seen our friends destroyed and ancient Satan
Comedian to our enterprise. We take our cue
From the circumstance, while time hardens the soul.

Yet, I would keep life at a certain distance,
Out of respect to it in the depths where it lives
In the heart beyond belief in appearances
Of the river of sweetness that runs through the meadow of lies.

I dream Plato's dream of being from a high hill.
I am myself entirely happy in the summer intuition.
Young, I contemplate the territories of the magical,
The river of sweetness that runs through the meadow of lies.

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COUNTING OUR EAGLES

POLLY REDFORD, *a well-trained observer of wildlife, is haunted by the thought that the bald eagle, our national emblem, is dying out. Next to Alaska, Florida is the state with the most bald eagles, and there, with the assistance of Dr. William B. Robertson, park biologist at the Everglades Park, and Alexander Sprunt IV, director of research for the National Audubon Society, she compiled this serious warning. Her text forms part of her new book,* RACCOONS AND EAGLES, *just published by Dutton.*

In 1958, four years before Rachel Carson startled the nation with her book *Silent Spring*, an angry old man wrote to the editors of *Audubon Magazine*. He was Charles Broley, "the eagle man," whose amazing record of banding bald eagles in Florida had made him an authority on the national bird. Though Broley was not a trained biologist, his records of eagle nests in the Tampa area ran back to 1939; they showed a sudden drop in the number of young birds produced every year since 1950. And when, in February of 1958, he drove a hundred miles and found only three eaglets in a territory where he had formerly banded 150, his patience ran out. He was seventy-seven years old, his birds were dying out; neither he nor the eagles could wait.

"*I am firmly convinced*," he wrote, "*that about 80% of the Florida bald eagles are sterile.*" He went on to say that the great birds had been sterilized by DDT which they had picked up from dead and dying fish.

The scandal caused by Broley's announcement put biologists in a very uncomfortable position. They did not know enough about bald eagles or about pesticides to say whether the old man was right or wrong. Whatever the answer was, it would surely prove politically and professionally embarrassing, for battle lines were being drawn between outdoorsmen and chemical companies, between boards of conservation and departments of agriculture, between ornithologists and entomologists. And what if it turned out that federally sponsored spray programs, supervised by biologists, were really poisoning the national bird?

Preliminary studies undertaken by the Fish and Wildlife Service and various Audubon societies raised more problems than they solved. Though bald eagles seemed to be decreasing alarmingly all over the country, no one could explain exactly how or why, since many of the basic facts of eagles' lives are not understood. How could one know how fast eagles were dying if one had no idea of how many eagles there were in the first place? One could not study their fertility, or lack of it, without knowing what their normal rate of reproduction was. Besides, half the time one could not be sure where eagles were or what they were doing: Florida birds vacationed in Canada and Canadian birds vacationed in Alabama. Meanwhile, time was passing. Someone estimated that the nation had less than 500 pairs of bald eagles left.

Painting by Roger Tory Peterson.

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Finally, in the fall of 1960, the National Audubon Society, afraid that the bald eagle might die out completely before anyone started to help it, pledged a minimum of $50,000 for a five-year research program on its numbers, biology, and life history. This new Continental Bald Eagle Project was launched at the society's national convention in November of 1960.

Thus the counting of eagles began not in the wilderness, but in a New York boardroom, where men and women pledged themselves to raise $50,000; it began in the hearts of anonymous donors, who gave $3000, and all over America at lodge meetings of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, where men who had adopted a symbolic eagle found themselves paying a good many thousands to keep real ones alive.

And now this survey continues throughout the nation: in national parks and wildlife refuges, where government biologists keep records of every eagle they see; in Florida, where eagle eggs are counted from the air and cattle ranchers post their land as eagle sanctuaries; at the U.S. Department of Agriculture Experimental Fur Station in Petersburg, Alaska, where feeding experiments test DDT poisoning; in midwinter South Dakota, where hardy souls brave the cold to go eagle-counting; at the Fish and Wildlife Service research laboratory in Patuxent, Maryland, where chemists check eagle carcasses and sterile eggs; along Chesapeake and Delaware bays, where army helicopter pilots on training missions keep an eye out for nesting eagles; on faraway lakes in Maine, where one reported nest turned out to be a metal washtub high in a pine tree; up and down the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, where a paint salesman and a tugboat captain, housewives and students maintain a watch for migrating birds.

The leader and coordinator of this motley army of eagle-counters is a young man named Alexander Sprunt IV, who is director of research for the National Audubon Society. Sandy more or less grew up in the society; he comes from a family of distinguished ornithologists and cannot remember a time when he was not interested in birds. He could identify twenty different species before he turned three, and his three-year-old daughter can do the same right now. His home in the Florida Keys is only an hour's ride from mine in Miami, and from time to time I drive down there to talk with him about eagles.

Sitting in his office among his maps, his files, his library of bird books and journals, Sandy explains some of the difficulties in a project of this size.

"I suppose the hardest thing was knowing where to begin. So little was really known about bald eagles on a continental scale that the first thing we had to do was find out how many we had and where they were. But luckily, when this bald eagle project started, we had just made a big study of wading birds, so we already had a good list of cooperators. These people were professional biologists, state fish and game wardens, men from the Fish and Wildlife Service, bird clubs and university people from all over the country.

"We ran announcements in the *National Geographic* and all the local bird journals, and other magazines like the *Florida Stockman's Journal* and the *Wildlife Society News*. These brought lots of replies; we even got a letter from an inmate of the South Dakota State Penitentiary. Then we also uncovered a number of people who had been doing amateur research on their own. So to start with we had eleven or twelve hundred likely prospects."

From these prospects came a nationwide network of census takers, for American eagles are now counted in the same way that Americans themselves are, by field workers armed with questionnaires. Census takers are paid, however, while eagle-counters do it for love; yet so strong is the interest in this bird that Sandy has always had hundreds of cooperators. Every year they receive questionnaires designed to find out as much as possible about nesting and wintering eagles, the two best indicators of population and fertility.

As completed questionnaires began coming back in 1961, a new picture of the bald eagle in America emerged. The first news was encouraging: there were more eagles left than anyone had realized. For three successive years, in January of 1961, 1962, and 1963, more than 3500 were seen in the forty-eight states; and though some of these were undoubtedly Canadian birds come south for the winter, the figure was an encouraging one. The count was made in January to coincide with the annual midwinter waterfowl inventory made by men of the Fish and Wildlife Service, who were asked to include eagles on their lists. Moreover, Illinois and Iowa bird clubs had already found considerable concentrations of bald eagles in the Mississippi Valley during the winter months. Thus, combining the work of amateur bird watchers with professionals, the midwinter census was much more complete than it could have been at any other time of year, when eagles are more scattered.

Since then, the number of birds seen has remained fairly constant, for in the dead of winter, northern eagles gather near patches of open water to feed upon the fish which also collect there, possibly because of a lack of oxygen beneath the ice. It is the fish and ice-free water below the dams at Keokuk and Davenport, Iowa, that make the Mississippi towns such popular winter resorts

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for the national bird. Midwestern eagle-watchers find most of their birds strung along the valleys of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois, the Wisconsin, and their tributaries — any place where the water is open and food can be found. Farther west, in the Great Plains states, eagles will move into waterfowl impoundments and national wildlife refuges, while in the east, Chesapeake Bay is a favorite wintering area.

But all eagles do not migrate. Adults whose nests lie near year-round food supplies can be seen in their home territory all year, though they are harder to find because they are less conspicuously active around the nest. Wanderlust seems to strike the unmated, immature birds — those that Broley banded and studied — rather than breeding pairs, who stay as close to home as they can and still find food. Again, the principle of least resistance seems to apply. In Far Northern winters, for example, some eagles can be found around deeryards feeding on frozen deer carcasses. As long as the food holds out they will not move; nor do the fortunate birds at the other end of the nation, that seldom leave the Everglades National Park.

The bald eagle's comings and goings, formerly so mysterious, make more sense when seen as vacations rather than true migrations. This theory fits in with data on European eagles; it accounts for the larger number of eagles seen in cold winters than in mild ones (because heavy freezes in the Northern wilderness push more birds farther south into settled country), and explains why more of them are found in January than in any other month (January is usually the worst month, when any sensible bird would rather stay near a sure thing in Keokuk than move around, as it does in December and February, hoping for something better).

On the other hand, this explanation certainly does not tell us why so many of Broley's Florida birds rushed off toward Canada the minute they learned to fly. Some kind of exploratory instinct might serve a biological purpose by scattering eagles over the widest possible area, but this is pure guesswork. Here it is better to admit you don't know than to try to make everything look neat by filling in the blanks. Besides, many immature birds stay as close to home as adults do. In Florida, for instance, groups of thirty or forty have been found roosting amiably together in the height of the supposed migrating season, a piece of new information that nobody knows quite how to interpret.

Another big unknown, the Canadian eagle population, makes any complete explanation impossible at this stage. Canada's wilderness lakes and forests probably support many bald eagles, most of them uncounted. How many eagles seen in the United States actually nest in Canada?

In spite of these uncertainties, Sandy Sprunt's eagle-counters have uncovered more about the national bird than was ever known before. Their nesting reports show that bald eagles are not evenly distributed all over the country but are concentrated into five major areas. Alaska still has the largest eagle population, from Puget Sound in the north and to the Aleutians in the west. Florida, with more than 200 active nests, has more eagles than any of the contiguous states. Almost as many can be found in the North woods-upper Mississippi area: Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota. Maine at last count had twenty-seven active nests, but of these, only five were producing young. A few eagles still nest around Chesapeake and Delaware bays, but very few chicks are hatched.

Eagles in Maine and the mid-Atlantic states are not reproducing themselves at a normal rate. This seems to confirm Broley's pesticide theory, for we know that both areas are heavily sprayed, but prior to the Continental Bald Eagle Project it was impossible to say what a normal rate was. We now have nesting reports from most of the nation, and for the first time we have data on a stable, protected population, one that remains essentially undisturbed. This made-to-order control group lives in and around the Everglades Park. These birds, about seventy breeding pairs and another forty-five subadults, have been intensively studied by William B. Robertson, the park biologist.

Half of them nest in the Ten Thousand Islands, impossible, impassable mangrove keys with green walls of interlocked roots and branches. In many places visibility is less than twenty feet. Somewhere in the branches above are eagles' nests, but in this country only a bird's-eye view can find them. So Bill Robertson watches over his eagles through the Plexiglas windows of the park plane, an amphibious horse-of-all-work used for searches and surveys, rescues, fire fighting, patrols, and wildlife census. Once a month during the nesting season it is available for eagle counts.

It was a promise of seeing Bill's birds, the most select group of bald eagles in the country, that brought me to the landing strip near park headquarters one windy winter afternoon; I had been offered a back seat for the February nesting survey.

I almost changed my mind when I saw the plane. It looked like a Volkswagen with wings, though the pilot assured me it was an LA-4, amphibious; nor was I reassured by the document I signed, absolving the federal government, the Department of the Interior, and the National Park Service of all responsibility for my demise or dismemberment during the flight. Truly, eagle research is not for

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the fainthearted. It's one thing to sit at a desk reading neat nesting reports ("Year built? How many young produced? General habitat, check one: coast, lake, river, dense woods"), quite another to go hedgehopping over the mangroves counting eggs from an airplane.

I confess I was a bit nervous at first. A strong northwest wind was blowing, and when the pilot, Ranger Ralph Miele, took us down to 200 feet and circled above the nest trees, sudden gusts buffeted the plane until the stall indicator beeped as we seemed to hang motionless for a second. But I soon became so absorbed in the chase that we could have brushed the treetops and I wouldn't have minded.

Starting at Cape Romano, some twenty miles north of the park's western boundary, we worked our way southward over the Ten Thousand Islands, then over Whitewater Bay to the tourist center at Flamingo, where a pair of obliging eagles have built an eyrie for all America to see. (Just visible from the road, it is in plain sight of anyone in a skiff on Coot Bay, a short way from the marina.)

Bill keeps records of all reported nesting sites on a series of 5 by 8 cards filed in geographical order, one for each nest, on which he writes anything and everything seen there over the years. As we flew along, he would turn up a card and remind the pilot of the exact location of the nest; then we would crane our necks, hoping to spot it as we made our first pass low over the key. From the air, many nests are hard to see against the thick tangle of leaves and branches; they are often obscured by a spray of green leaves that arches over them, for in the hot Florida sun, eagles like to build under a bit of shade. Not knowing where to look, I would often miss them altogether, but Bill and the pilot had the advantage of long experience, and as the plane turned back in a tight banking circle over the nest, they would peer down over the wing tip and count the eggs.

Luckily, no nesting surveys depend on me. Though my glasses are not one bit thicker than Bill's, I never could see those eggs against their gray background of moss and twigs. Privately, I blamed this on the fact that I had the back seat, but even my myopic eyes could not miss the young, or the adults, most of which seemed quite used to the plane, and by the end of the trip I had begun to tell the difference between an eagle's nest and an osprey's.

It took us nearly four hours to check the thirty-five-odd active nests that lie between Cape Romano and Cape Sable. This meant checking everything in the area — empty nests, abandoned and ruined ones, ospreys', and other false alarms. Such thorough coverage is possible only in this park, where a full-time biologist has a plane at his disposal.

Few people realize that our national parks are museums and laboratories rather than glorified playgrounds. Small wonder. For years their recreational aspects have been heavily advertised; and roads, campgrounds, parking lots, and picnic areas have multiplied until parts of them now resemble amusement parks — cheap places to try out new spinning tackle or cookouts with the kiddies. It is only recently that biologists, alarmed by profound changes in the natural environment, have emphasized the scientific importance of these unspoiled areas. Research on the bald eagle demonstrates this very clearly, for in all forty-eight contiguous states only the Everglades Park combines an environment relatively free from pesticides and a group of undisturbed birds available for year-round study.

Over 150 eagles live in the park. This seems to be a fairly stable figure (it does not include the annual crop of eaglets, some of which fly north), a figure which in itself proves the great biological wealth of this wilderness, since any territory that can support 150 top predators must hold a host of other creatures upon which they feed. Here adults are seen all year round, and it was here that Bill first discovered a stretch of pinewoods near the main road where as many as forty-five subadult birds are seen in the height of the nesting season.

But even the most idyllic life does not produce a great many eaglets. Bill's records show that over the past six years, nesting success has remained close to 50 percent, with an average of one and a half young per successful nest. This means that for every forty pairs of eagles seen sitting on nests or otherwise acting like parents, thirty eaglets will fledge. Of these thirty, it is thought that half will die in their first year and perhaps six to eight survive to breeding age.

Protected as we are from plagues, parasites, and sudden death, we tend to forget how wild life in the wild really is. Birds and animals maintain themselves only by producing a tremendous surplus of young. It is impossible to count eagles to the last decimal point, so these figures are approximate, but the 50 percent nesting success in the Everglades Park over the past six years (a level that maintained itself even in 1960, when 85 percent of the active nests were destroyed in Hurricane Donna) seems stable enough to form a basis of comparison.

Comparing the figures, then, with those of last year's nesting survey in Maine, one does not have to be a senior mathematician to calculate that when twenty-two out of twenty-seven nests fail completely, the success ratio is only 18.5 percent.

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What is going on in Maine? No population explosion or building boom; quite the contrary. But Maine is a lumbering state, and its forests have been sprayed with DDT since 1958 in an effort to control the spruce budworm. Last year, 70,000 acres in the northern half of the state were treated.

What is going on in the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, where in 1962 the nesting success fell to 8 percent? For years these waters have been polluted by industrial wastes poured into the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, but now little creeks and streams carry a new kind of devastation — increasing loads of pesticides that run off the heavily sprayed orchards and truck farms of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

It is their cumulative effect that makes DDT, chlordane, endrin, and other chlorinated hydrocarbons and naphthalenes so dangerous. They do not break down, but become more and more concentrated as they travel through natural food chains, because living creatures filter them out of the environment and store them in their flesh. Rachel Carson explained this process to a Senate subcommittee investigating the problem a few months before she died:

> At Big Bear Lake, for example, toxaphene, a chlorinated hydrocarbon, was applied at a dosage of only 0.2 parts per million. Later it was found that the minute plankton organisms in the lake had picked up this chemical and had concentrated it to a level of 73 ppm. The buildup continued through the food chain, with fish containing 200 ppm and a fish-eating bird (a pelican) containing 1700 ppm.

Eagles eat fish and fish-eating birds as well. As top predators, they are at the end of these food chains, and their slow rate of reproduction makes them especially susceptible.

Does this prove Broley's theory once and for all? Not completely, for until longtime feeding studies with captive eagles show how much pesticide is transferred from female eagles to their eggs, and until we know how much of these poisons is necessary to sterilize bird eggs, the relationships between these chemicals and eagles remain officially unproved.

"The number of immatures seems lower than it ought to be to maintain the species," said Sandy Sprunt when I asked him to sum up what was happening to the eagle population as a whole. "But there has been no catastrophic drop here. The bald eagle is probably undergoing a slow decline. It's a process of attrition, not a wholesale slaughter. We know that pesticides are contributing to it — we've picked up dead and dying eagles which gave every symptom of pesticide poisoning — but there are other factors, too. In spite of twenty-five years of protection, many bald eagles are still being shot, probably as immatures. Now, if we could stop the shooting, this might be a big enough factor to stop the present trend."

I wondered if the old myths of eagles could ever be dispelled. Can any amount of sensible educational campaigns ever overcome those dark folktales of terrible birds that kill cattle and carry off babies? If they can, the bald eagle will have a chance of holding its own.

Yet in the long run, it will need more than this to survive, for an eagle cannot build its eyrie atop a television tower, or gather fish on beaches crowded with water-skiers. How long will we be able to afford open land? How much longer can we keep any woods uncut, any rivers unpolluted, any lakes unspoiled? The wealth of America, so long taken for granted, is no longer sure and simple. And like so many other things, preservation of the national bird is a question of cost. It has no economic value; it is a luxury. It is dear to us because of its history and symbolism, and because it is a glory to watch.

Long ago it was said that not even a sparrow was too small or too worthless to fall unnoticed. No living thing is worthless just because we happen to have no commercial use for it at the moment. Now an eagle is falling. And unlike those other symbols of dying wildlife — the condor, the ivory-billed woodpecker, the famous whooping crane — bald eagles are not specialized creatures of restricted range. They are (or were) strong, hardy birds that range throughout North America. When they die, it will be because this continent is no longer fit for a wild, free-moving thing to live. In this, our threatened eagle symbolizes America in a way it never has before. If we lose it, we shall have lost more than a bird.

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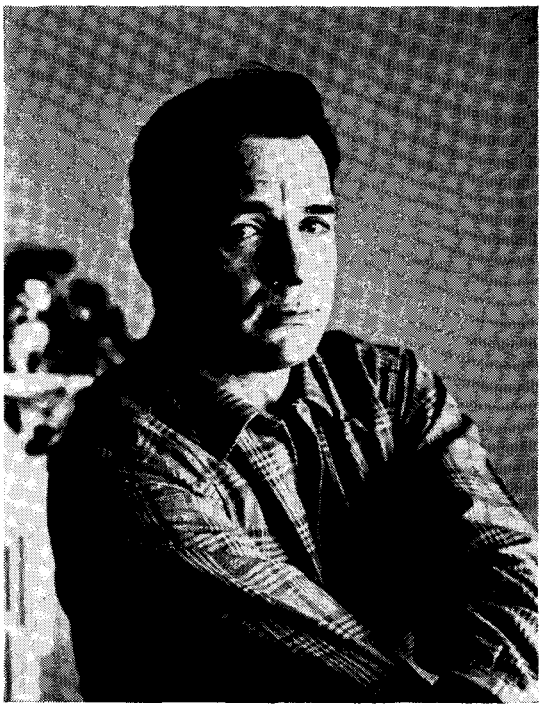
BOOKS and MEN *Dan Wakefield is a free-lance writer and spent the 1963–1964 academic year as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard. He is the author of* ISLAND IN THE CITY *and a 1955 graduate of Columbia College.*

JACK KEROUAC COMES HOME

by DAN WAKEFIELD



The Beat Generation is the name of a young people's social, literary, and travel club that started up in this country after World War II and first gained nationwide prominence in 1957. Though it once was mistakenly believed to be a dangerous revolutionary movement, it actually served society by providing restless American youth with an alternative to graduate school, the old man's business, organized crime, and careers in copywriting. The club's "philosophy" has been summed up by one of its spokesmen as "Jazz-Junk-Pot-Poetry Ideas Orgasm God!" a set of stimuli which still attract countless thousands of new recruits each year, not only in the United States but all over the world. The mass popularity and acceptance of the movement among the young has resulted in the loss of its original chic, and its followers now are identified with the derogatory label "beatniks."

After the Beat movement and its leaders were first discovered and lionized by the news magazines, the fashion journals, and the Sunday supplements, they soon were yanked from the "in" file and relegated to the dustbin of fashion by our cultural commissars. The journalist Alfred Aronowitz, who amassed a great deal of data on the Beats at the time of their vogue, has recently been discouraged from writing a book about the subject because, the publishers explain, the material is "dated" now.

As the movement itself has fallen out of fashion, so have the reputations of the several talented writers who popularized it in the first place. The principal victim of this process has been Jack Kerouac, who has had to bear the brief glory and extended burden of being known as the main literary "spokesman" of the Beats. Probably no other recent American writer — no, not even Norman Mailer — has been subjected to such a barrage of ridicule, venom, and cute-social-acumen as Kerouac. For years now he has been battered by aloof social and literary observers, including myself, who have never failed to make satirical mileage out of his connection with the no longer fashionable Beat brigade. It seems only fair and appropriate then that the laugh is on us. For it turns out that Kerouac became bored with the Beat scene even before we squares had heard about it, and by the time the life he described in *On the Road* was being discussed and dissected all over the country, he had left it and gone home to live with his mother.

All this is revealed in Kerouac's latest book, *Desolation Angels*, an "autobiographical novel" which gives an inside, personally felt and observed account of the Beat movement and his own part in it, ending with his defection from active membership in 1957, just before publication of *On the Road*. The book is very sad and sometimes funny, sparing of neither the hero-narrator nor his fellow travelers, and it provides a far better feeling of the awful forlornness of modern bohemian life than

Photograph of Jack Kerouac by Jerry Bauer. Courtesy of Coward-McCann.

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could possibly have been conveyed by any of us condescending outsiders.

The book begins in the summer of 1956, when Kerouac, feeling the first symptoms of disillusionment with the Beat life, goes up to spend a month alone as a fire watcher on a mountain in the Pacific Northwest. The chronicle continues when he comes down to rejoin the gang in San Francisco that fall, and ends with his travels to Mexico, Paris, Tangiers, and home again in the spring of 1957. The first two sections, "Desolation in Solitude" and "Desolation in the World," were written in 1956, and the last section, "Passing Through," was not written until 1961, though it follows chronologically in the narrative.

For the sake of "fiction," the personalities described are issued false names, rather like funny hats that serve more for decoration than disguise, since the characters are readily identifiable not only by their descriptions but also by the pseudonyms Kerouac gives them, which sound very much like their real names: thus Allen Ginsberg is "Irwin Garden," Gregory Corso is "Raphael Urso," William Burroughs is "Bull Hubbard," Peter Orlovsky is "Simon Darlovsky," and so forth. For the sake of historical accuracy, the book comes supplied with a sympathetic introduction by Seymour Krim, the most perceptive of the Beats' few literary defenders, in which the characters are officially identified for the benefit of outsiders and the background is laid out in terms of the history of the movement and of the author.

At the time of the book's beginning in 1956, Jack Kerouac was thirty-four years old and had pretty much been on the road for more than a decade since being discharged from the Navy in World War II as a "schizoid personality" (a catchall category under which several healthy poets of my acquaintance were weeded out of the service during the Korean War). He had come down from Lowell, Massachusetts, a textile town in French-Canadian Catholic New England country, and entered Columbia College, where he broke a leg playing freshman football and set a record (the claim is his own, and subject to dispute) for cutting classes. The two most important influences in his life at this formative time seem to have been Thomas Wolfe and Allen Ginsberg. He ate potato soup and listened to Bach with Ginsberg, who became his friend and guru, though Kerouac still maintains that "I never understand what he's driving at." He read and absorbed the books of Thomas Wolfe, from whom he was later to borrow a great deal, including those literary "O's" that Kerouac still sprinkles through his pages ("O Proust . . . O West Coast!"). Kerouac wrote a Wolfeian first novel in 1950, *The Town and the City*, which he since has dismissed as a "novel novel" — that is, done in the style of traditional fiction. A year after it was published he hit upon a new method for his writing, which marked a departure from Wolfe in speed if not altogether in style. The new technique, which has sometimes been called Instant Literature, is explained by Kerouac as

> a new way of writing about life, no fiction, no craft, no revising afterthoughts, the heartbreaking discipline of the veritable fire ordeal where you cant go back but have made the vow of 'speak now or forever hold your tongue' and all of it innocent go-ahead confession, the discipline of making the mind the slave of the tongue with no chance to lie or re-elaborate. . . .

Whatever the drawbacks of that method, it enabled Kerouac to step up his literary production at a terrific rate. It had taken him three years to write the traditional *Town* novel, but using his new Instant formula, he knocked off *On the Road* in three weeks, and in a mighty record-breaking burst, raced through *The Subterraneans* in three days and nights. Kerouac's supercharged assault on the typewriter resulted in a total of eleven books completed between 1951 and 1956. And here lies the reason for a great deal of confusion about his career. At the end of his frenzied five years of production, the eleven books had been, as Allen Ginsberg explained, "published in heaven," but none had been issued by any of the infernal — or earthly — publishing houses. The first of the books to be published for the public was *On the Road* in 1957, and since then, eight others from the batch of eleven have been brought out, at roughly annual intervals through 1963. Kerouac, then, had already composed the entire legend of the Beat life before the first installment of it was published and the fashionmongers discovered it, by which time he had already kicked it. No wonder the present volume describing his disillusionment with that life wasn't brought out till now! It would have ruined the other installments — just as if Ben Casey announced he was quitting medicine and then asked you to keep on watching the programs about his life as a doctor.

Kerouac — called "Duluoz" in the series — is the hero and narrator of these adventures, and the popular notion of the public is that he is one of those subversive antiheroes, a brooding intellectual type who is out to overthrow home, country, and mother, stealing occasional candy bars from kids along the way. Much closer to the truth is the observation made by Robert Phelps a few years ago, in reviewing one of the books of the series, that Jack Kerouac is the closest thing we have to Jack Armstrong. The identification of Kerouac as the

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all-American boy is not made in a spirit of contempt, but of recognition of his basic qualities, which shine forth from this newest and most mature of his books as stubborn innocence, idealism (even in disillusionment), respect for family, love of friends, and a kind of romantic nostalgia that is special to Americans, a reverent remembrance of

> sweet days of home that I didn't appreciate when I had them — afternoons then, when I was 15, 16, it meant Ritz Brothers crackers and peanut butter and milk, at the old round kitchen table, and my chess problems or self-invented baseball games, as the orange sun of Lowell October'd slant thru the porch and kitchen curtains. . . .

Yet Kerouac still wants us to believe in his public image as a wild mutineer mystic: he tells us he is, but the evidence he offers is not convincing. For instance, he confesses that he got depressed one night and "called Madeline Watson on the phone to make a date with her to see if she was going to marry me, a kind of fit of madness like I'm subject to, I really am a 'madman bum and angel.' "

Then so am I, and so is Holden Caulfield and Zooey Glass. In fact, I can hardly think of anyone I know who has not at some time or other got depressed and called Madeline Watson. Madmen? Bums? Angels? No, just American boys.

Though Kerouac is most famous for his jazzed-up, breathless outbursts of language — the sort of thing Ginsberg described as "bop prosody" — he is also in love with the old-fashioned folksy style that speaks of "staying up late-a-nights," or "I see the yellow moon a-sinkin as the earth rolls away." Scratch the surface of Kerouac's prose — and pose — and you are likely to find the heart of Carl Sandburg rather than Céline.

In its style as well as its content, *Desolation Angels*, the inside story of the Beats, turns out to be the most thoroughly American book since the autobiography of William Allen White. We were told that the Beat Generation was a reaction against (among other things) the Eisenhower age and the spirit of togetherness, and yet its members created an intense togetherness of their own. Seymour Krim speaks accurately of the Beat "community" and of "Kerouac's gang," and in fact it was a real old-fashioned American gang, more in the tradition of the Hardy Boys than the Bowery Boys. Kerouac is the leader and is always aware of that role and its responsibilities. When he finds two of the fellows arguing, he tries to patch things up because "I don't want none of my boys fighting." When the gang gathers in Mexico City, Kerouac notes that "it was a great occasion. There we all were in the same room," and a few days later they have their picture taken, "like a Team."

This is an all-American team, and it never really seemed comfortable playing the Buddhist-Oriental-Zen-Contemplation games that it tried so hard to master, with a result that was rather like a bunch of missionary-taught Zulu tribesmen earnestly trying to sing "What a Friend I Have in Jesus." When Kerouac went up to meditate on the mountain, he soon was longing to see the old gang and wishing that he had "the whole bloody mess of boredom done. . . ." He was anxious to return to his captaincy of the "Team" — the Desolation Angels, a club that performs best on the road.

The basis of the whole Beat movement is *movement*, an effort to escape the spirit of a mobile society simply by accelerating that society's own habit of keeping on the go. As every Cunard customer knows, getting there is half the fun, and yet you must finally arrive, and then what? Kerouac's disillusionment with the "cure" of travel, especially of the answer offered by exotic foreign places, is a frank and eloquent expression of a common American ailment, known to corporation men on expense account and college kids on summer abroad as well as to Beat seers and bards on the road. This sort of disillusionment is universal, and yet I think it strikes Americans harder because they expect so much more to begin with, and so are especially disappointed to find "how unbelievably bleak the actual world is after you've dreamed of gay whore streets and gay dancing night clubs." I am sure that many of us could define our European adventures with Kerouac's complaint that "you imagine that when you get to Paris . . . there'll be raincoats and Arc de Triomphes of brilliant sadness and all the time you'll be yawning at bus stops."

When movement and drugs and mysticism failed to offer a sufficient answer, the Beats turned to that patented American domestic-brewed elixir, that famous surefire fix, success. Ginsberg prescribed it for Kerouac and all the gang in Mexico during that dreary fall of 1956; he announced that the time had come for them to *make it*. Get published, sign autographs, buy islands, be photographed and famous. The world was waiting, the time was ripe. Ginsberg was elated at the prospect, and, perhaps with a Howl of joy (rather than protest), announced his plans for the glorious future: "I go out and buy everything I want in the supermarket — *I have a voice in the supermarket!*" Corso was also anxious to make it, and he summarized his own version of that desired condition with a line that says more than a ten-pound sociological study about the American dream of success: "When I meet Kirk Douglas I don't wanta have to apologize." In other words, behind their beards, the Beats were just like all the rest of us.

But success proved as sour to Kerouac as it did

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to the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit, and his accounts of the Beats on the make are among the saddest parts of the story. There is lunch at the Russian Tea Room with Salvador Dali, an audience with William Carlos Williams, parties and dinners, and posing for photographers from *Mademoiselle*. The whole business is best summed up when Kerouac dutifully gets high for the photographers from *Life* and stands on his head while they snap his picture. Of course *Life* never used the pictures, and Kerouac wearily remarks that the whole thing "was an awful waste of energy and in a way a grisly joke."

After he had sold *On the Road* to a New York publisher, Kerouac took off for Tangiers to visit William Burroughs, but it turned out to be his last bleak journey: "It was on this trip that the great change took place in my life . . . turning from a youthful brave sense of adventure to a complete nausea concerning experience in the world at large, a *revulsion* in all the six senses." In a room in Burrough's apartment building he took an overdose of opium and dreamed not of Xanadu, but of America. Tired and homesick, he had to wait for the gang to arrive — Ginsberg and Orlovsky were on their way — and in what must surely rank as one of the fine ironic moments of American letters, Kerouac passed the time sitting on the roof of Burroughs' hotel reading Van Wyck Brooks.

Kerouac is often a considerate and helpful friend to his buddies, and during his time in Tangiers he typed up the manuscript of *Naked Lunch* as a favor to Burroughs. Like many other readers, Kerouac wondered why Burroughs had put so much "vile" stuff in his book. Was it a new stylistic-philosophic approach to life and letters? No. Burroughs explained that he was simply trying to purge himself of his Midwestern background once and for all: "It's a matter of catharsis where I say the most horrible thing I can think of. . . . By the time I finish this book I'll be pure as an angel, my dear."

Kerouac's homesickness wasn't helped by the arrival of his teammates, and he wasn't in the mood when Ginsberg called up to his window ("Jack-Kee") to come down and play — a very gregarious and friendly guy is that mild-mannered "mad" poet — but he went down one evening to a scene that marked the death of the Beats and the birth of the beatniks. It was one of those moments when a private myth that was sold to the public had been taken over by the buyers, a bunch of "chicks" and "hipsters" who had made a pilgrimage to Burroughs' hotel:

> . . . just like in New York or Frisco or anywhere there they are all hunching around in marijuana smoke, talking, the cool girls with long thin legs in slacks, the men with goatees, all an enormous drag after all and at the time (1957) not even started yet officially with the name of 'Beat Generation.' To think that I had so much to do with it, too, in fact at that very moment the manuscript of *Road* was being linotyped for imminent publication and I was already sick of the whole subject. . . . But all I could do was sit on the edge of the bed in despair like Lazarus listening to their awful 'likes' and 'like you know' and 'wow crazy' and 'a wig, man' 'a real gas' — All this was about to sprout out all over America even down to High School level and be attributed in part to my doing!

Just like Dr. Frankenstein, Kerouac had created a monster — the beatnik. He was doomed to watch it grow and multiply, bearing, like that other monster, the name of its embarrassed inventor.

Back in America, Kerouac made his last road trip, accompanied not by the Beats but by his mother, and searching not for kicks but for a home. Their bus trip from Florida to San Francisco is one of the most true, comic, and grizzly journeys in American literature. The terrible fatigue of that cross-country pilgrimage is relieved only by Mrs. Kerouac's remedy of aspirins and Cokes three times a day to "calm the nerves." Kerouac's mother, sixty-two at the time, is a staunch and admirable little lady who wonders why his friends have no jobs and why they have become Buddhists instead of "sticking to their own religion." To Kerouac she is the "best" and "most important" person in his story, and he is proud to want to make a home with her in spite of all Freudian fashion. Few men who have been through the big city's meat grinder of one-night stands and frantic "affairs" can fail to appreciate Kerouac's reflections on his mother's quiet virtues compared to

> all the girls I'd known in America who dabbled at blue cheese and let it harden on the sill! Who'd spent hours before the mirror with blue eye shade! . . . Who'd left me because I complained! . . . My mother provided me with the means for peace and good sense — She didnt tear at her slip and rant I didnt love her and knock over dressers of makeup."

O single girls in single apartments! O America!

Home at last, Kerouac reports that he and his mother live in a house miles from the city (New York) and that "a peaceful sorrow at home is the best I'll ever be able to offer the world, in the end, so I told my Desolation Angels goodbye. A new life for me."

We do not yet know what literary fruits the new life has produced, but there is no doubt that this book is a fine ending for the old life. If the Pulitzer Prize in fiction were given for the book that is most representative of American life, I would nominate *Desolation Angels*. Of course, the judges would probably cast it aside as some kind of dangerous, antisocial tract about the lives of a group of rebellious oddballs. We seldom recognize a real American Dream when we see one.

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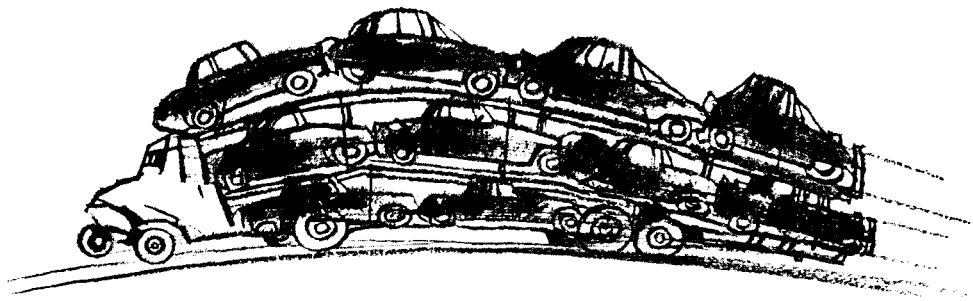

THE AUTOMOBILE IN AMERICAN LIFE

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AN ATLANTIC SUPPLEMENT

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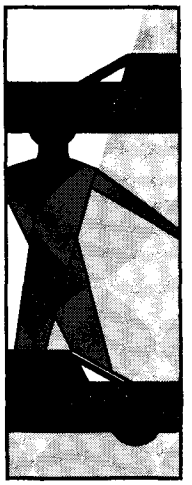
THE ATLANTIC



MAN OR MOTOR?

BY PAUL B. SEARS

The changes caused by the automobile are permanent, and the expansion of our highways is likened to a lava flow: irreversible. Shall we run the automobile or will it run us? Paul B. Sears, eminent ecologist and student of natural resources, warns us that no master study to coordinate land, air, and water transport is yet in sight.

In 1863 Samuel Butler wrote to the editor of the *Press* of Christchurch, New Zealand, a letter which he called "Darwin Among the Machines." Though not himself a scientist, Butler had a better grasp of evolution than many of the professionals of his day. In this letter he points out that the machine is definitely an evolutionary phenomenon, but warns that, useful as it is, it could become man's master and he its slave.

The germ of this idea was not new, going back to Daedalus and Icarus, the scriptural account of Babel, Aladdin and his formidable servant, and the old tale "Why the Sea Is Salt." In this last, be it remembered, a sea captain was granted a wish. Since his business was the transport of salt, he asked for a machine that would produce and grind it into the hold of his vessel. He got his wish, but not the formula for stopping the process. And so his ship foundered, while the mill continued to operate beneath the waves.

Nearly a century was to elapse after Butler's warning before the late Norbert Wiener, who had contributed his genius to developing the modern computer, spent his last days in cautioning us about its dangerous potential. Meanwhile, Julian Huxley and others have reminded us that evolution is now a cultural rather than a purely biological process and that man has the fearful responsibility of guiding it.

On our historical time scale, man is likely to remain about the same organism he is now. But the extension of his physical powers through invention is bringing about developments that far surpass, in rate and kind, those which have taken place throughout the known history of life. Nothing else since the origin of terrestrial organisms has produced such profound disruption of the natural environment or such striking variation in the behavior of a single species in so short a time as the computer.

Developed and perfected within the memory of many now living, the automobile is a prime evolutionary phenomenon. Of the attributes of living things — metabolism, motion, response, and reproduction — it possesses the first two beyond question. But the controls of the nervous and reproductive systems are in another body, that of man, and so, in consequence, is the control of energy flow and the accompanying chemical changes which represent metabolism and make action possible. As economist Kenneth Boulding has put it, a visitor from another planet might conclude that we had evolved a swarm of giant wheeled bugs with detachable brains.

To be quite philosophical, the automobile should

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be viewed in the light of a continuum — man's effort to transcend the barriers of space and thus of time. This series began with foot travel and face-to-face communication, moving on to horse, rail, wire, automobile, airplane, missile, satellite, and electronic message in exponential fashion. So rapidly have we been overtaken by these latter developments that we have dealt with them only by crude improvisation. Certainly nothing is more sorely needed than a masterly study aimed at the coordination of all forms of transport by water, land, and air. The individual whose occupation obliges him to travel is beset by raggedness and disorder, which add greatly to his burden.

However urgent the need for such a study, it is not yet in sight. Meanwhile, we can only follow the ancient rule — when a problem is too big and complex to handle, we must keep looking at it and thinking about it in the hope that we can discern some pattern. As a practical matter, we must break it up into pieces of digestible size and try to deal with them one at a time. So far as the automobile is concerned, there is more than enough reason to tackle it as an entity. For its impact upon society, the individual, and the environment of both is more and more pervasive, powerful, and insistent.

In 1962 the number of births in the United States was slightly more than four million. In the same year there were almost seven million passenger cars sold at factory, of which the number exported was about half that of imports. In service at present there are two automobiles for every five people in our country. In 1900, with a population of some seventy-five million, there were an estimated four thousand cars sold, about one for eighteen thousand people.

Those of us who remember the spluttering cough, frequent balking, and tentative engineering of the first automobiles, the mud roads between towns, and the cobbled or unpaved urban streets of 1900 will probably agree that the bulk of Americans get around at least ten times faster now than sixty-odd years ago. If so, we cover as individuals some hundred times more territory in a unit of time. The energy for this activity comes no longer from the food of men and horses, but from fossil fuel. Passenger cars alone consume over forty-two billion gallons of gasoline per year, over six hundred gallons per car. Knowledgeable estimates reckon that this material is being used a million times faster than it was formed during past ages.

This explosive release of energy devoted largely to fast movement is taking place in a population now doubling in half a century or less. Here we come face to face with a physical rule that applies to man as well as molecules, for both are dynamic particles. When such active units, whether of gas in a flask or living humans on an island or even a continent, are confined within a finite space, the mean free path of each decreases with crowding. And if energy is added to the system, either by heating the flask or moving man about faster through the use of fossil fuel in the internal combustion engine, the degree of freedom is still further reduced.

This, of course, sounds like statistical nonsense to the Nebraskan who can speed on good roads from Lincoln to Denver in a day. It is more convincing to the victim of daily traffic jams and parking problems, or to the traveler caught in a seven-mile lineup of stalled cars by blockage of a tunnel on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. It takes on ghastly conviction at the sight of a fatal traffic accident and the realization that there are over forty thousand deaths per year from this source. With men as with molecules, collisions increase as the mean free path decreases.

The sheer physical aspects of the automobile are not confined to what happens when it is in motion. Alive or "dead," it is a jealous consumer of space. The stabling of a single car requires some 13 percent of the floor space of an average family home. Commercial parking establishments, nearly eleven thousand of them, aggregate into big business with an annual intake of over a third of a billion dollars and the consumption of an important amount of urban space. Metered on-street parking is a significant element in municipal income. But both free and paid parking are often at a premium in commercial areas, their benefits being offset by the obstruction to the flow of traffic. The loss of sales in the older civic centers due to parking difficulties is amply proved by the growth of peripheral shopping facilities, due only in part to suburban expansion.

The death rate of automobiles is astonishingly high, some 70 percent of the number manufactured each year being junked. Since our human birth rate is about three times that of the death rate, this gives some sobering thoughts about the future and its problems. To a greater extent than is commonly realized, both family size and the discarding of cars are products of vogue rather than physical necessity. One must keep up with the neighbors in both respects. Whether apocryphal or not, there is truth in the saying attributed to a distinguished executive, "If the public ever catches on to the fact that a new car every two years is not a necessity, we are sunk."

The American public, so often accused of materialism, suffers from exactly the opposite malady — a lack of respect for materials. The modern automobile, aside from weird vagaries of appearance

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which seem to be quieting down, is a superb engineering achievement deserving more respect and better care than it usually gets. One cannot help thinking nostalgically of an earlier day when possessions were harder to come by and home equipment such as edged tools and rifles was given the loving care now bestowed on household pets.

Except for the aficionados whose hobby is antique cars, few Americans would feel the pride of a British friend bowling along in a nineteen-year-old Rolls, running like a top and good for years more. In addition, there are the factors of mechanical ignorance on the part of owners, the increasing complexity of the machine itself, and the scarcity of competent and reliable mechanics to be reckoned with. So blinded are we by our general affluence that the small margins of time required for proper maintenance are never balanced against the many hours which rapid travel adds to our time budget.

The concrete and highly visible symptom of this waste is the growing size and number of automobile graveyards that disfigure the countryside. These are among the worst of many needless blots on the beauty of our landscape. Concealing walls, such as are required around unsightly spaces in Mexico City, would help greatly. More important, however, are the economic factors involved. New processes for the treatment of low-grade ores have reduced the value of junk in manufacture. A further complication is due to the presence of more than a dozen alloys in the modern automobile. Unless some economical means of separating the various metals for reuse can be devised, car cadavers will remain a drug on the market and an offense to the eye.

So long as cheap materials direct from mine and smelter are available, industry is not likely to underwrite the needed research. But competent authority believes it can be fruitful and might, in the interest of long-term national economy as well as aesthetics, be undertaken by a suitable federal agency, possibly the Bureau of Mines.

A UNIVERSITY official once ventured the opinion that it is safer to woo a colleague's wife than to go after any of his office or laboratory space. This intriguing hypothesis will probably — for what we might call technical reasons — remain where he left it, but the fact is that rivalry for space is an old and growing problem in the human adventure. It lies back of tribal conflict and enforced prehistoric migration to all the continents. It explains the near extinction of the bison and our ambivalence toward the forest, at once a source of benefit and a rival for space. And anyone who has tried to move by taxi through the New York garment district, between Grand Central and Penn Station, is well aware that our own creation, the automobile, annihilates space in more senses than one.

This vehicle is not only a taker-up of room. It is also, as we have suggested, a potent biological and cultural influence. One would be tempted to call it an artificial organism if that did not make it necessary to coin another word for the living prototypes, each structurally and functionally complete and self-contained in its way. Even so, it shares enough properties in common with things truly alive to give us a start.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the automobile has its close parallel in natural history. The rise of new forms reacts upon those already existing, often in the most intimate ways. Aside from obvious competition, often toughest among members of the same species since their requirements are identical, there is an elaborate spectrum of relations between species. These vary from coexistence through mutual aid, interdependence, and on, by various degrees, to complete parasitism and slavery.

We have only glimpses of the way in which the more extreme degrees of interspecific tyranny have arisen. Many of them, no doubt, started in fairly casual and innocuous fashion, tightening their grip by gradual stages. There are, for example, insects that form galls on plants. Eggs are deposited within the host tissue, and when the larvae hatch, the chemicals they produce stimulate the formation of succulent plant cells. Within the swelling so produced, the young find food and shelter until they emerge. One genus of such gall-makers is responsible for an astonishing range of complexity, presumably an evolutionary series, in these edible homes. The series begins with a simple swelling of the affected stem and goes on into more and more elaborate forms, resembling less and less what the plant would produce on its own. Each form identifies the species of insect, but the plant does the work under the biochemical control of its boarder.

The trick here, as in other cases of insidiously begun piracy, is the initial tolerance of the host. If the first invader were so uncongenial ("toxic" is the word, Bergen) as to kill the cells surrounding it, it would starve. But we know that many poisons of animals and plants, in minute amounts, act as stimulants instead of killers. First steps on the road to captivity can be acceptable, or even disarmingly agreeable, whether we speak of plants and animals, marriage, politics, or inventions.

While we leave the reader to draw what further conclusions he has a mind to from this biological parable, we may examine a few of the side effects of the automobile on man, his environment, and his way of life. Let us admit at once that the mixture of debit and credit is so intimate and confusing that no easy solutions are in sight.

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Neglecting for a moment the mutilation and death of human bodies, I noted in the days before I owned a car that my friends who had them laid on weight much faster than I did with my three-mile walk to and from work. A Scandinavian military observer in Korea and a warm friend of the United States ventured the opinion that we had forgotten how to walk. Where we could move men and matériel by motor, we were invincible, but where this was impossible, the enemy could sometimes get himself and his equipment in place by sheer muscle power, to our great discomfiture.

Neither physical comfort nor safety appears to be the first consideration in modern car design. Space for the human body is too often minimal. One hears complaints of "throughway sciatica," while a driver and passenger need not be far advanced toward senile stiffness to find it an awkward business getting in and out of their seats. Medical men have troubles enough without looking into the effects of tension resulting from car travel, but the eyestrain from shiny hoods and sloping windshields requires no statistical proof.

Aside from accident, the most notorious effect of the automobile on the human body results from what it does to the air we breathe. When we depended upon horsepower in its classical sense, the effluvia might not have been pleasant to all, but they were certainly harmless, as well as useful to the soil. As to those from the motorcar, they are unpleasant, useless, and do us no good, even though we have much to learn about their cumulative effects. The skunk is a small-time operator at best and a good citizen in many respects. It would be well if he could spare some of his potent warning power to the more dangerous discharges of the modern motorcar.

In addition to exhaust fumes, we have to reckon with vapor displaced when tanks are filled. In great cities this is awesome in amount and becomes definitely toxic through chemical change in the upper atmosphere. So prevalent is contamination that it has become a dual pleasure to travel in remote regions where water is fit to drink and air to breathe. We have little reason to pride ourselves on our technological brains so long as we tolerate such conditions, but we must give the automobile credit when it enables us to escape for a time from them.

Even this credit for escape has its ambiguities. It is a wonderful thing that motor travel is knitting us into consciousness of our unity as a nation. A British friend, recently naturalized, celebrated that event by a coast-to-coast automobile trip with his family. He came back glowing with pride at his adopted country. The spreading uniformity of which critics complain also has its merits to those who can recall the execrable hotel fare and infested beds of less than a lifetime ago. Yet our choicest beauty spots, such as the Yosemite, are being loved to death, while even New Mexico, beautiful land of sunshine that it is, is in danger of being dubbed the beer-can state by visitors who see the roadsides as they spin along.

Every biological entity not only is acted upon by environment but reacts in turn upon its surroundings. This property is shared by the automobile in most highly visible form by its demand for pathways. It has reversed the ancient legend of the invention of shoes, which explains that an oriental monarch required his minions to spread a strip of smooth leather before him to protect his bare feet against the rough ground. This went on until some genius found that the same result could be obtained by fastening leather soles to the royal feet.

The current annual cost of highway construction approaches five billion dollars, something like twenty-five dollars per capita. In an earlier day each male citizen was often required to give the equivalent of a day's work on the roads each year. Women and children were exempted, as, statistically speaking, they no longer are. While 88 percent of the more than 3.5 million miles of highway are rural, travel in passenger miles on urban roads almost equals that on the rural. As an interesting footnote, we have made many counts on urban traffic. We have yet to find a time when fewer than 75 percent of the cars carry a single passenger. If we could accept as honest an average rating of 100 horsepower for each car and the rating of one horsepower as equivalent to ten man-powers, no despot ever had such transport service.

Geologically speaking, the modern highway has only one equivalent. That is a lava flow. It is essentially an irreversible phenomenon, put there to stay, regardless of any future potential for the land which it occupies. Highway location not only cancels out any other possible use but determines the future geometry of the nation. Consequently, the location of any major highway should be an object of the most considered thought, the most complete information, and the best judgment available. Aesthetic as well as economic and engineering considerations should be in balance.

Early roads were consequent on topography as well as need. Often they followed animal trails, which had been influenced by the principle of least effort. With the opening of the Northwest Territory in 1787, the level surface of Ohio made possible a rectangular grid system of roads enclosing each square mile, which has been followed since wherever possible. Thus, a convenient pattern of

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land measure was combined with general access, but most of these roads were incredibly dusty when they were not hub-deep in mud. Even before the automobile appeared, local merchants and farmers had worked to begin a program of crushed stone roads devised by McAdam in 1815.

With the advent of machine travel, experiments in hard-surfacing began, leading gradually to our present techniques based on massive earth-moving and construction machinery. As the range and efficiency of the automobile increased, so did the demand for longer roads, an early example being the transcontinental Lincoln Highway, now Route 30. This development resulted in increasing participation by higher units of government, culminating in the present impressive federal aid interstate system.

Such vast activity called for special engineering expertise. As a result, not only the construction but the details of location have come to be governed primarily by engineering considerations. A notable factor has been the rise of state highway commissions, amply financed. So great is their power that citizen protest is often helpless unless it can reach a sympathetic state governor.

Meanwhile, instances of such protest have been increasing. Traffic noise, community disruption, destruction of historic buildings, parks, natural areas, and scenic values have all been involved. More than once high engineering skill has been thwarted by circumstance. The New Jersey Turnpike, designed to carry a traffic load predicted for 1975, encountered it on opening day, and the volume has been increasing ever since. Again, a splendid highway may debouch into a constricted outlet, slowing down and piling up traffic, like the blood in a varicose vein. It has come to be a truism that good roads serve to increase the pressure of traffic as much as to solve its problems. I have yet to find a city with the good sense to put a taxi driver on its traffic commission. I usually find they have very sound ideas arising from their daily experience.

Protesters have been free in their criticism of the engineering mind, despite the fact that this profession rates among the highest in mental capacity. But the individual engineer is seldom a free agent. Whether he works on automobile design or highway planning and construction, he works for somebody else. So far as highways are concerned, the employing officials and commissions are themselves under enormous pressure. When one considers the combined, almost glacial power of the truck and bus industries, the purveyors of road metal and construction machinery, the contractors and car manufacturers, it is little wonder that proponents of the longer view have tough going.

Yet there is hope. Citizen groups can be persistent. We now have *A National Program of Scenic Roads and Parkways* signed by the six U.S. Cabinet members and the housing administrator who serve on the Recreation Advisory Council. In explicit terms these makers of policy acknowledge the responsibility of government to enhance the aesthetic quality of landscape where road building is concerned.

The longer view is not merely concerned with beauty for its own sake, important as that may be. It is equally concerned with ultimate economic values. Those who hold this view believe that in trying to meet the needs of the present we are also designing the future. Their prescription is disarmingly simple. They urge that so far as highway planning is concerned, a much wider range of talent and interest be involved than at present. That this is feasible was demonstrated years ago on a simple scale when Texas assigned a landscape architect, with power, to its highway department. The initial coolness toward him was promptly taken care of by strong executive order. The results, as I saw them in the 1930s, enhanced safety as well as appearance and cut economic loss of soil and water significantly.

Special treatment and a different order of discourse would be required to deal with the effect of the motorcar on our society. H. G. Wells's Mr. Britling exemplified the utility of his Ford for illicit skylarking. Cars are a centrifugal influence upon the modern family and clearly weaken our sense of attachment to place. Along with other inventions, the automobile must share blame for the absence of bookshelves in the model homes of today. Ten million Americans owe their employment, in one form or another, to the motorcar, while the budgets of millions more, along with current practices in family banking, are under its spell. It serves business, crime, the messengers of mercy, and the frivolous with equal impartiality.

With all this it is still not a sentient being, but merely an extension of the human body. Whether we are to run it or be run by it is for us to decide. Only vigilance can block the shaded path that leads from convenience to necessity and from necessity on to tyranny.

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DINNER PARTY IN CONNECTICUT

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

The Parkway was no problem though the rain
Nibbled the windshield. Dutifully they turned
At 37, found Huckleberry Lane,
The ramshackle barn half-burned
By last year's lightning, with its leaning willow,
And then the humpbacked bridge.
But memory failed them there. Where was the yellow
House on Hidden Driveway? Where was High Ridge
And the Shoppe
Which sold antiques by ear, and the traffic stop? —
Landmarks set down in his peculiar code
Which led, they had been assured, to Valley Road,
Martinis, lights, olives-and-caviar,
And the host's welcome.
On the floor of the car
She tapped her sequined heel.
Black-tied, black-browed, he huddled at the wheel,
Bearing now left, now right,
Or stopping in flight
To pry with his torch a guidepost out of the night
While the hands of the clock
On the dash surged forward punctual as the sea
And she wept in her chiffon frock.
Then suddenly
Back they were at the barn and the willow tree.

She whimpered, "Lost!"
He cursed the dark and the misted
Glass and the note with the telephone number (unlisted)
Left at home in the hallway. Cold as frost,
Anger embraced them. They could see it glisten,
Palpable as the rain which held no bounty.
"Damnit, *can't* you read maps?"
"Why won't you listen
To people's directions?"
Lost,
Lost, lost, irretrievably lost
In the wilds of Fairfield County,
Seeking New Canaan under alien skies!
A road sign loomed. They pulled to a stop and then
Glared at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a pique in Darien.

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ABRAHAM RIBICOFF

Harmony on the Highways

Few men in public life have done more than Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut to modernize and to improve standards of highway safety. During his service as governor he brought highway regulations up to date and created an alert and determined effort by state and local police to enforce them. He is spearheading a drive to improve federal traffic safety programs.

As GOVERNOR of Connecticut I did what I could to improve highway safety in my own state. People still speak to me about the comparatively civilized climate of Connecticut motoring. Most important, by taking aggressive action we succeeded in reducing the traffic-fatality rate to one of the lowest in the nation.

Now, looking at highway safety from a national viewpoint, I find a senseless and tragic situation developing: the separate efforts of individual states to promote highway safety have created a conflicting and confusing pattern of traffic regulations across the country. Some states have good rules, some have few rules, and too many have different rules. Usually this inconsistency irritates the motorist. Sometimes it kills him. The adoption by all the states of just one uniform regulation, periodic motor vehicle inspection, could save many thousands of lives a year.

About 94 million Americans are expected to take extended driving trips in the course of this year. As you drive from one state to another, the highway markings are different — traffic signs and signals have different meanings — and the basic rules of the road, or who has the right-of-way, are different. The cars coming at you meet different standards, and sometimes no standards, of safety. And the people driving these cars have measured up to different licensing standards. It's as though you were one of Pavlov's dogs put to a series of confusing tests. The concrete may look the same, but the rules change drastically without your knowing it, destroying your ability to predict how the other fellow, and his car, will behave. Let me cite some examples.

You learned to drive in a state where, for example, a car making a left turn must yield the right-of-way until all cars coming in the opposite direction have passed. Now you take a trip in North Carolina, where (as in quite a few other states) a driver turning left who is in the intersection first, even though he has not begun his turn, has the right-of-way; he need not stop to let oncoming cars go by. As you approach an intersection, you are amazed to see a car make a left turn directly across the path of your car. You are lucky to avoid an accident this time.

You are a salesman on a business trip, a careful driver who never passes another car when you are not supposed to. In Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Indiana you are forbidden to pass when there is a solid yellow line to the right of the center strip. In Massachusetts and Virginia the solid line is white. In Pennsylvania no lines are used; a no-passing zone is marked by signs. So far you've kept your wits about you. But when you get down south into Georgia, the line — yellow this time — is placed along the right edge of the roadway. You fail to see it, and pass a slow car illegally. You narrowly escape a huge truck coming toward you around a curve. Or you crash into it, losing your life instead of your temper.

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You are driving your family east to the World's Fair. Your car is in tip-top shape; in fact, it has just passed a stiff motor vehicle inspection demanded each year by law in your own state (the inspector made you come back twice — first your brakes weren't tight enough, and the next time one of your headlights was faulty). As you motor along the superhighway toward dusk, two states away from home, an inexperienced fifteen-year-old driver approaches you in the opposite lane — his car hasn't been inspected for three years, and his tires are worn down. He tries to jam on his brakes instead of stopping slowly. His car careens over the narrow center concrete strip and smashes into yours.

If baseball rules changed each time a team entered a different stadium — if the bases were farther apart or home plate were closer to the pitcher's mound — the players would be unable to function properly. Drivers are no different. But the rules they must follow as they move about the country change from one state to another.

Accepted driver signals in most states, for instance, are the hand and arm extended horizontally for a left turn; the hand and arm extended upward for a right turn; and the hand and arm extended downward to signal a stop or slowdown. Yet the legal signals in several states differ drastically from these recognized directions, and in Pennsylvania a signal can be given only by the electric turn signal, a device now built into all cars. Motorists in all states must stop behind a halted school bus as it discharges young passengers. But drivers in Hawaii, Texas, and Oklahoma are permitted to proceed before the children are across the highway. A driver from these states might pass a bus when it stopped and smash into a a group of children with disastrous consequences.

In some states, U-turns are permitted; in others they are not. In some states, drivers are encouraged to keep to the right after passing; in others they are encouraged to stay in line. The laws of forty-eight states authorize overtaking and passing on the right. Massachusetts and Vermont do not. In a large number of states — twenty-six, to be exact — a pedestrian can cross the street against a red light (or when the traffic he is intersecting has a green light) if it can be done "with safety and if he does not interfere with vehicular traffic." Fourteen states prohibit this. In most states, a yellow sequence in a stop-and-go traffic signal means a period of caution before a shift in the flow of traffic through an intersection. But in New York, caution may also be signaled by a brief dark period between the stop and go signals, or by a period when both the red and green panes are lighted at the same time. An added complication: in most states, flashing yellow signals are used to caution motorists to proceed slowly and with utmost care. In half a dozen states, you can turn right on a full red light; in all others this is not permitted.

The National Safety Council reports that 47,800 persons were killed on our highways in 1964, an increase of 10 percent over 1963. More than 3 million persons were injured. There are now 95 million drivers in this country. By 1975, there will be some 30 million more. At the current rate of increase, traffic deaths will rise to 100,000 a year by that time, and the cost of accidents will climb from $8.2 billion to $15 billion.

How much of this terrible waste, both human and material, is due to the lack of uniformity in traffic laws and traffic control devices? It's hard to say exactly. But this much is clear: We are all creatures of habit, and we react instinctively in the same way to identical situations. We grow accustomed to following the rules in which we have been schooled both on and off the highway. If you travel abroad you expect to do many things, including motoring, differently. In England, for instance, you'll be driving on the left-hand side of the road; on the Continent, an intriguing but uniform set of signs will keep you minding your motoring p's and q's. But on trips within your own country, you want and expect signs and signals just like the ones back home.

Often you fail to get them. Instead a vast array of perplexing changing traffic laws and control systems confronts you as you drive from state to state. Such variances can cause confusion and delays. In high-speed modern traffic there's no room for confusion and delay. It's no wonder, then, that 12 percent of all fatal accidents involve out-of-state drivers. It's no wonder, either, that experts have estimated that if all traffic laws were uniform, 2000 fewer persons would die each year on U.S. highways. When the rules of the road vary by as much as a word, we risk costly confusion. The experts have come to regard right-of-way priorities as the single most important cause of traffic accidents.

There are other less obvious risks we take when we fail to insist on uniformity on the highways. There is, for one thing, a frightening lack of uniformity in driver licensing. Who is physically able to drive that complicated machine, the modern automobile? It all depends. In Kansas, an official was shocked to find that 10 percent of the people who receive state aid-to-the-blind payments still were licensed to drive. In Louisiana, Wyoming, Maine, Massachusetts, and New York there are no laws prohibiting the issuing of licenses to drug addicts or people suffering from mental illness.

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Many states do not ask a driver to pass a physical examination before his license is renewed. In fact, in very few states is there any provision for periodic re-examination. Only a few states — Maine, for example — determine the physical condition of older drivers through examination. Certain hazards from aged drivers are just as bad as those from the too young.

In Montana, a youngster can obtain a driver's license when he is fifteen years old. Under certain special circumstances, he can get restricted driving privileges at thirteen! Many states grant licenses, albeit restricted, to boys and girls who are only fourteen. In such states parents have a responsibility to them, and to themselves, to make certain they can deal properly with highway conditions. We can discharge this responsibility through licensing.

The Uniform Vehicle Code is widely accepted as the most current composite of desired traffic laws. Drawn up by experts between 1923 and 1926, it has been updated ten times to keep pace with changing traffic patterns. In it are only the provisions which have been tried out in more than one state and have been put into law in at least one state. This code contains a provision setting down the elements of driver identification that should be on an individual's license. Nine items are specified, ranging from full name to date of birth to physical characteristics. Yet none of the fifty states lists all nine items on the licenses it issues.

Perhaps some minimum licensing standards should vary from state to state. Perhaps some criteria are best determined by each state. Yet the disparity between present state laws contains an element of danger. A person licensed to drive in one state is, in fact, licensed to drive in all states. State lines do not inhibit wanderlust. Each state has a distinct obligation to make certain, insofar as is possible, that its drivers will not cause accidents elsewhere. All drivers should meet a basic standard of physical and mental ability.

This lack of uniformity hampers a federal reporting program intended to make highways safer for all Americans, no matter where they live. Revocations or suspensions of drivers' licenses for conviction of serious traffic offenses (drunken driving and fatality involvement) are recorded on an electronic computer operated by the National Driver Register Service at the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads in Washington. All the states are providing daily information on persons who have had their licenses revoked or suspended. By checking with the National Driver Register Service, state licensing officials can quickly learn an applicant's road record in other states. If revocations or suspensions are uncovered — revocations or suspensions that the applicant may have failed to list — the information can make a difference in the decision of licensing authorities.

To date, this service has helped the states prevent more than 43,000 people from getting licenses when they have had bad driving records in other states. These people might have gone undetected had it not been for this federal service. The system would be even more effective if all states identified licenses in uniform fashion, so that uncertainty in matching application material with bad driving records would be reduced. In some states the names of drivers whose licenses have been suspended or revoked are released to the press.

If the people who drive cars should meet certain uniform standards, how about the cars they drive? Traffic experts generally agree that periodic inspection of all motor vehicles contributes to highway safety. The Uniform Vehicle Code recommends that there should be inspections at least once a year, to rid the highways of unsafe cars and trucks. But only twenty states and the District of Columbia have laws requiring periodic inspection.

Another subject for greater attention is the installation and use of seat belts, which are installed now in all new cars but not always used.

And how about the speeds to which the driver can push his car? All authorities agree that speeding is a major problem. But open-highway speed limits differ from state to state. The excuse given for this is usually varying geography and terrain. It is the extent of variance that troubles me. In South Dakota, the daytime speed limit is 75 miles per hour. In Massachusetts, even on some open highways, it may be 40 miles per hour. Do conditions vary that much between the states?

Slow drivers can be as much of a menace as fast drivers. The U.S. Bureau of Public Roads has found that speeds below 40 miles per hour, especially on open highways, can bring high accident rates. Despite this, eight states have no law prohibiting driving which impedes the normal and reasonable movement of traffic. Even if some degree of uniformity in speed limits might be encouraged along the interstate highway system, this system, when completed in 1972, will constitute only 2 percent of the nation's total highway mileage.

But the situation is not hopeless. Many people and many organizations have become concerned with the problem of achieving greater uniformity on the roads of our nation. The trouble is that three things must be spent if their goals are to be achieved: money, time, and effort. In this field as in all others, these are hard to come by.

The cost of even small things becomes enormous when multiplied by the numbers involved in our

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network of roads. Tennessee, for example, has 418,446 official traffic signs on its highways. A recent survey showed that if the state is to measure up to national standards, these changes in the signs will be required: 13,149 to be removed as unnecessary, 32,808 to be replaced by standard signs, 131,016 to be repositioned, 197,122 to be both replaced and repositioned, and 7973 added. And of 1419 traffic signals in the state, only 430 meet national criteria. Nonetheless, Tennessee, much to its credit, is moving toward greater uniformity. Other states are studying just how much money and time would be required to follow suit.

The cost of replacing nonconforming traffic-control devices is high. Iowa officials found that a $4.9 million investment would be needed to bring their signs, signals, and highway markings into line with national standards. In Tennessee, the potential cost was pegged at $2.5 million. In Minnesota, it was set at $1.3 million.

Still, money and time spent here are worth the effort in lives. Experience in Kansas shows why. The year before new standards governing traffic signs were established in that state, forty-nine persons died on curves in the highway. The year after new standards were implemented, the curve death toll dropped to twenty-eight.

There are many indications of deepening concern. The National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances is pushing for adoption of the Uniform Vehicle Code by all states. The committee has started to publish periodic surveys on disparities in certain state traffic laws and also now publishes an annual digest of traffic-law changes enacted by state legislatures.

The National Joint Committee on Uniform Traffic Control Devices has compiled a manual of sign and signal standards, and the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads urges adoption and use of this manual by the states. What is more, the bureau has set December 31, 1968, as the deadline for compliance with the manual's provisions on all federally aided highways. Federal financial aid has been made available to encourage replacement of nonconforming devices.

Still, two thirds of our total highway mileage falls outside the scope of any federal aid. Construction and maintenance of these secondary roads are the direct responsibility of local communities. It is here that we find the biggest challenge. But if the taxpayers are insistent and demonstrate a willingness to pay the necessary costs, state officials will act. The real tragedy is that until now the public has been apathetic about this whole problem. Such apathy can be overcome through voluntary cooperative action among the states, genuine teamwork. In 1963, the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce began a spirited drive in support of uniformity. If other civic organizations follow this lead, we could move forward.

Thirteen states have joined in a driver's license compact. Under this agreement, member states exchange data on convictions within their jurisdiction on major offenses — manslaughter or negligent homicide, driving under the influence of drugs or liquor, a felony in which an automobile is used, leaving the scene of an injurious accident. Each state treats a conviction in another member state as if it had occurred in the home state. The same penalty is exacted. And each state refuses to license a driver under suspension or revocation in another member state. I fully expect the trend toward interstate compacts to help the campaign for greater uniformity in the statutes.

In the long run, this traffic safety problem will be eased only if the states exercise more initiative. Last year, thirteen states adopted provisions of the Uniform Vehicle Code. Eight state legislatures authorized special studies of uniform laws. These were major steps, and must be extended. The tools are available. The Uniform Vehicle Code and the Manual on Uniform Traffic Control Devices represent the best thinking of experts in these fields. The painstaking work of formulating feasible and effective standards is done. They just need to be used.

There is an important role for the federal government too. It can and should help the states attack this problem with technical advice and financial assistance. Action must be taken by the states, but Washington can help with research, new techniques, and guidance where it is requested. Some financial help may also be needed. The hearings before my subcommittee investigating the federal role in traffic safety will help us find the answers to how the federal government can contribute best to the overall national effort to reduce the highway toll. We will make sure that the federal government gives the states all necessary help in their individual efforts to promote traffic safety on all our nation's highways.

We spend tens of millions of dollars to teach our children a common language. But our traffic laws and traffic control devices remain a confused babel. It is high time we demanded harmony on our highways.

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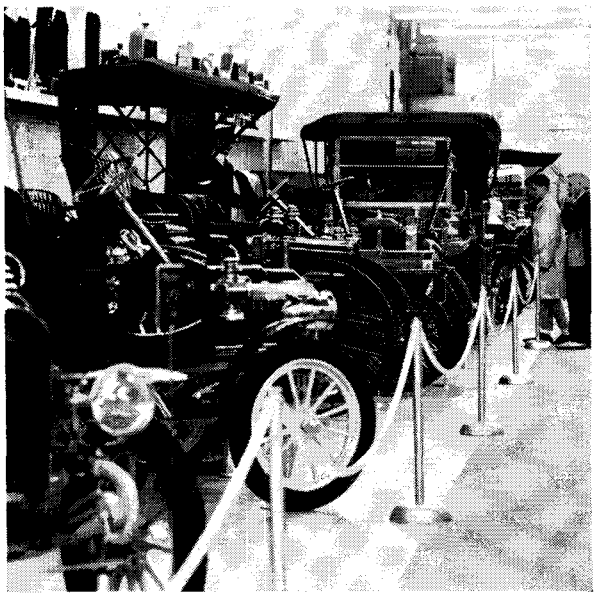

The WORLD'S GREATEST AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION

BY KEN PURDY *Automobiles have remained a central interest for Ken Purdy throughout his brilliantly varied career as an editor and writer. The unique automobile collection of William Harrah fascinates the antiquarian, the sportsman, the collector alike, and is as much an attraction as the gaming tables for the tourist in Nevada.*

Since the end of World War II there has been a remarkable resurgence of interest in the automobile, not only as a means of transportation but as an instrument of sport and as an artifact. Museums dedicated to the preservation of the motorcar have sprung up all over the Western world. Some of them are impressive. Probably as many as 250,000 people a year visit the Montagu Motor Museum at Beaulieu in England. The Daimler-Benz Museum in Stuttgart-Untertürkheim concentrates on the products of the oldest motorcar manufactory in the world, founded by the two men most frequently cited as the actual inventors of the automobile: Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz, who never met. The Museo dell'Automobile Carlo Biscaretti di Ruffia in Turin has an extraordinarily varied collection; Fritz Schlumpf of France owns some 130 specimens of a single make, the legendary Bugatti.

More collections existed in America during the 1940s and 1950s than there are now: the collections of James Melton and Cameron Peck have been broken up; the Pollard collection of Detroit is unrestored and unshown; in California Briggs Cunningham's sizable collection is private. Brooks Stevens has a fine inventory of about 150 motorcars in Milwaukee, and the Ford Museum in Dearborn has a notable collection. The elegant collection of Henry Austin Clark, Jr., at Southampton, Long Island, continues to be on view from June 1 to October. But the biggest collection, and the finest, is in Reno, Nevada.

William Harrah of Reno is the world's premier collector of automobiles. He has 990, give or take a few. (His master records may lag forty-eight hours or so behind the reports of his buying staff, so that he does not always know the exact census.) Harrah's purpose in amassing this astonishing number of motorcars is not mere acquisition. His is not the string-saver's compulsion, and except for two makes, Ford and Packard, he is not personally motivated. For many years Harrah owned Fords and Packards in preference to other makes, and he thinks them both important in the history of the motorcar. As this was written, he had acquired ninety-seven Fords and forty-six Packards. Partly because of this kind of duplication, the Harrah collection favors U.S. over European cars by about twelve to one.

Harrah wants to accumulate that number of automobiles that will, assembled under one roof, demonstrate the history of the vehicle. Harrah still has about 200 cars on his wanted list. His buyers are busily searching them out, while the rest of his staff — painters, upholsterers, mechanics, wheel-

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wrights — look after those already on hand. The Harrah collection occupies the full-time attention of 102 men and women.

Many cars come into the collection's receiving department as "basket cases," rusted, dented, broken, after perhaps three decades under the leaky roof of a farm shed. Occasionally, one may arrive under its own power. They may come, four at a time, in the huge Peterbilt tractor-trailer pickup rig, its sleeper cab fitted with the three bits of equipment that distinguish all Harrah regular-use cars: air conditioning, fire extinguisher, seat belts. However a car looks on arrival — and some look very good indeed — it is not good enough to go on the floor of the Number 1 exhibition building in the complex that houses the collection in Sparks, Nevada, just outside Reno. First it will be checked against factory specifications. The automotive library, housed in the main exhibition building, is the largest in private ownership. The staff can reproduce detailed specification sheets, blueprints, catalogues, magazine estimates, and road tests on many thousands of automobiles.

Every new acquisition is checked. Perhaps an original Rochester carburetor has been changed for a Stromberg; or the wheels are wearing the wrong size of tire; or three body stripes are too close by a millimeter. Researchers who are knowledgeable and intent will fill out a report, and the car will go to the shops. If it is a modern motorcar and has been well cared for, it may be ready in a couple of weeks. If it is an antique, with wood framework rotted out, bodywork missing, its engine a lump of rust, it may be worked on for months.

Among old-car buffs, restoration is a term loosely used. It may mean merely washing and polishing the car, daubing paint over any obvious rust spots, and making the engine run somehow. In Great Britain, cars wearing the original paint and upholstery are esteemed, and American methods are held to be vulgar, except by those collectors, such as C. W. P. Hampton of Sussex, who can afford them. To Harrah's technicians, a restored automobile is one that has been restored to the condition in which it left the factory. Underrestoration is thought unprofessional and slack; overrestoration is heinous. For example, steering-wheel spokes that were originally plated in nickel must not be done in chromium. The fact that chromium is better looking and easier to maintain is neither here nor there; nor does it matter that few visitors will be able to tell the difference.

What matters is the original specification. Harrah thinks no effort or expenditure excessive if it is necessary to establish an original specification. For example, he has paid $165 to make a set of 1928 Pierce-Arrow pedal pads, although a mint set of 1929's was available, indistinguishable from the 1928's except by advanced experts. Harrah will never order a part made unless it appears impossible to find an original, but he has on occasion cast whole engine blocks, and a few months ago his head metalworker was building a 1910 Pope-Hartford cross-flow radiator, welding up a complex of some seventy-five flat oblong water tubes one eighth of an inch high. Harrah does not think it unreasonable to spend weeks determining the exact construction methods and materials used for the interior of a door, and then seal the work off forever with upholstery.

Harrah is obsessed with perfection, and so a screwhead is as important as a steering wheel. He sees no difference. Philip Frohman, architect of the National Cathedral in Washington, insisted that a molding 250 feet from the ground be moved by a fraction of an inch. From the floor, an expert with a binocular couldn't tell the difference, but Frohman couldn't understand why his action should be thought remarkable: the molding was in the wrong place, and he knew it. Therefore it was imperative to move it.

When a car has been restored, it is tested on the road by Lee Jellison, a master mechanic who functions as automotive operations manager, and by the general manager of the collection, Ralph Dunwoodie. If these two pass it, Harrah takes it on the road. He rejects approximately 40 percent of the cars as unsatisfactory and sends them back for more work. If there is something amiss, he will almost certainly find it.

He has watched the car in restoration, and he knows every corner of it. "He sees, and holds in his hand," one of the mechanics told me, "every part that comes in here. Everything is spread out on a bench for him, with a ticket showing where it came from and what it cost."

A "part" can be a set of rear springs for a 1912 Garford or a head-lamp lens for a 1934 Cadillac. It can be anything from a bulb horn to a custom-built touring body. Harrah's chief buyer, Edward Cattlett, is a shrewd and indefatigable man. One room in one of the parts warehouses is solid with brass horns, headlights, sidelights, taillights. If a body-shop man needs a component part, he can take it out of inventory, have it bought, or have it made; and whether it's a mudguard brace or a "King of the Belgians" touring-car body complete doesn't really matter. When I was last in Reno, a replica pre-World War I Rolls-Royce body was being built. Finished, it will be indistinguishable from the original in every particular except one: Harrah's upholsterers can and do duplicate old diamond pleating or any other kind of leatherwork;

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his wheelwrights can make a wooden wheel for a 1910 Palmer-Singer; and his painters could do 1910 coach-painting too, but they do not. The coach-painting technique was to lay down ground coats of color and cover them with many layers of clear varnish. The job took thirty days, and the finish lasted a year. Everyone uses modern paints today. Most collectors couldn't afford the old technique. Those who, like Harrah, can afford it in money cannot afford it in time.

THE income that enables William Harrah to consider reasonable an attempt to demonstrate the history of the automobile through 1000 perfectly conditioned, beautifully housed and lighted specimens comes from the largest gaming establishment in the world, the fabulous complex of Harrah's Clubs in Reno and in Lake Tahoe on the California frontier. Like all Nevada gaming houses, they run twenty-four hours a day. Unlike many of the others, they run to near-capacity most of the time. Harrah runs the same games, at the same house percentages, that other places run, but there is a startling difference in air, in tone. The root of the matter is shiny cleanliness and good taste. A marquee sign detailing the show-business acts with which all the big Nevada houses divert the client is lighted and moving, but only just: it's no jungle of neon or flashing bulbs; it's a big rectangle of pearlescent white squares, moving slightly from side to side, and so, flickering in the backlight. It's better looking by far than any other such come-on in town, and it probably pulls more business.

One enters Harrah's through a $40,000 air door — it keeps out flies, warm air, all but determined dogs, and relieves the client of the necessity of so much as turning a knob. Within, the place shines. It is startlingly clean. The slot machines glitter. (*Incidentally, it is the vogue now to play two at* one time.) The felt surfaces of the crap tables obviously were vacuumed not long since. There are ashtrays everywhere — one in each slot machine, for example — and they are all empty, or they hold at most one cigarette butt. In the case of a major catastrophe — a dropped drink, for instance — a cleanup man will be on the scene within a minute, and probably sooner. There are square yards of mirror on the walls and ceiling, and it all glistens like new ice. And it is all Argus glass, one-way mirror. Behind it are galleries from which every foot of floor in the club can be observed, and in these galleries men sit at small tables with field glasses in their hands. They're looking for cheaters, for known criminals, for employees who do not smile and say thank you to the customers, and for overflowing ashtrays as well.

When Harrah came into Reno after the war, an unknown in the gaming world, he had three basic ideas: that a really successful gambling house would employ pleasant people who would run strictly honest games in a surgically clean atmosphere. On this system he has prospered, to state the matter mildly. Since Harrah's is privately held, public disclosure of profit and loss is not required, and since gambling is entirely a cash business, even the Internal Revenue people can only estimate, on the basis of spot checks. He has between 2500 and 3000 people on his payroll according to season; his expenses run to around $114,000 a day. The closest anyone who knows will come to disclosing Harrah's income is the term the Rolls-Royce people use when asked the horsepower of their cars: "It is adequate." Harrah's income is adequate for his purposes, even if those purposes include the maintenance of 1000 motorcars. The collection may in time contribute substantially to its own support: admission is one dollar, refundable at Harrah's Club in Reno if it is presented within twenty-four hours.

The just-washed, shiny-bright tone that marks the gaming rooms obtains everywhere over the five acres that house the Harrah collection. There are separate shops for sandblasting, for steam cleaning and washing, for bodywork, for upholstering, and they are all as nearly spotless as possible. The main restoration shop, housed in the same building with the executive offices, the library, and the best of the cars, looks like a small demonstration factory: machine shop, massive overhead electric hoists, soft fluorescent lighting. A dozen projects are simultaneously in hand. Three mechanics are rebuilding a Stutz Bearcat, one of the earlier, bucket-seat models, a bright buttercup yellow. Every part they are working with has been painted or polished; there is nothing in sight that would stain a white glove. Next to them a young man wearing a cinnamon-brown pointed beard is striping a 1913 popcorn wagon. He does striping only, and he will work on the wagon from ten in the morning until five the next morning. There is a big rush on it, as there is on the Stutz: both must be ready for a major meeting of the Nevada Horseless Carriage Club in a few days.

The popcorn wagon, which Harrah's buyers found in California, is red and white, rich with cut glass, extensible awnings, frosted light bulbs. The striper's long knife-blade brush is laying on red, gold, and black. The wagon has been rebuilt inside and out. The cabinetmakers have made new shelves and drawers of oak; the tiny steam engine without which no popcorn wagon could claim to be the real thing has been seen to by a specialist steam mechanic. When the striper has finished restoring the original pattern of straight

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lines and curlicues, the wagon will be ready to roll out and open for business, except for one thing: a frosted glass panel offers for sale "Popcorn and Crisps." The research department people have not yet discovered what "crisps" were in 1913. Opinions vary: crisps were potato chips, or they were corn chips, or they were something else altogether. Never mind, there will be an adequate supply of veritable 1913 crisps in the wagon when the little steam engine begins to spin.

A pair of Rolls-Royces, a Doble steamer, a long-chassis Duesenberg, a stretch-out Cadillac bus from Yosemite Park, a Thomas — mechanics and artisans work on them behind a protective line of finished cars, and signs enjoin tourists not to question the help. Nearly always in family groups, the sightseers pass on into the main exhibition room, with many a murmur, "They don't make 'em like *that* anymore!"

This building was a railroad icing plant handling the long expresses running east out of the Pacific Coast fruit-growing country. It is high-ceilinged and huge, lined with cork slabs from top to bottom. The near obsession with neatness and detail that marks Harrah operations shows everywhere: the aisles are marked off not by dust-catching fabric ropes, but by transparent plastic tubing, and the supporting posts are topped by small ashtrays. A commentator guard mounts an observation platform high in the center of the room. He answers questions, directs the tourists, and suggests strongly that they keep their hands off the automobiles. He is bored but competent. He is well paid. The room is air-conditioned and pleasant. At lunchtime he'll go to the employees' cafeteria, a clean well-lighted place. (At least once, every time I was there, a man came by to polish the glass in the front door.) The food is good, the servings generous, the prices under the market. There is a low turnover among Harrah's employees. His tendency is to think well of people. He loathes being cheated, out of money, time, work, or anything else, but otherwise — A watchman in one of his two Reno garages tells of a Sunday afternoon when Harrah came in and asked him how he felt. The man said he was a little on edge; there was nothing to do, nothing happening.

"Why don't you get in the back of the brown Rolls-Royce and turn on the television?" Harrah asked.

He wouldn't think of it, the watchman said.

"Oh, go ahead, get in," Harrah said. "You can still see the door from there."

Harrah is a tall, lean, graying man in his early fifties. He has a soft voice and speaks infrequently. He is a good listener in the sense that he absorbs everything that is said around him, but he rarely looks directly at the speaker or appears to pay close attention. He seems to be withdrawn, distant, preoccupied, but he is wholly courteous. He doesn't smoke or drink, and he eats little. He seems to gamble — that is, to play from the other side of the table — only ritually, although he says he enjoys it. He goes to Las Vegas to gamble (as a matter of convention he does not play in Reno), and he plays to a limit, say $1200. If he loses that, he's through for the night. He does not appear to be inscrutable, or hard, or calculating, or anything else that is cliché about his profession, although obviously, on the evidence, he is all these things. He travels in Europe a good deal, but he says he likes Reno and would rather live there than anywhere else he knows. His home, white, modern, set on lawns unusually green for Nevada, is ten minutes from his office. He has a much more spectacular place at Tahoe. His wife is a tall, pretty woman, blond. Her air is bland and tranquil. When they travel by motorcar, most frequently to Lake Tahoe and back, they usually go separately. Nevada has no speed limits on open roads, and people buzzing along at 75 are often surprised to be passed by, say, a Ferrari and a Bentley Continental traveling in convoy 50 miles per hour faster. Fast driving is important to the Harrahs. Neither of them would think 95 really hurrying. They quite willingly accept the ordinary hazards of speed, but they do not propose being hurt by avoidable accident. Mrs. Harrah's favorite car at the moment is a 150-mph Ferrari 2 + 2, one of the sturdiest and safest motorcars being built today, but it is put on a lift and given at least a cursory check every time it runs the 110 miles to Tahoe and back.

Mr. Harrah's personal cars are checked, as a rule, every day. Harrah doesn't care for overexposure to chance. He began learning to fly, at fifty-one, because he often travels in chartered aircraft, and it seemed absurd to him that his life should be dependent on the life of only one other man. He can handle the ordinary light plane now, and he thinks he'll go on to twin-engine instrument rating. He has begun to collect historic airplanes. He is interested in railroads too: he has one narrow-gauge locomotive, and he plans to set up three miles or so of track around his auto collection in the future. He runs a fifty-three-foot cruiser on Lake Tahoe (it has two Allison engines and is very fast, over 50 miles an hour). He owns two unlimited-class hydroplanes, single-seat racing boats that will do around 180 miles an hour.

His primary interest remains the automobile. Four years ago, in explaining that interest, he said, "Few material things have been as important to America as the automobile. The manufacture of the automobile was the root of our industrial growth, and for decades now it has been the central support of our economy. We are all tied to the

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automobile by history, by business, by emotion. The automobile deserves to be preserved and remembered."

To give some indication of the scope of the Harrah collection, we have selected ten automobiles, all of them American, made from 1904 to 1937.

1. Tiller-steered and air-cooled, the 1904 Knox "Waterless" shown in figure 1 cost $2400. The cooling system was strange, but it worked: long iron pins were welded to the outer cylinder walls, porcupine fashion, much increasing the heat-dissipating surface.

2. The Welch is a rarity among American motorcars, notable historically as one of the early corporate ingredients that combined and made up General Motors. The Welch engine, years ahead of its time, had hemispherically shaped combustion chambers, an overhead camshaft, and inclined valves, all of which are still regarded as required features of a high-performance engine. The Welch had a control peculiarity: there was a clutch for each of the three speeds, governed by three levers, and two braking systems, with a separate pedal for each. The example shown in figure 2 was made in the Pontiac, Michigan, factory in 1909, and was called a Close-Coupled Touring Car.

3. The handsome carriage in figure 3 is a 1909 Thomas, the Model K 6–70 "Flyabout," which was built by the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo, New York, in 1909 and retailed for $6000. In 1909 the Thomas was a famous make, a Thomas "Flyer" having won the New York-to-Paris Race the year before. This enterprise lasted from February to July, and the contestants traveled the long way: across the continent to the Pacific Coast, by steamer to Siberia, and thence to Paris. The winning car still survives and is presently in process of restoration in William Harrah's facility in Reno. The driver, George Schuster, was Harrah's guest last summer and drove the car again.

4. The most valuable automobile in the world today, calculated on the ratio of its present value to its original cost, is the T-head Mercer Raceabout, priced at $2500 in 1911–1913 and negotiable by phone today, sight unseen, for upwards of $15,000. This is an immediate ancestor of the Raceabout, and it was designated the Model C Speedster (figure 4).

5. Intended for the wealthy, and priced accordingly — $3250 in 1912 for the touring car — the Pope-Hartford was built in Connecticut (figure 5). Not uncommonly, the owner of a car of this excellence bought two bodies with it, an open one for summer, a closed one for winter. The body in disuse was conveniently stored by hoisting it to the ceiling of the automobile-house.

6. Maxwell was a formidable name in the early history of the American automobile. The original company was founded in 1903 by Jonathan Dixon Maxwell and Benjamin Briscoe, and was one of the 130-odd companies Briscoe later formed into the giant United States Motor Corporation. In 1921 Walter Chrysler took the Maxwell over, and the make vanished as an entity in 1936, becoming the Plymouth. The blue touring car shown in figure 6 is a 1923 Model 25 touring car.

7. The "boat-tail" body is out of vogue now, more's the pity. It was at its best in long-wheelbase cars like the Auburn and the Duesenberg, but it lent a pleasing and cheeky air to such as the Super Six Speedabout Essex, vintage 1929 (figure 7). Not a factory-made body, this one was done by the carriage-making firm of Biddle & Smart. Essex, a division of Hudson, was viable from 1917 to 1939.

8. The Duesenberg is *the* American automobile. It was made in Indianapolis, Indiana, by August and Frederick Duesenberg, and it was made to a simple ideal — that it should be the best automobile in the world. In its day it very nearly was. The Duesenberg was designed as a gentleman's carriage on the most majestic scale. The price range was from $14,750 to about $25,000, and some 470 cars were produced, the last in 1937. The great "J" and "SJ" models — the Harrah car shown in figure 8 is a "J" — produced 265 to 320 horsepower and would run well over 125 miles an hour, even burdened with the heaviest of sedan or limousine bodies.

In 1935 a Duesenberg weighing 4800 pounds set a world record by running twenty-four hours at an average speed of 135, stops included. It ran for a single hour at an average of 152! Duesenberg limousines and town cars were elegant, and two-seater roadsters and coupes were striking, particularly on the long-chassis models, but the double-cowl phaeton is most sought after today. It is rarely that one comes on the market at all, and more rarely still is it priced under $10,000.

9. In 1931, $580 would buy the Model A Ford deluxe phaeton, body by Briggs, which is shown in figure 9. The measure of its excellence is the beauty of its line in the eye of the beholder today, a third of a century after it left Detroit. The Model A, successor to the sainted Model T, is one of the milestones of automobilism.

10. The design of the Model 810 Cord (figure 10), by Gordon Buehrig, is one of the happiest ever laid down in the United States. It was full of startling innovations: no running boards, disappearing headlights, concealed door hinges. Drive was to the front wheels, allowing a completely flat floor. Popular acceptance of the car was prompt and enthusiastic. The Cord's impact was so strong that today, nearly thirty years after its first appearance, a serious effort to produce a Cord replica, an identical body carrying a modern engine, is well under way. The car shown here is a 1937 variant of the 810, the Model 812, which had a 170 horsepower supercharged eight-cylinder engine.

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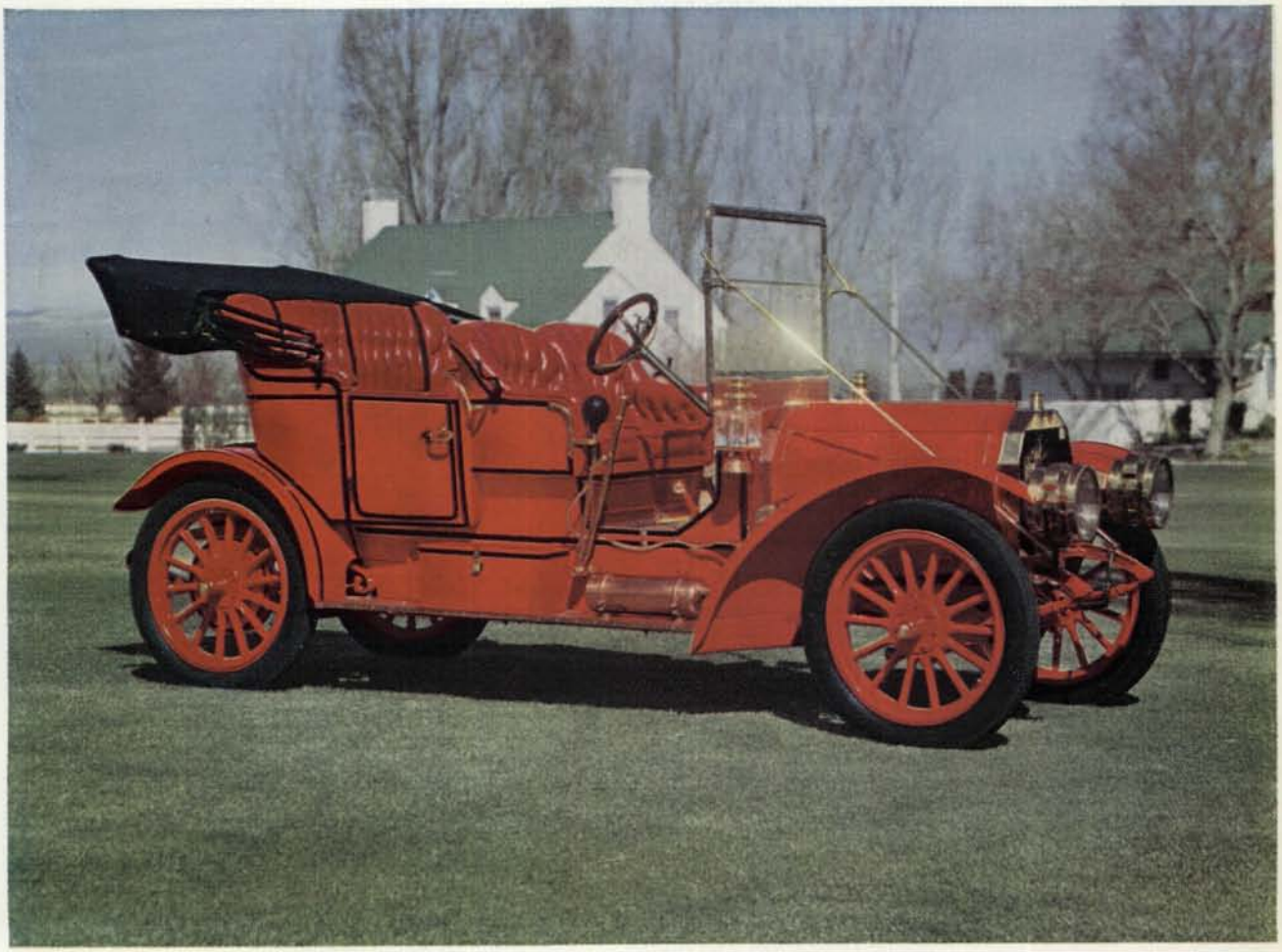
1. KNOX 1904
(Waterless)

Tudor Touring

Price: $2400

Knox Automobile Co.
Springfield, Massachusetts



2. WELCH 1909 *Model 4–0 Close Coupled Touring* ***Price: $4700*** *Welch Motor Car Co., Pontiac & Detroit, Michigan*

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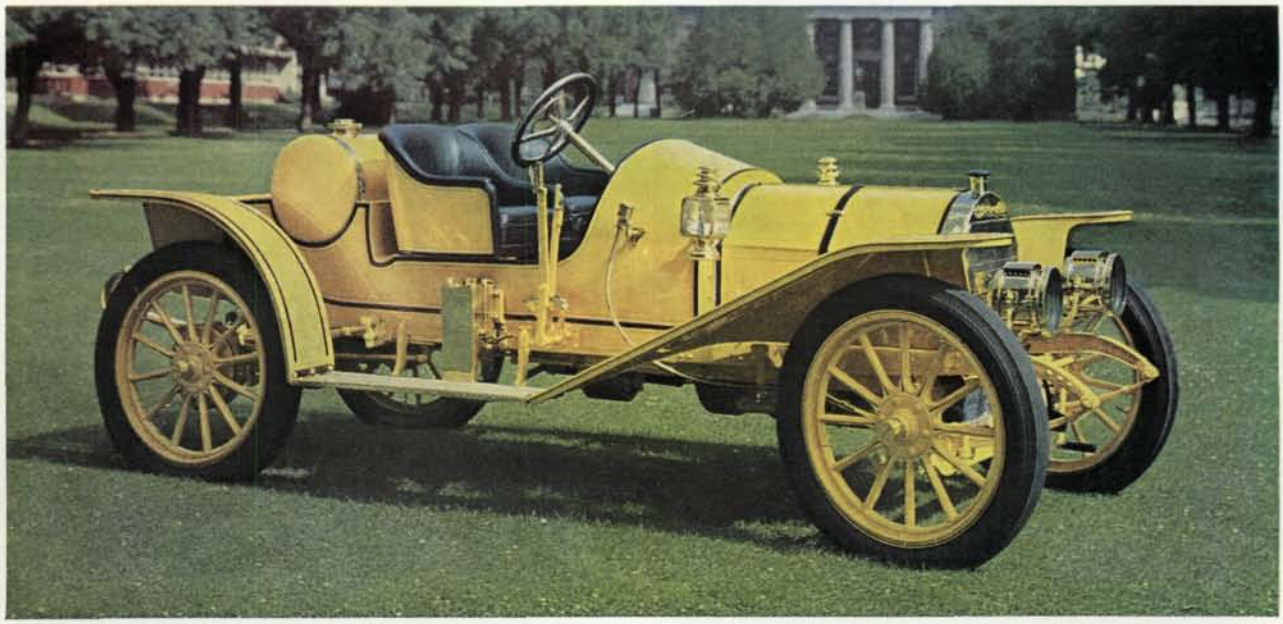
3. THOMAS 1909

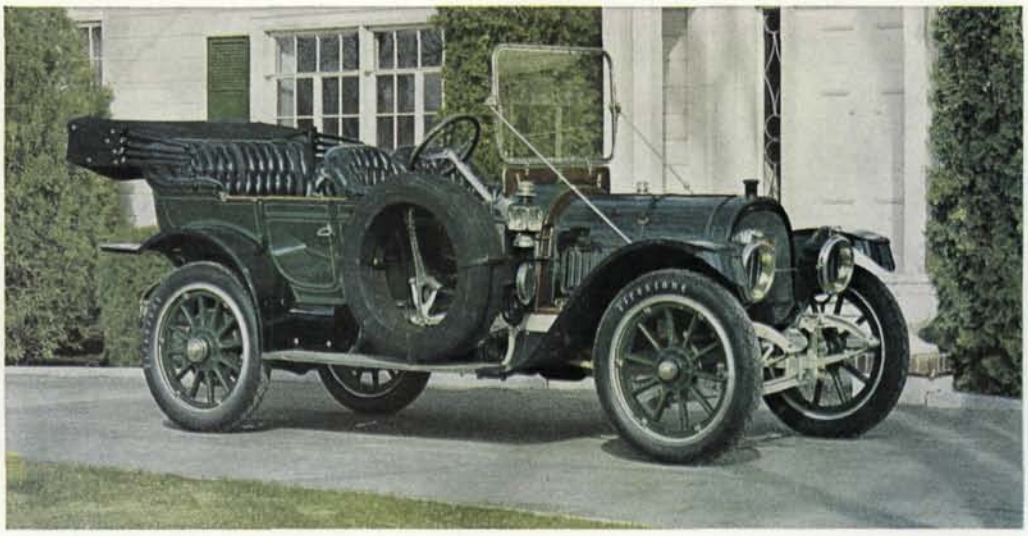
Model K 6–70 Flyabout

Price: $6000

The E.R. Thomas Motor Co.
Buffalo, New York



4. MERCER 1910 ***Model C Speedster*** ***Price: $1950*** *The Mercer Automobile Co., Trenton, New Jersey*



5. POPE-HARTFORD 1912

Model 27 Touring

Price: $3250

Pope Manufacturing Co.
Hartford, Connecticut

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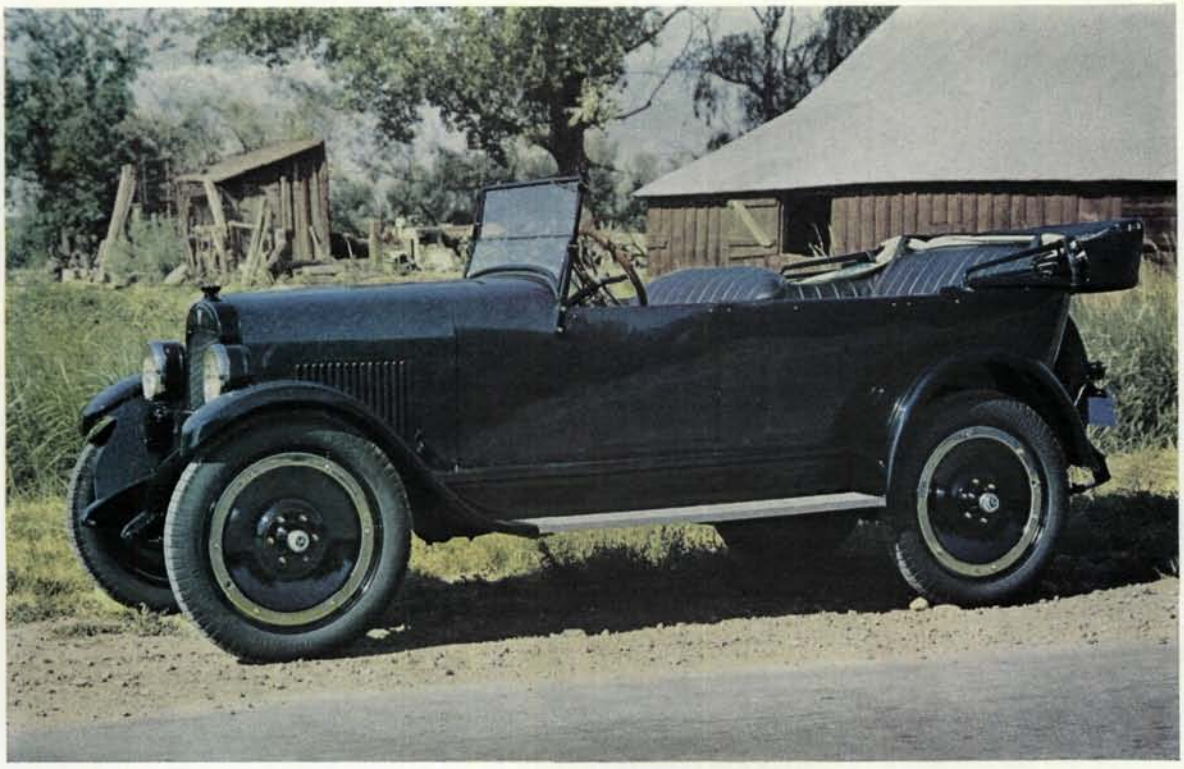
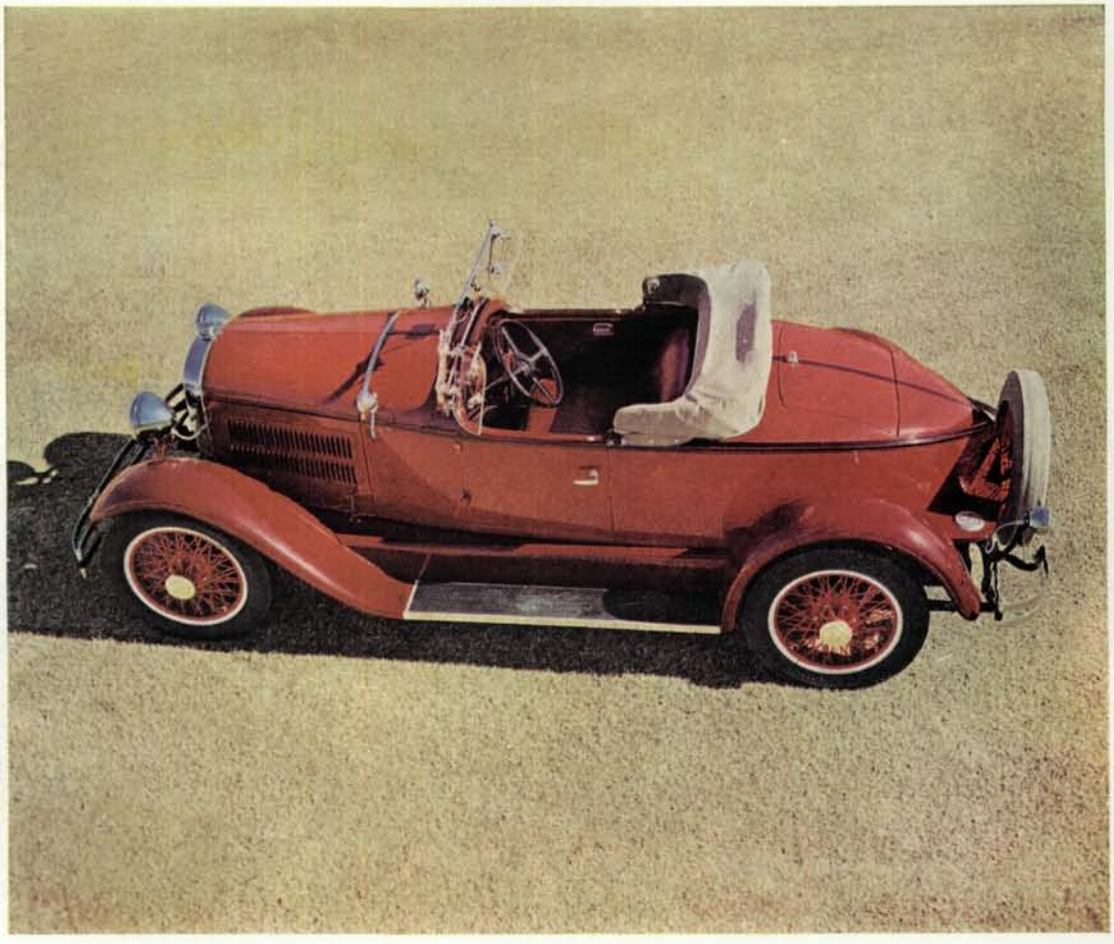


6. MAXWELL 1923 *Model 25 Touring* *Price: $885* *Maxwell Motor Sales Corp., Detroit, Michigan*



7. ESSEX 1929 *Model Super Six Speedabout*
Body by Biddle & Smart *Price: $945* *Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan*

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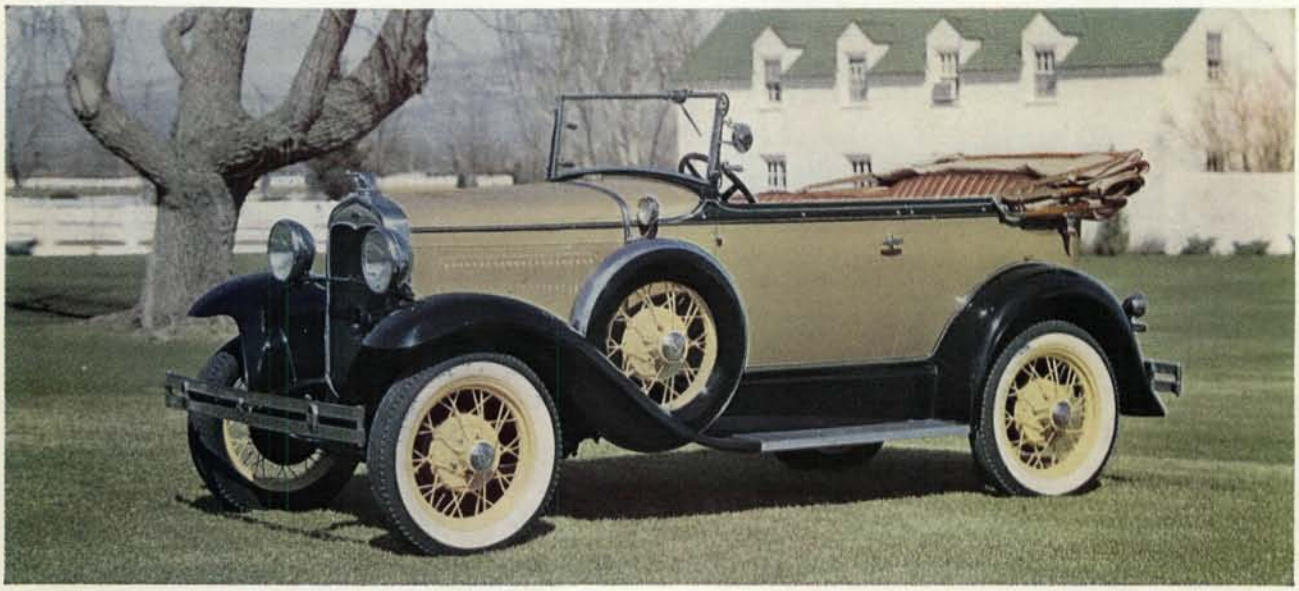
8. DUESENBERG 1929

Model J Dual Cowl Phaeton

Body by Murphy

Price: $14,000 (Est.)

Duesenberg, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana



9. FORD 1931 ***Model A Deluxe Phaeton*** ***Body by Briggs*** ***Price: $580*** *Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Michigan*

10. CORD 1937 ***Model 812 Supercharged Convertible Coupe*** ***Price: $2745*** *Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Indiana*

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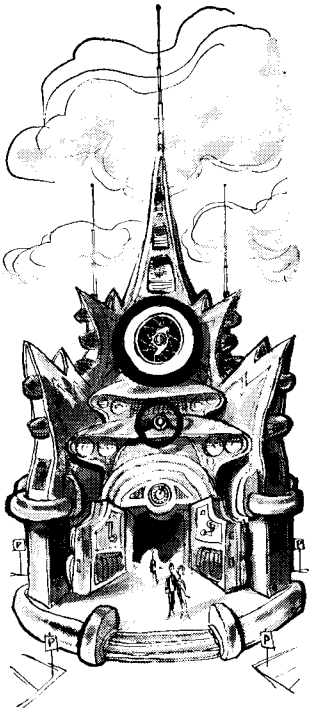
TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

by Raymond Loewy



What will automobiles be like twenty years from now? Toxic exhaust gases alone will make us discard the present piston engine as population growth puts more cars on the road. Cutting down on waste space will yield more interior room, even though most cars will be smaller — also faster and safer. Raymond Loewy is internationally known as an automotive and industrial designer.

THE unscientific inefficiency of today's automobile can best be assessed by looking at the vast amounts of wasted space within the entire vehicle at a time when so many fabulous discoveries are the direct result of superlative space utilization. The family's sedan is primitive in concept compared to the new automatic-exposure cameras, miniature television receivers, electronic computers, or plastic valves used in heart surgery.

To note but one example of extravagant wastefulness, all one has to do is to examine the door of the average car. This example of monumental Babylonian architecture could have been thrown together by a boilermaker; its massive bulk — thick, heavy, wasteful of space — must be supported by hefty hinges worthy of a safe-deposit vault.

Why the bulk? If the door is intended to keep the passengers from falling out, or to seal out the weather, consider the slim, light door of a well-known European small car. It is three times as thin, five times as light. The door of a private aircraft must not only keep the passengers from falling out but also protect them from freezing or getting drenched, yet it does the job very well and weighs a tenth as much as a car door.

Starting with an analysis of the door and going over and around the entire body, one soon discovers a wasteland of empty sinuses of parasitical nature. There are grottoes in the fenders, and caverns under the seats and in the sidewalls of the body. It is difficult to explain to bright-eyed youngsters why the car must lug around all this dead space, which weighs a lot and is transported at considerable expense in fuel. When I redesigned for the use of our family a large well-known American car, I found inside the front fenders, back of the headlights, empty spaces sufficiently large when outfitted to carry four small travel cases.

What would be the advantages of a body based upon the principle of thin doors and thin walls? There would be two different possibilities, the first being to retain the outside dimensions of the body and by so doing to capture a large amount of added seating width, luggage space, and headroom. A first study indicates that the front seat, for instance, could be made nine inches wider. The second possibility would be to retain the interior clearances as they are now but to shrink the outer skin of the body, making it nine inches narrower, automatically lighter and therefore cheaper, because one must not forget that automobiles, like steaks and turnips, are sold by the pound (approximately ninety cents per pound in 1965). When narrowed down to the limit, the empty space within the sidewalls would still be ample to circulate cool or warm air to maintain an even temperature throughout the car.

Streamlining is inadequate. How can we any longer avoid correcting this fault? Aerodynamics applied to the passenger automobile does not nec-

Cartoon, "Notre-Dame de Detroit," by Antonio Mingote.

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essarily mean higher speeds; it can produce important advantages such as improved stability, roadability, noise reduction, and increased economy. And let's not forget that a properly streamlined body is always a good-looking body.

Aerodynamically speaking, today's automobile is an anachronism. At present cruising speeds over our improved network of superhighways, the automobile is wasting a great deal of fuel on account of its high coefficient of air resistance, and this waste is bound to increase as legal speed limits are raised all over the country. Superhighways are safe highways, as stated in April of last year by California's Commissioner of Highway Transportation, Robert H. Bradford, when he announced that the speed limit over the improved arteries would be raised to 70 mph. "There exists perennial evidence," he said, "in accident statistics, that speed per se is not the prime cause of trouble that some safety campaigners have depicted." It is interesting to note that statistics for 1962, according to the New York *Times* of April 26, 1964, show that the accident rate per million vehicle miles on freeways was 1.22 compared with an average of 3.28 over other types of roads.

As legal speed limits increase, the present automobile becomes increasingly wasteful. At the 1963 Congress of the Society of Automotive Engineers in Detroit, W. H. Korff, aerodynamic engineer from the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, read a most interesting paper titled "The Body Engineer's Role in Automotive Aerodynamics." (Before I quote this excerpt, let me say that the degree of aerodynamic efficiency of an automobile is called the drag coefficient; the lower it is, the better the forms of the vehicle. Prior to World War II the drag coefficient of most cars was 0.70. Now it is 0.50, and Mr. Korff believes that it can be brought down to 0.21 by further streamlining.) Mr. Korff lists the advantages of streamlining:

1 — A greater degree of quietness from wind buffeting by smoothed out air paths.
2 — Elimination of lift which adversely affects stability and braking control.
3 — Improvement in fuel economy will be sufficient in many instances to reduce fuel bills by 35% with no reduction in performance.
4 — Remarkable improvement in acceleration in the passing ranges without additional engine power.
5 — Higher maximum speed (25–35%) to permit the vehicle to operate with less effort at cruising speed.
6 — A lower cost vehicle for equivalent performance because a smaller, less powerful engine and power train may be used along with resulting lighter chassis components. Initial cost of the car may be lowered by 10% or more in most cases.

No wonder Mr. Korff refers to streamlining as "the greatest variable left in automobile design." How long can these advantages be ignored? I believe that when the industry goes the scientific way, it will enter the most successful era in its history.

It is a pity that the past decade has shown no really fundamental advance except the fender fins and other examples of styling vulgarity whose only noticeable effect was to make the American car look ridiculous. It gave our critics abroad, always on the lookout for some shortcoming, a welcome opportunity to make nasty remarks about America's low aesthetic standards. We could answer in kind and make some vitriolic counterstatements about most of Europe's highly regrettable contemporary architecture, but that kind of response would not help anybody. The fact remains that the automobile industry has been comfortably sitting on its fat, rubber-foam rear end far too long.

A review of the technological results of 1963, according to a survey by *Automotive News* published last year, disclosed that the significant engineering changes, the source from which styling should evolve, were almost pitiful and their reflection in styling was nil. These were the meager developments cited by the survey in the same year in which several men orbited the earth: "1) a return to body and frame construction on some small models; 2) a change in emphasis from small, modestly equipped cars to slightly larger and more elaborately equipped models."

In a desperate search for other sweeping innovations in 1963, the list added: "3) fewer aluminum and more cast-iron engines; 4) higher roof lines; 5) engineering progress in the area of quiet operation; 6) more bucket seats; 7) fancy trim; 8) air conditioning; 9) power equipment."

Except for "quiet," all this is merely marginal stuff. What happened in the multimillion-dollar studios and research centers? What about better brakes to replace those now plagued by disastrous brake fade, one of the chief reasons for declining export sales abroad?

RESEARCH AND APPEARANCE

The really new look in automobiles will come from major engineering and social change. What about the eventual disappearance of the internal combustion engine, the trusted old friend that has served the industry so well for so long? But how much longer? We have been waving good-bye in word and article for about twenty years.

And *why* will this engine finally go? Not because the automotive industry itself decides to give the motoring public a new motive power source, but because municipalities all over the world are finding the emission of toxic gases to be dangerous to their citizens. In the meantime there is a great deal of talk about adopting some temporary devices for

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eliminating fumes, and those gadgets will probably affect in some way the appearance of the automobile — until we get a really modern power plant that operates without smog so that Los Angeles can breathe again.

Then there are other factors which will force automotive revisions, such as automation, with resulting increased leisure time, and, of course, more opportunity to travel. As the family trips become longer the luggage space must increase. To keep all the footloose people moving, speeds will be increased, and networks of superhighways will increase too. All these increases, as I talk about them, make me nervous. In my opinion we need some decrease. If these are the forces to which automotive styling responds, we are in for trouble. All the talk is about growing needs interpreted into growing size, weight, complication, and cost. Couldn't we reach the goal by *reducing* instead of increasing?

The better automobile of tomorrow could be built in a very short time without waiting for great discoveries. Lacking major engineering breakthroughs, there are at hand indications of trends in design that could be used *now*. For instance, a smooth undercarriage would be a step in the direction of better streamlining. Citroën has had this feature for many years, and it is very successful. To achieve the sleek, graceful, efficient look of a car that respects aerodynamic principles, all glazing would be installed flush with the body skin. Add to this a light, slim door that opens easily, effortlessly, and far over into the roof panel for better accessibility.

Inside the car, seats — bucket or not — look slender and friendly, not like bulky Turkish pillows but suggesting the human form. Their contours are welcoming. A network of plastic tubes might be embedded in the foam or polyurethane padding. By regulating a control knob on the instrument panel, air pressure supplied by the power plant inside this network could be applied to make the seat or the backrest soft or firm at will, without bulk.

Now let's sit at the wheel. Lower the window. It goes far down, much lower than a window does now. This allows you to drive with your elbow resting over the ledge, a wonderful sports car feel that has almost been forgotten — and is probably unknown to some car owners. The interior of the car gives a feeling of airiness when this beltline has been lowered by five or six inches.

According to some blue-sky Sunday-magazine writers, the car of tomorrow will be a "living room on wheels." I hope we will be spared this fate. As long as people think of automobile travel as a form of modern gypsy caravan, we might as well tie the cow on the back of the new car and store the chickens in the back seat.

If, however, we think of an automobile as some new-powered device which only modern materials, superlative technology, and ingenuity can produce, we may be near to achieving something close to the sensation of effortless movement over the road. This easy motion need not be bland and boring; on the contrary.

The blue-sky boys are trying to promote the idea of a supercar that is based entirely upon supercomfort. This is dangerous, because comfort is already reaching critical limits. In today's car the steering is soft, the seats are soft, the springs, too; and the combination gives one the sensation of gliding, a bit wanderingly, on sponge rollers over a smooth highway covered with a layer of mayonnaise. No wonder some drivers sailing along at 90 mph for hours over straight, dull, uneventful speedways fall asleep and end up in the ditch or crash head-on into an innocent ten-ton truck. Whatever we do to the car of tomorrow, please let us restore that essential element, the feel of the road. Also, let's try to keep the driver awake.

Returning to our description of the new car, we notice that the windshield pillar is very thin, yet sturdy, reducing the blind spot, improving visibility. A new type of mechanism for the window lift is very flat, obviating a thick door. Instruments are readable at a glance, and the instrument panel does not crowd you. Also, to improve visibility further, the windshield is brought much closer to the driver, as it used to be in the early days of the automobile, and as it is in the latest racing cars. It is a most pleasant feeling, as it gives the pilot a panoramic view and makes for safer driving.

As for reducing waste space or using it more efficiently, the trunk is larger because its walls are thinner. The lid has been constructed without cross members and girders, an outmoded way to give rigidity to a panel. This half solution is an example of the kind of study of every component that ought to be made by the industry.

The spare wheel is gone; possibly it is somewhere under the hood, again as Citroën has done successfully, liberating luggage space in the trunk. Incidentally, some new tire designs and repair devices widely used in Europe make it unnecessary to carry a spare, freeing trunk space, reducing cost and weight. Storage compartments are found in other locations besides the glove compartment. Standard interior dimensions are maintained, but the total car has lost its fat, complacent look. It is effective. It is light, fleet-looking, fresh and young in appearance; truly a modern vehicle.

What kind of design team would bring maximum results in a minimum time? First, we shall propose that the personnel selected for the research and development project be very imaginative, conversant with racing cars and racing events all over the

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world. The men ought to have experience as race pilots — if not in pure speed Grand Prix races, at least in road races and rallies. This is not an unrealistic requirement; many of these engineers and stylists have had such experience in small local racing events.

The R and D team should be rather small and should work free of interference. Their assignment should be clearly established: the development of a passenger automobile free from preconceived ideas and restrictions, even cost limitations. At this stage it is too early to consider cost. The conception of the car should be based upon the latest scientific and technological knowledge. A time budget ought to be established with a date limit for the first working prototype — eighteen months, for instance.

The vehicle ought to transport four passengers safely and in comfort, because it is known that the great majority of cars seldom transport more than that number, and the new car to be built is intended for the majority of the public, not the minority. Those who want a larger car will always be able to get one.

Specialists ought to be part of the team, never forgetting that the automobile's size must be kept small. For this reason and in order to give the planners all necessary assistance, every important branch of technology should be represented by one carefully selected individual: an aerodynamic engineer, a specialist in airframe and stress calculation, a plastics engineer, a metallurgical steel engineer, a metallurgical light-metals engineer.

Safety ought to be built into the car, not tacked on as an afterthought. This would require the presence of several nonengineering specialists who are usually left out of an R and D task force: a highway builder, a surgeon with extensive experience in ambulance work who is aware of the state and conditions of injured motorists at the time and site of an accident, a physician specializing in traumatic lesions, a neurosurgeon, a psychoanalyst, a statistician from an insurance company, a specialist and practitioner in hypnotism. All these nonengineering specialists would not need to be in constant attendance but would be available for consultation without delay.

Perhaps the inclusion of a practitioner of hypnotism ought to be explained. The most effective method of placing an individual in a state of hypnotic trance is to expose the subject to a rhythmic visual experience repeated slowly until he is asleep, sometimes accompanied by rhythmic, synchronized sound effects. It is interesting to note that some driving conditions have all these characteristics: for instance, the monotonous rhythmic beat and sound of the windshield wipers, the recurrent sound of tires going over expansion gaps on the highway surface, the effect of shadows rhythmically thrown across the road by trees planted along the sides. Add to these the monotony of smooth-running machinery operating at constant speed. Together they produce a dulling, lulling effect that may reduce a driver's alertness to the threshold of a condition of hypnotic trance.

Few drivers have been spared the nerve-racking experience of feeling unable to control an irresistible urge to fall asleep at the wheel, awakening just in time to steer away from a ditch or an oncoming truck; an agonizing experience all too common. It is the cause of a great number of serious accidents, but things can perhaps be done to alleviate the condition. The latest available information seems to indicate that changes take place within the nervous system of an individual falling into sleep. It is conceivable that some electronic device connected to the driver's wrists could register these changes and translate them into a warning signal.

I strongly advocate freedom in research provided that the individuals involved are men of the highest professional caliber. Does this mean that they are to be left absolutely free from any restrictions? It does not. There must be restrictions in one area: the choice of the right power plant. There are fascinating possibilities now being experimented with — the gas turbine, the Wankel motor, fuel cells — but none has reached the sufficiently practical stage, and we want results quickly. We cannot wait ten or even five years. For the present, the gas engine is a highly perfected, reliable, inexpensive power plant. The time will come later to adopt some new source of energy whenever it proves better in every way.

OTHER DISCERNIBLE TRENDS

America will soon enter the three-car-family stage, and there are indications that car number two and eventually car number three will be specialized cars. The special-purpose car may be a station wagon equipped for family touring or camping, with utilities such as refrigerated space, cooking unit, flexible seating arrangement, allowing variations in the nature of the interior. It may incorporate a built-in shelter (tent) easy to install and fold up, dial telephone, and storage compartment for folding chairs and table.

For two people living in a city or town where parking is a problem, the second car would probably be a very compact vehicle, short enough to be parked perpendicular to the curb. The power plant may be an electric motor. The curb itself could be energized, somewhat like a continuous insulated electric plug rail into which the parked car could be automatically plugged to keep the batteries fully charged. A meter installed in the car would register the amount of electricity consumed, and a

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bill sent to the owner every month would be paid by check like any household electricity bill. Such a compact automobile would occupy about one third the street area required for the present automobile, thereby reducing traffic congestion, exhaust fumes, and noise.

Finally, there is an area of improvement that seems unusually challenging. We have all read in the newspapers that American organizations concerned with automobile safety release a forecast about the number of fatalities to be expected during a coming holiday. These prophecies, based upon a study of past statistics, weather forecasts, and particular season, are extremely accurate, within fractions of the actual accident numbers released after the holidays.

It is a fact that a detailed, intelligent study of a large amount of existing data pertaining to a specific type of event, such as the start of a fire, for instance, will often permit one to forecast how many fires may be expected to break out during a certain period of time. It is well known that major insurance companies are able to establish with accuracy the expectable life-span of people of a given age. Moreover, they are able to supply different estimates based upon such factors as race, sex, profession, marital status, or geographical areas. The advent of electronic computing machines and the progress made in programming them greatly facilitate the analysis of such mass information, with far more speed and accuracy than were heretofore possible. Cybernetics elucidates the relationship between the brain and nervous system and the computing machines.

It would seem that the science of forecasting coming events of a given nature through analysis of past statistical data has possibilities not yet fully explored and that such extrapolations will eventually be applied in many areas. This science deserves study in depth, and an organized effort is justified and rather urgent. Among the most intriguing applications of this science is the possibility of reducing traffic fatalities on a nationwide scale, and my company is making such a study.

It may become possible in the future to establish the time at which any particular driver, in the act of driving, reaches a critical point at which he appears ready to become involved in an accident. By a flashing signal in his own car, he may be warned that he is approaching his "accident threshold."

It is estimated that by 1967 one half of the American population will be under twenty-five years of age. These young people, brought up in the satellite era, scientific-minded, are bound to ask searching questions about the automobile as a pleasing, logical vehicle for economic transportation. Maybe these questions have been ignored until recently, but they will have to be answered now.

LOW MOMENT ON THE HIGH ROAD

BY STUART HEMSLEY

O the sailor he longs for the pasture
And the farmer he longs for the sea,
But both of their longings together
Don't add up to the longing of me.

For I am an idiot driver
And I'm stuck in an idiot car;
With idiots to port and to starboard,
Astern, and ahead for as far

As my idiot vision can carry.
And I sit and I sit in this place
As wheelchairs and people on crutches
Whiz past at a sickening pace.

O for the wings of an angel,
Or even for those of a bird;
For what I am doing at present
Is nothing but bloody absurd.

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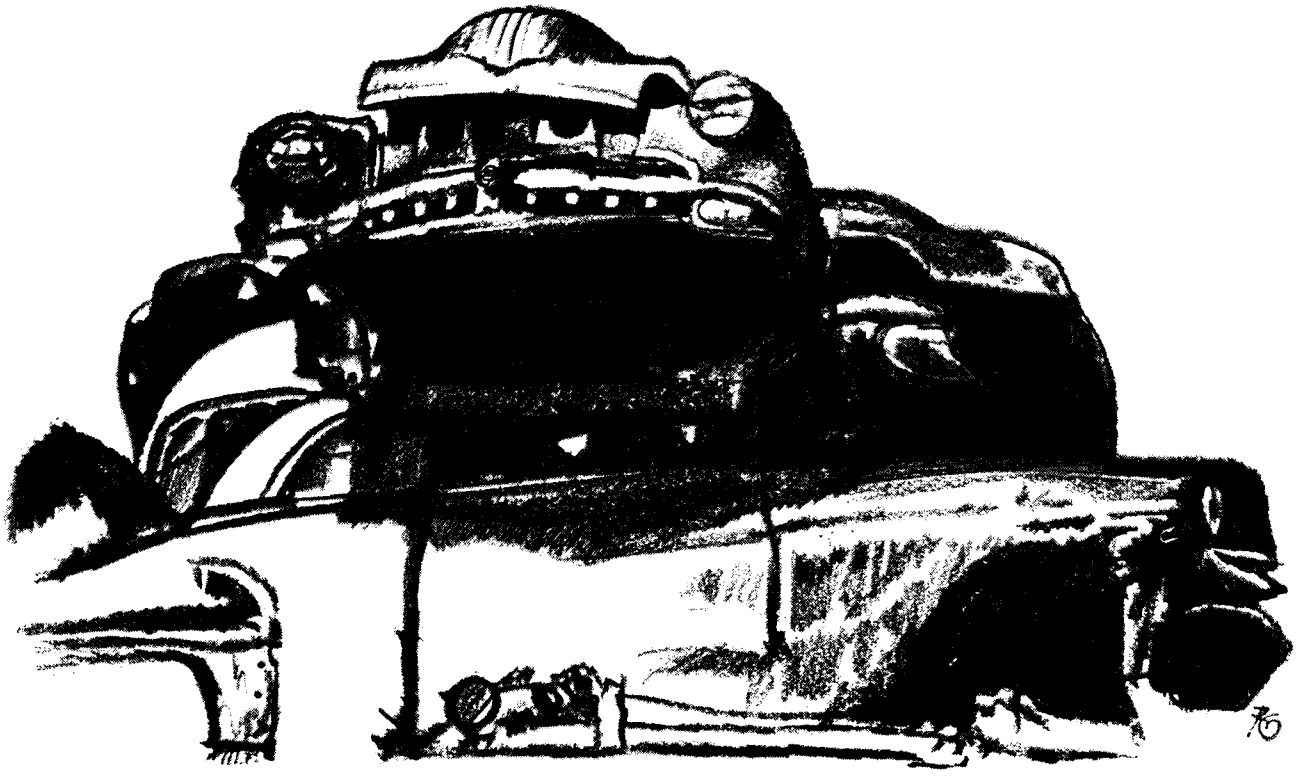
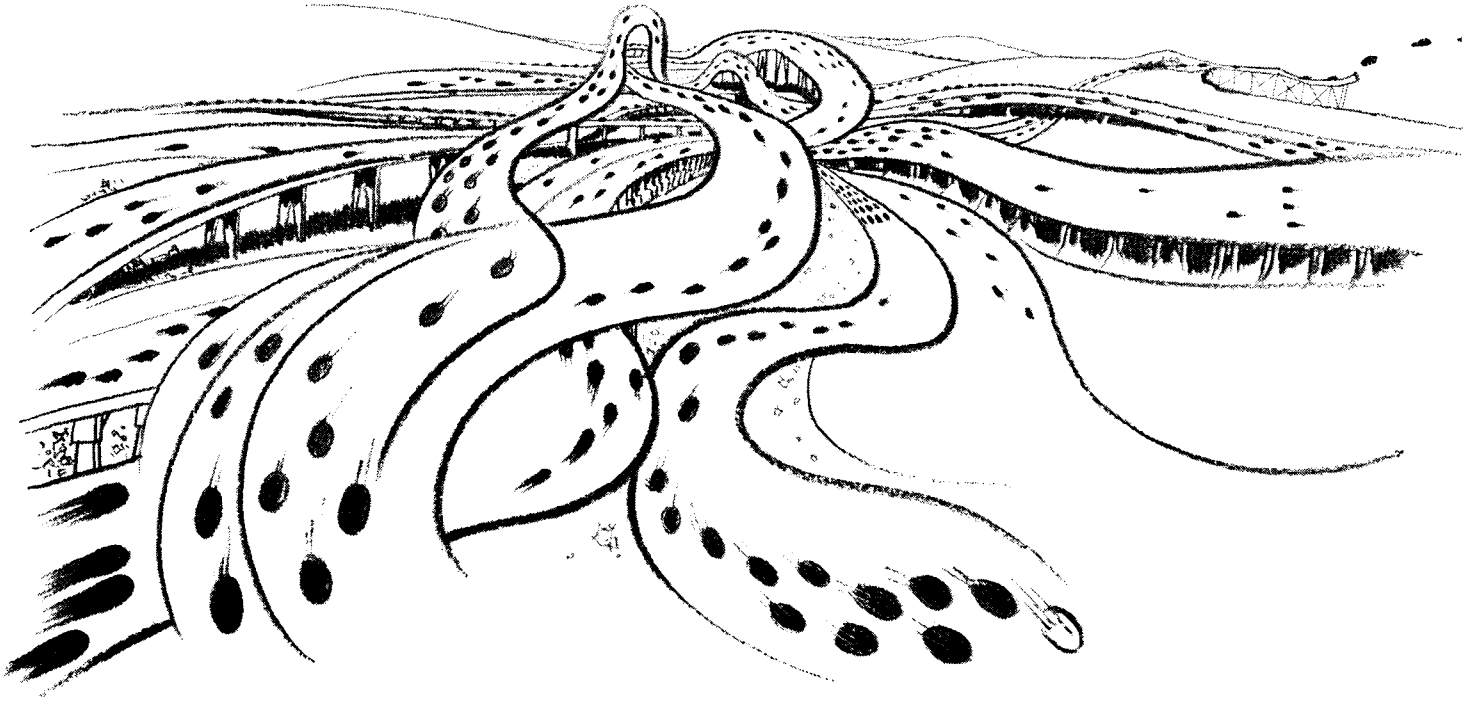


CARS & what they are doing to us!

by Osborn



The automobile is making our roads into a spaghettilike cat's cradle. The road at upper right is unfinished, but motorists are getting on it by mistake.

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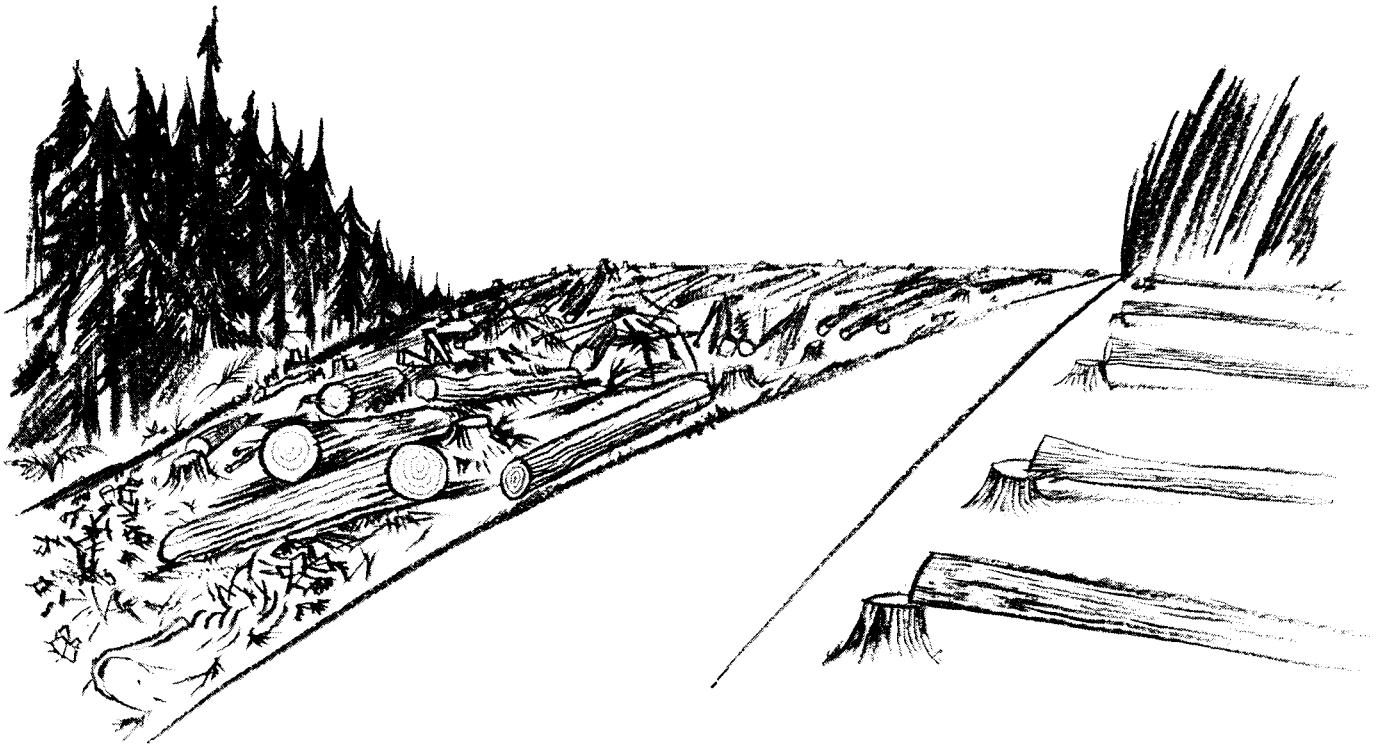
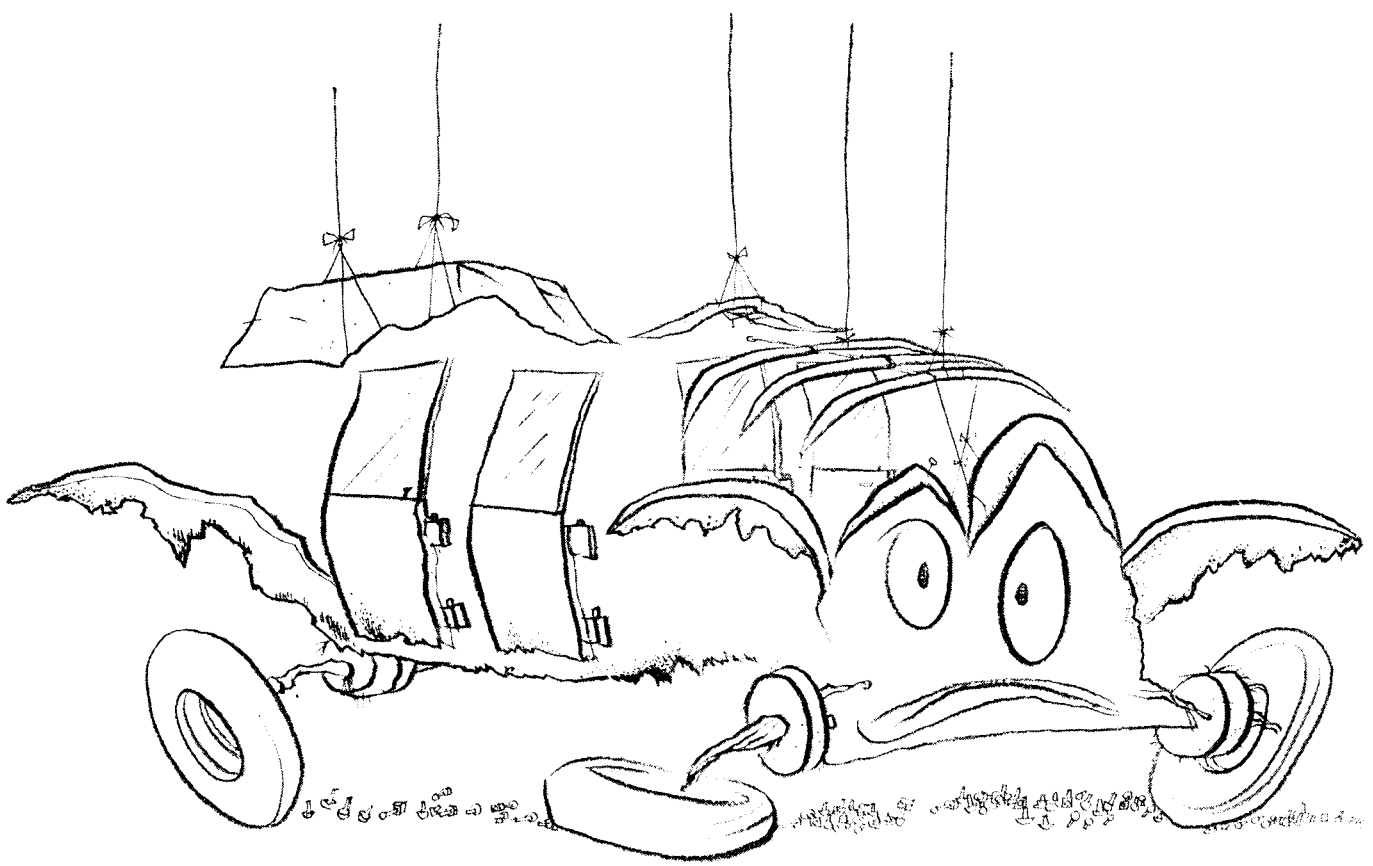


The beauty of the land means nothing compared to HASTE.



Its planned *obsolescence mocks every adult standard of excellence.*

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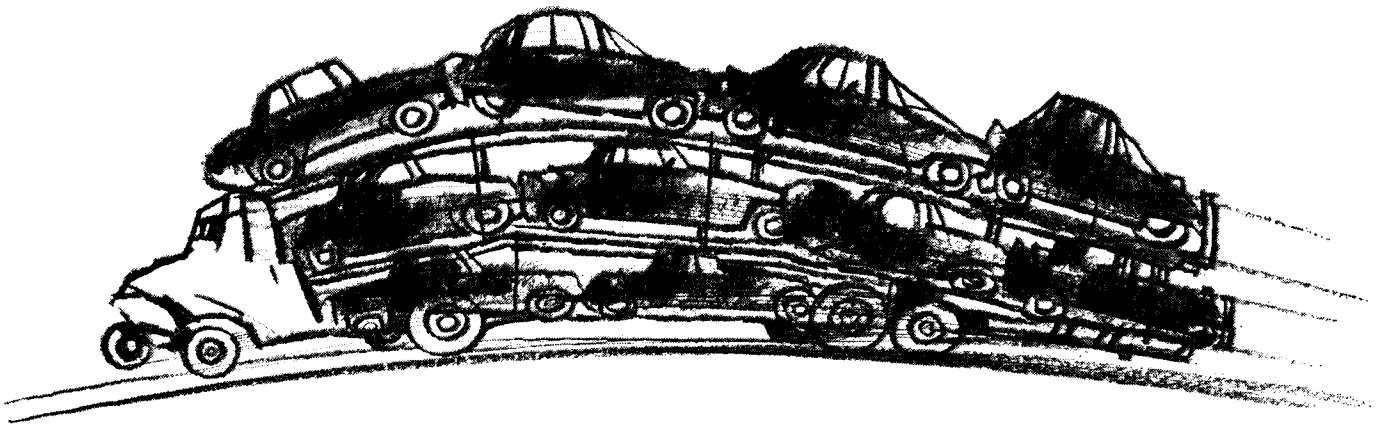
By some commercial alchemy it breeds SIGNS — thousands of them.



As though we didn't have trouble enough, more and more cars are being delivered like tent-caterpillars — backward!

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The final irony will be that when everything is paved and every inch is filled and the traffic seizes up — immovable — SOLID — and stilled.

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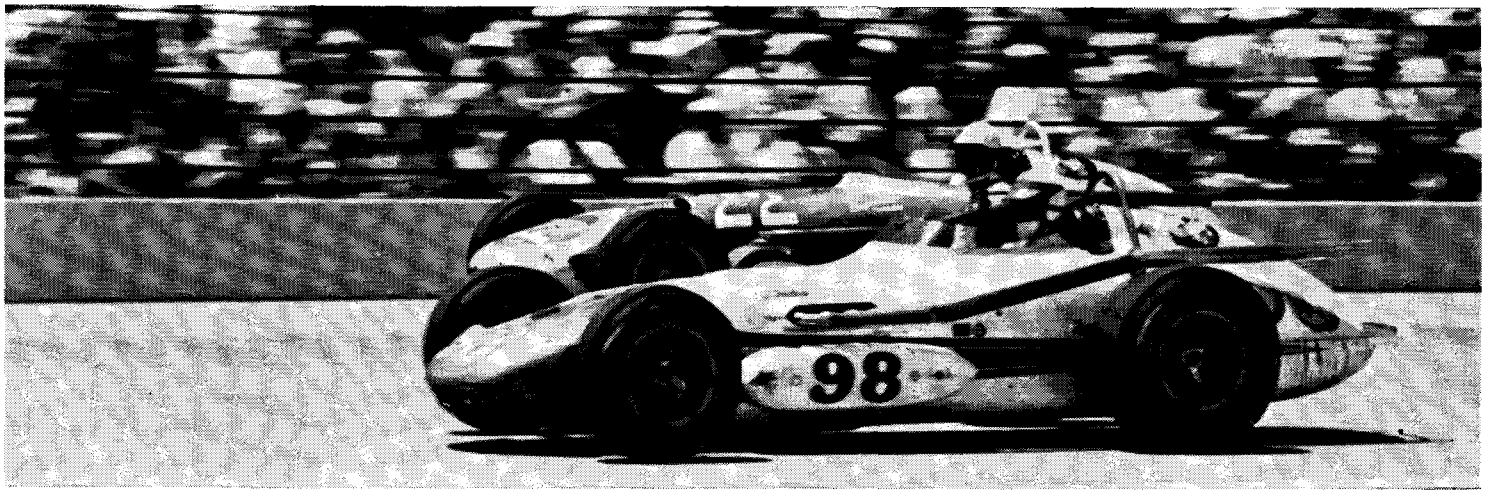
KEN PURDY *After years of following motor racing all over the world, Ken Purdy undertook to find out what attracts drivers and spectators. "As long as this excitement is to be found," he concludes, "men will drive, and other men, jealous of them but settling for second best, will watch."*



AT TEN TENTHS OF CAPACITY . . .

Now and then an editorial writer in a far corner of the land calls baseball the "National Pastime," but the fact of the matter is that baseball is boring, as a major-league umpire not long ago said flatly in *True* magazine; and on the statistical evidence, most of the populace long ago abandoned its dubious attractions for a sport of more elementary excitement: racing. Horse racing attracts 40,000,000 or so admissions a year because one can bet money on it. Foot racing, lumped with the other track and field sports, is a minority endeavor. But the biggest crowds ever assembled on the North American continent have come together to watch automobile racing, a sport on which hardly a dollar is bet from one year's end to another. If wagers on the horses were forbidden tomorrow, automobile racing would instantly become the world's first sport.

Why? No one is sure. In twenty years of watching motor racing and pondering its attractions, I have come to limited conclusions: everyone drives, has driven, or wants to drive an automobile, and therefore everyone can identify with the race driver, who does this one thing so well. Furthermore, the risk of death is forever present in automobile racing. It is significant of the high rate of attrition of motor racing that the two oldest Grand Prix drivers who were active as this was written, the American, Masten Gregory, and the Frenchman, Maurice Trintignant, began their careers in 1956 and 1955. They could if they wished list nearly two hundred men killed at the wheel in their time.

It has long been held gospel that racegoers hope to see drivers killed. I do not believe this. I do believe that they want to see drivers go to the very edge of the precipice, to the rim of death, but they want them to come back. It is important that they come back, because the spectator so tightly identifies himself with the driver. He does not want to die; therefore he does not want the driver to die. But he does want the driver, as his alter ego, to demonstrate his bravery by hazarding death.

Finally, and probably most significantly, the racecourse shows us life and death in essence, in compression. Here a fortune is made or lost in three hours. A man makes an error in judgment and dies of it, not ten years later, but three seconds later; another, innocent as a lamb and watchful as a wolf, is struck dead in an instant, as though stabbed from behind in the night.

A fatal incident on a racecourse has an obviously depressing effect on most of the audience. A certain number of people will leave the course. A fractional

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minority will demonstrate a morbid and perverted interest. Most will say, sadly, "Terrible. Still, that's the way it is."

Drivers are quite unlike other men in such essentials of dangerous living as vision, motor reaction, ability to concentrate, and so on, and quite like other men in that some of them think about death a great deal and some, apparently, almost not at all.

The Marquis de Portago, killed in the Mille Miglia in 1957, a dedicated hedonist, often thought of the mortal hazards of Grand Prix driving, but not seriously in fear. A few weeks before he died, Portago said to me, "If I die tomorrow, still I have had twenty-eight wonderful years." In a note to a friend just before his last race he said that he thought he might die, that he did not like the car he was to drive. (To drive a car about which one has reservations is a serious mistake, but one that young drivers often feel forced to make. David McDonald, killed at Indianapolis in 1964, told his father that he did not like the handling qualities of his car and suggested that it frightened him.)

The four greatest drivers who have ever lived, Tazio Nuvolari of Italy, Rudolf Caracciola of Germany, Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina, and Stirling Moss of Great Britain, all lived to retire. Nuvolari had been terribly injured in many accidents, and several times was given up for dead; Caracciola had two severe crashes which undoubtedly hastened his death; Moss had only two bad accidents, but he was so battered in the last one, in May, 1962, that he was paralyzed and in a coma for over a month; Fangio had only one bad accident and one serious injury in his career, a broken neck. All four might be excused a mild obsession with death, and it was clear that the thought of it was often in their minds.

The type of racing a man does seems to matter in this connection. The Europe-oriented Grand Prix driver is often a complex personality; he is likely to be sophisticated and introspective. He may drive in a dozen countries a year, including Australia and South Africa. He is probably as much at home in New York as in Rome. He is usually reserved and withdrawn: Jimmy Clark, a Scots landowner who is presently the champion of the world, pleasant, courteous, but unreachable in casual contact; Joachim Bonnier, a dark-bearded Swede who lives in Italy and runs an art gallery as a side endeavor; Olivier Gendebien, a wealthy Belgian aristocrat with a formidable record in the Underground during the Hitler war; Graham Hill, implausibly good-looking, almost a caricature of the Guards officer (which he is not), a lifelong devotee of the arduous sports, an oarsman, a former champion of the world; John Surtees, former motorcycle champion of the world; Phil Hill, the only American to be champion of the world, who keeps in his car a tape recorder stocked with classical music and is an authority on the player piano; Richie Ginther, chief driver for the Honda team of Japan, who likes best to get on a motorcycle and go rock-hunting in the California desert country; Maurice Trintignant, mayor of the town in France in which he grows wine.

The cars these men drive — they are built to an international standard called Formula 1 — are improbably small, light, low. They weigh 1000 pounds or so, are driven by a small rear-mounted engine — only ninety inches cubic capacity (less than one quarter as big as a Chevrolet) — and steered by a wheel only a foot in diameter. Most of them have no chassis as such but are built on a stressed-skin principle somewhat like an airplane. The fuel tanks are placed alongside the driver, under his seat, and over his knees; he is almost encased in gasoline, and he sits in a recumbent position, arms and legs straight out. Drivers lower themselves into the cars, wriggle down with their arms over their heads.

Two British designers, John Cooper and Colin Chapman, are responsible for the tiny rear-engined race car which has been a standard everywhere in the world except the United States since 1960. Their appearances at Indianapolis in the past few years — Jimmy Clark, in a Lotus-Ford, was second in 1963 and looked a certain winner in 1964 until tire failure put him out — have forced into obsolescence the standard American race car, particularly the Indianapolis roadster. This car has been something of a freak for years, since it could not run in regular competition anywhere else; indeed, was unsuitable for almost all other tracks.

Indianapolis cars are built with a left-side weight bias, which is of considerable use on that track but would make the car dangerous in a right-hand turn. Since 1934, with few exceptions, the heavy majority of cars running every year at Indianapolis have been basically identical. Three chassis, Kurtis, Watson, and Kuzuma, have dominated the track, and one engine, the famous Offenhauser-Meyer-Drake four-cylinder. Offenhauser-engined cars won all but three races from 1934 to 1964. The appearance of Jack Brabham in a Cooper in 1961 and the full-out entrance of the Ford Motor Company into racing radically changed the scene last year, with nine Ford engines in the race, all mounted in the rear. (Rear-mounted engines reduce the car's frontal area, which gives better penetration of the solid mass that is air at 125 mph and upward.) Estimates on the cost of the engines ran as high as $50,000 per unit, and Ford made them available without cost, stipulating only that Ford mechanics service them. Remarkably, not one case of engine failure was recorded among the Fords.

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One of the antediluvian roadsters won the 1964 Indianapolis. The winning driver was A. J. Foyt of Texas, who had won in 1961. Foyt is a big good-looking man, thirty years old. He is probably the best driver in the United States, and unlike most Indianapolis or "big-car" drivers, he wins in the smaller "sprint" cars as well, and in stock-car and sports-car races. He is in the business to make money, and he makes a good deal of it: the first-place man at Indianapolis these days expects to go home with $175,000 in cash, goods, and contracts. On the European Grand Prix circuits, first place may be worth $2000, with another $1000 in appearance money. Dead-last place is worth more than that at Indianapolis: $5750 this year. Foyt averaged 147 miles per hour, which meant that he was going through the turns (engineered in 1909 for 90 miles per hour) at 140, and reaching 190 or so on the straightaways.

Foyt and Parnelli Jones, who won in 1962, are perhaps typical of the American track driver: outdoor-bred, athletic, honorable, straightforward men, quick to anger, quick to fight, who tend to view race driving as a more desperate endeavor than it may seem to the Europeans, since they see it primarily in economic terms. They are not much concerned with the aesthetics of the sport, or its history. They have an eye on retirement, and they try to invest their money wisely. They are not colorful men, and they distrust those who are.

A decade ago, it was the fashion among U.S. track drivers to disparage the Europeans, call them "sporty-car" drivers, suggest they would not long survive in the fierce hub-to-hub competition of the dirt tracks which are the American school courses. Similar courtesies were extended by the Europeans. To a Grand Prix driver who had won on the Nurburg Ring in Germany, 14.1 miles to the lap, 175 corners, uphill and down 3000 feet, an Indianapolis driver was a trucker who knew no more than to stand on the accelerator and turn left. Listening to spokesmen for each camp, one marveled that such communication failure could occur.

The jet airplane changed all that, as it has so many other things. The jets made it possible, although still very difficult, for at least the wealthier of the European teams to compete at Indianapolis and still meet their contractual obligations on the Grand Prix circuit, which schedules a major race almost every Sunday in the season. European drivers discovered that Indianapolis, though it looked so simple, was nothing of the sort at the speeds required today, and the Americans were surprised to find that the Europeans were superlatively good drivers. Many Indianapolis veterans were amazed to see Jimmy Clark post the fastest qualifying time of the thirty-three starters last year, and take the lead immediately after the race began. They needn't have been. After all, he was the champion of the world. A local interviewer asked Clark if he was thrilled to be running in "the greatest race in the world" and was appalled when Clark replied, no, actually he had found the Grand Prix of South Africa more exciting.

SINGLE-SEAT race cars are at the pinnacle of American automobile racing, but stock-car and sports-car and hot-rod racing make the base on which the structure rests. There is hardly a community of any size that does not support stock-car racing, and thousands of events are run off every year. It is easier by far for the spectator to identify with stock cars. They are standard sedans, at least in outward appearance. Since they will do 160 to 170 miles per hour, they are not quite the same inside as the Ford or Plymouth just off the showroom floor, but at 100 feet the differences are not obvious. A stock car is a sedan that has been stripped and rebuilt to precise tolerances by racing mechanics. The process is called "blueprinting," and it means that the vehicle has been brought up precisely and in every particular to the manufacturer's set standards. The chassis and running gear are strengthened by welding and bracing; the interior is gutted of everything flammable; the doors are permanently shut; the driver is surrounded by a cage of steel tubing to protect him in roll-over situations. Fatalities are rare in stock-car racing, and a good driver running good equipment can do well. He can make $40,000 a year and upward.

The hot-rod drivers not long ago were dedicated amateurs, most of them young, most of them on the West Coast, who built their own cars and ran them for pure sport. Hot rodding today is very highly organized, and there are drivers who make from $20,000 to $50,000 a year in the simplest, most stylized form of the sport: the endeavor to run an automobile from a standing start to maximum speed in one quarter of a mile. The terminal velocities reached by cars in the fastest categories are hard to believe. As this was written, the record was 199.7 mph, and unofficially one driver had done 202! These speeds are reached in the 7- to 8-second range. For comparison, a standard passenger car that will reach 80 to 85 miles per hour in a standing-start quarter mile, and do it within 16 to 17 seconds, is a fast car.

There is nothing in the world of sport more spectacular than the run of a big dragster, a "rail-job." It looks like no other automobile in the world. The design evolved from a "slingshot" built by the eminent Mickey Thompson in the middle 1950s, and so called because the driver sat in a little pod out behind the rear wheels, looking for all the

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world like a stone in the leather pouch of a sling-shot. The driver still sits there in today's rail-jobs, behind or just beside two enormous tires, their flat treads a foot wide; in front of him is the engine, a big V-8, a General Motors diesel locomotive super-charger mounted on top of it, and a gaping air intake on top of that. Somewhere up in front there is a shiny spun-metal fuel tank holding a couple of gallons of exotic fuel: nitromethane, methanol, benzene. The front of the car is supported on a couple of spidery-light motorcycle wheels. There is no radiator, no fan, no cooling arrangement except the water in the engine block.

Dragsters run in pairs. They are push-started by trucks, rumble down to the starting line the wrong way of the course, turn widely, so that the one on the left-hand side of the track now takes the right, inch up to the line, watching the starter, break a timing-light ray, and go. Clouds of rubber smoke wreathe the drivers as the big tires spin on the asphalt. (A precise 15 percent slippage produces maximum acceleration.) Often the front of the car will rise three or four feet into the air under the brutal torque going through the rear wheels, and when this happens, of course the steering wheel ceases to furnish a useful function. The driver keeps his foot down and waits for gravity to put the front wheels where they belong. Presumably his expression is calm and inscrutable, but one cannot tell: he is lost in blue-white rubber smoke, and he is wearing an asbestos-and-aluminum-foil suit, gloves, and face mask, armor against flame.

The noise as he leaves the line is appalling. Spectators unashamedly clap palms over ears, but even so, the shock waves produced by the four big exhaust pipes on each side of the car batter at one's viscera: the engine may be pumping out 1000 horsepower. The two cars simply disappear; a quarter mile down the track, and that is a very short distance indeed, a light pops on, left or right, showing which car has made it first to the finish, and simultaneously two big parachutes blossom from the rear of the cars — brakes alone wouldn't stop them. After a bit the cars come back along the side return road, dead silent, hustled along by push trucks. You can see the drivers now. They are usually young men, always slender (twenty-five pounds of extra weight in the driver's seat notably increases the car's tendency to lift, to do a wheel stand, a "wheelie," and this is undesirable), and one of them is smiling. He is the winner. He is happier than he was three or four minutes ago, and richer.

Sports-car drivers, on the other hand, must be content with more glory than cash, although limited professionalism is allowed. Sports-car racing began the post-war revival of automobile racing in this country with a race at Watkins Glen, New York, in 1948. Sports cars, like stocks, must have been built with the accommodation of at least one passenger in mind; a sports car is by definition a two-seater. It is never run on a track; its natural habitat is the road circuit, and sports-car people are proud of this adherence to the grand tradition: after all, automobile racing began on the road, and purists depose that it should never be done elsewhere.

In Europe, since the demise of the Mille Miglia and Ulster's Tourist Trophy, there is only the Targa Florio of Sicily and the Le Mans 24-Hour Race in France. Le Mans is the premier sports-car race of the world, bringing perhaps 250,000 spectators together every year. Like the Sebring 12-Hour Race in Florida, it offers the extraordinary excitement of motor racing under headlights — and the bigger Le Mans cars can touch 200 miles per hour.

In the United States the privately owned, specially constructed artificial road circuit is the rule, and some forty have been built since 1950. Bridgehampton on Long Island, Daytona in Florida, Lime Rock in Connecticut, Road America in Wisconsin, Riverside in California are busy and well used. There is a new circuit at Watkins Glen — the cars no longer roar through the streets a few feet from the watchers on the curbs as they did in the innocent old days — and it is over this circuit that the Formula 1 cars run in their single appearance on this side of the Atlantic, the Grand Prix of the United States, usually in October.

The new Watkins course was built after a car flicked into a crowd, killed one person, and injured a dozen others. There was some talk, then, of legislating the race out of existence. It came to nothing. When a Mercedes-Benz flew into a spectator enclosure at Le Mans in 1955 and killed eighty-five, more pressure was mounted in the same direction, but the race went on. Efforts to outlaw the sport have been unremitting since about 1900, but I believe we will have motor racing as long as we have automobiles. The enjoyment of speed, the enjoyment of risk, is deep within us. The great drivers do not run for money, and they are not mad. Of those I know, Stirling Moss has made it plainest to me: "To drive a really fine, balanced race car at ten tenths of its absolute capacity, right on the edge, at the point at which one more mile an hour will send it rocketing off the road into the woods — this is the most splendid and most rewarding sensuous pleasure, save one, known to man. Once you have known this pleasure, believe me, it is hard to give it up. Remember, it is an intellectual exercise as well. If you cannot concentrate absolutely on this effort for three hours, and I mean *absolutely*, without a single extraneous thought, you will not long be with us."

As long as this excitement is to be found, men will drive, and other men, jealous of them but settling for second best, will watch.

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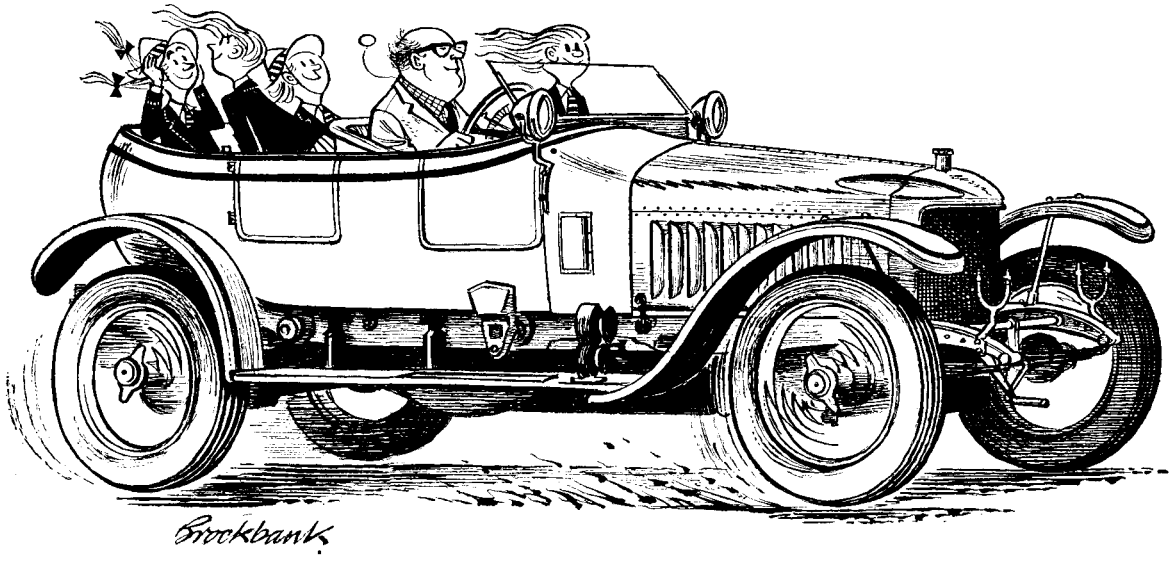

CONTRASTS IN EUROPE

Laurence Pomeroy *has spent most of his life in road testing and enjoying virtually every make of automobile. Russell Brockbank, who illustrates this article, shows him giving some friends a ride in his 1914 Prince Henry Vauxhall, which is still to be seen on British streets after fifty years of use.*

THERE are considerably more than twice as many cars in the United States as there are in Europe (72,000,000 against 31,000,000). There are indeed as many Fords and Chevrolets running in the States as there are cars of every make and kind in all Europe, and if all of them were exported to the world outside Europe, this would raise the ratio of cars to population by more than three times.

Nevertheless, the current annual production of Detroit no longer dominates the scene as it did ten years ago, and in the world at large the American car is rarely encountered. Indeed, the ratio of European-made cars to American outside the United States is of the same order as the ratio of domestic to imported models within the North American continent. Broadly speaking, present output is equal on both sides of the Atlantic, but whereas the United States exports under 5 percent of its total production, mainly to nearby countries, Europe sells some 40 percent all over the world, so that most non-car-producing areas are receiving nine new European (including English) cars for every one taken from the States.

To the European observer, the most obvious characteristic of the American motoring scene is not the traffic density, which in the New York area, for example, is little different from what it is in and around London or Paris, but the fact that the average American car is at least one third longer and 50 percent heavier than the corresponding European type, is between three and four times more powerful, and costs twice as much at par values. It is equipped with an automatic transmission in three cases out of four, and six out of ten American cars have a V-8 engine. None of these features exists on popular European cars, few of them on any car.

Less obvious to a passenger is the fact that the average of all models offered has an engine with a capacity of 310 cubic inches giving over 230 brake horsepower, whereas the typical European vehicle has an engine one fifth of this size with no more than one fourth of the power output.

Similarity comes as a second surprise. For example, almost all American cars can today exceed 100 miles per hour, and all are legally restricted to around 75. In England, however, a man may buy fifteen models which will comfortably exceed 2 miles a minute, and there is no country in Europe which imposes a speed limit on the open road. On the other hand, there are a score of models

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which can barely look a true 80 mph in the face. In weight, size, and carrying capacity only the rear-engined Chevrolet makes a marked break in an overall pattern of cars which are 230 inches long, 75 inches wide, and weigh 4000 pounds; and the price ratio on the order of five to one is reflected more in differences of equipment and furnishings than it is in the scale and structure of the car itself.

The traveled reader may well exclaim at this point that utilitarianism is as basic to European motoring as it is to American; that the differences between normal production cars on one side of the Atlantic and those on the other are determined by differences in roads and economic conditions; and that so far as variety and the spice of life is concerned, it is the large-scale American producers who offer their customers considerably more than their counterparts do in France, Italy, or Germany.

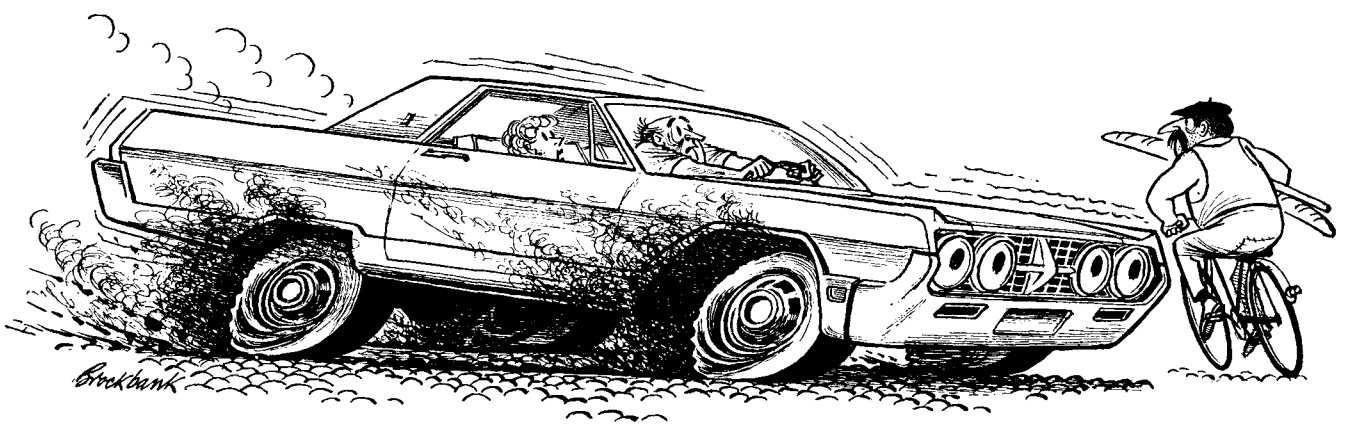
It can be agreed that operating conditions are very different in the United States from what they are in Europe. Daily distances of 500 miles on freeways at controlled speeds are common in the United States, whereas a daily mileage in excess of 350 miles is rare in Europe, and ten times this distance would exhaust the mileage of what the American recognizes as a road suitable for driving. In Europe fuel is taxed, so that gasoline costs the equivalent of 80 cents per U.S. gallon; service stations are rare, and almost all are closed between 6 P.M. and 9 A.M.; winding roads, and in some cases severe gradients, make demands on transmissions, cornering power, and steering response which are unknown in the United States. But it is true that just as the models from Chrysler, Ford, and GM account for 80 percent of American sales, so in England a similar percentage is accounted for by the lower-priced models of the British Motor Corporation and Ford of Dagenham; and in Europe by Fiat in Italy, Renault and Citröen in France, and Opel and Volkswagen in Germany.

But that there is congruence in the one group and contrast in the other is sustained by simple facts. All the U.S. cars in this class are similar in specification; in Europe specifications embrace such diverse factors as front engines with front drive, rear engines with rear drive, engines of two, three, and four cylinders (in some cases air-cooled and others liquid-cooled), traditional rear axles and all-independent suspension, springs made with torsion bars, coils, and rubber. In fact, the only features common to all cars are four-speed manual transmission and restriction to four passengers. The three reasons for this engineering state of affairs are geography, economics, and society.

ALTHOUGH the major European motor manufacturing companies export 40 percent of their output, they do so at less profitable prices than they can obtain in their metropolitan markets. With only brief exceptions during the whole post-war period, production has lagged behind demand, and therefore the physical needs of the home markets have dominated the designers' concept of the car.

For example, in Germany severe winters make air-cooling desirable, since inherently such a system cannot freeze; the network of autobahns encourages low engine speed in top gear and hence poor high gear acceleration; rough roads elsewhere have led to the use of independent suspension for all four wheels; and frozen slippery roads throughout severe winters give a premium to carrying weight over the rear-driven wheels, which is a natural consequence of rear-engine mounting.

In France, also, long straight roads encourage low engine speeds at the expense of acceleration, and the cut and thrust driving tactics of the French driver demand a quickly responsive steering system and a high degree of stability. This situation is the



"Operating conditions are very different . . . in Europe."

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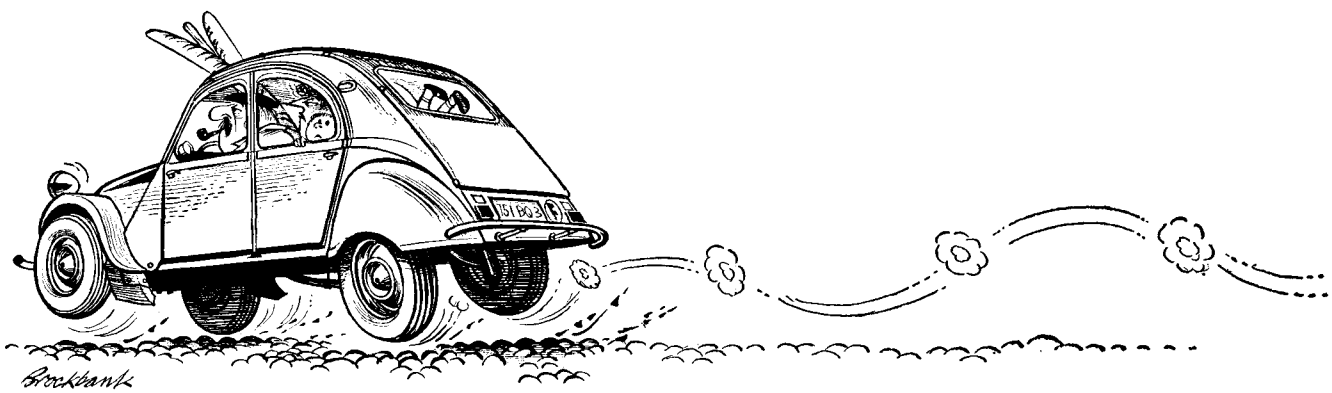
same in Italy, and in both countries, as in Germany, poor road surfaces have led to the general use of independent rear suspension.

Geographically, Britain presents a different picture. Very smooth roads have discouraged "advanced" suspensions, and the relative rarity of a straight road leads to high-speed engines in which acceleration and hill-climbing in high are obtained at the risk of a short life if the car is driven hard in other circumstances. Additionally, very steep hills, which are infrequently snowbound, encourage gear ratios which enable restarts to be made in circumstances which European drivers would think impossible, and the attitude of live and let live between drivers makes quiet running and comfortable suspension more important to most than the ultimate in response in cornering power, although there is one exception here which tests the rule.



France

In all the large cities of Europe parking is an even greater problem than it is in the United States as it is less well organized, and for this reason owners of small cars have a big advantage in urban use.

The small car is also in demand for economic reasons. Gasoline is far more expensive in Europe than it is in the United States, and wage rates and salaries are far lower, so that more hours have to be worked in Europe to buy a $1500 car than would be needed in the United States to buy a $3000 model. Furthermore, Europeans have traditional priorities in their income which are at least equal with motoring.

As the first cost of a mass-produced car is determined by the weight of metal in it, and its running costs are influenced by the number of square feet which have to be driven down the road and the amount of material which has to be accelerated in traffic, four out of five European cars have an engine of less than 90 cubic inches capacity, giving under 60 horsepower, and they weigh less than 1600 pounds.

It has been said that the great engineer must combine technical know-how with social know-why, and to provide adequate performance and comfort for four persons within a shell less than 150 inches long and 55 inches wide taxes the ability of any engineer and results in diverse solutions to the basic problems. For example, although the engine in the back saves money, produces the best traction in difficult circumstances, assists in quiet running, and reduces air resistance, it also in one stroke eliminates the rear luggage locker, promotes skidding if a corner is taken too fast, and leads to disagreeable swerving on the road when there are crosswinds.

In the past two or three years, the opposing concept of driving the front wheels from a front engine (in the most successful case, from a transversely mounted front engine) confers stability on corners or when the car is subject to crosswinds, and provides 80 percent of the overall length for the carriage of passengers and their effects. On the other hand, this layout is difficult to silence, in critical conditions it may fail with wheelspin, and because of costly joints in the drive shafts, it is more expensive than either the conventional or rear-engined car.

Scaled-down versions of the conventional car, as it is understood in the United States, continue to sell in Europe, but there is a general feeling that without the particular advantages in flow from front drive or rear-engine mounting, it is a compromise which is behind the times and it should at least offer independent suspension.

THE social reasons why European cars differ from one another so much can be divided into national outlook and class consciousness. The Germans and the Swedes have a passion for high quality, solidity, and mechanical perfection which is less evident in Italy, where acceptable shape and style can make a crucial difference to public acceptance. In France, cost of running is of major interest since the car has a low priority in the budget and indirect taxation makes ownership a utilitarian matter coupled with very close calculation. Hence in France the car

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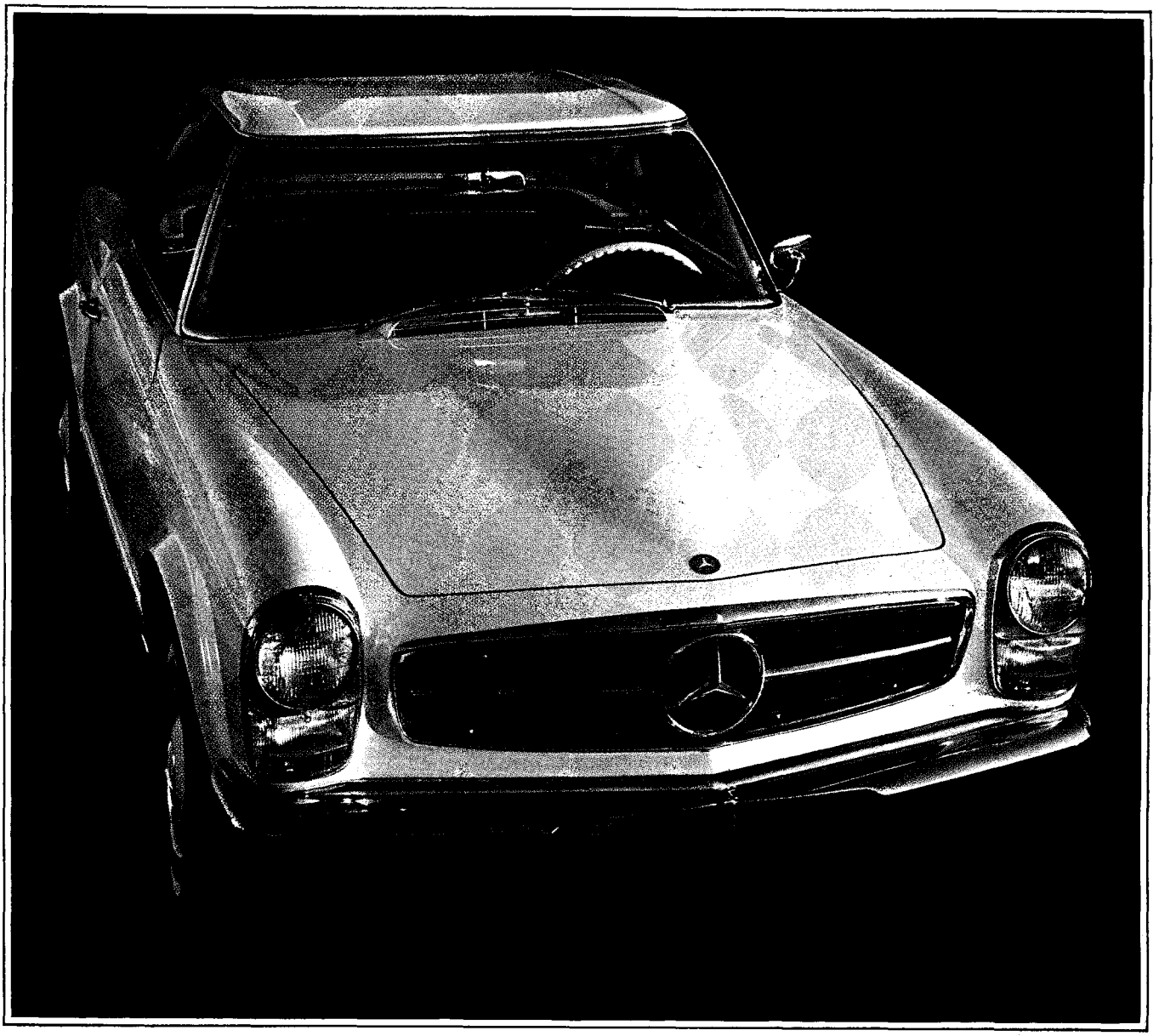

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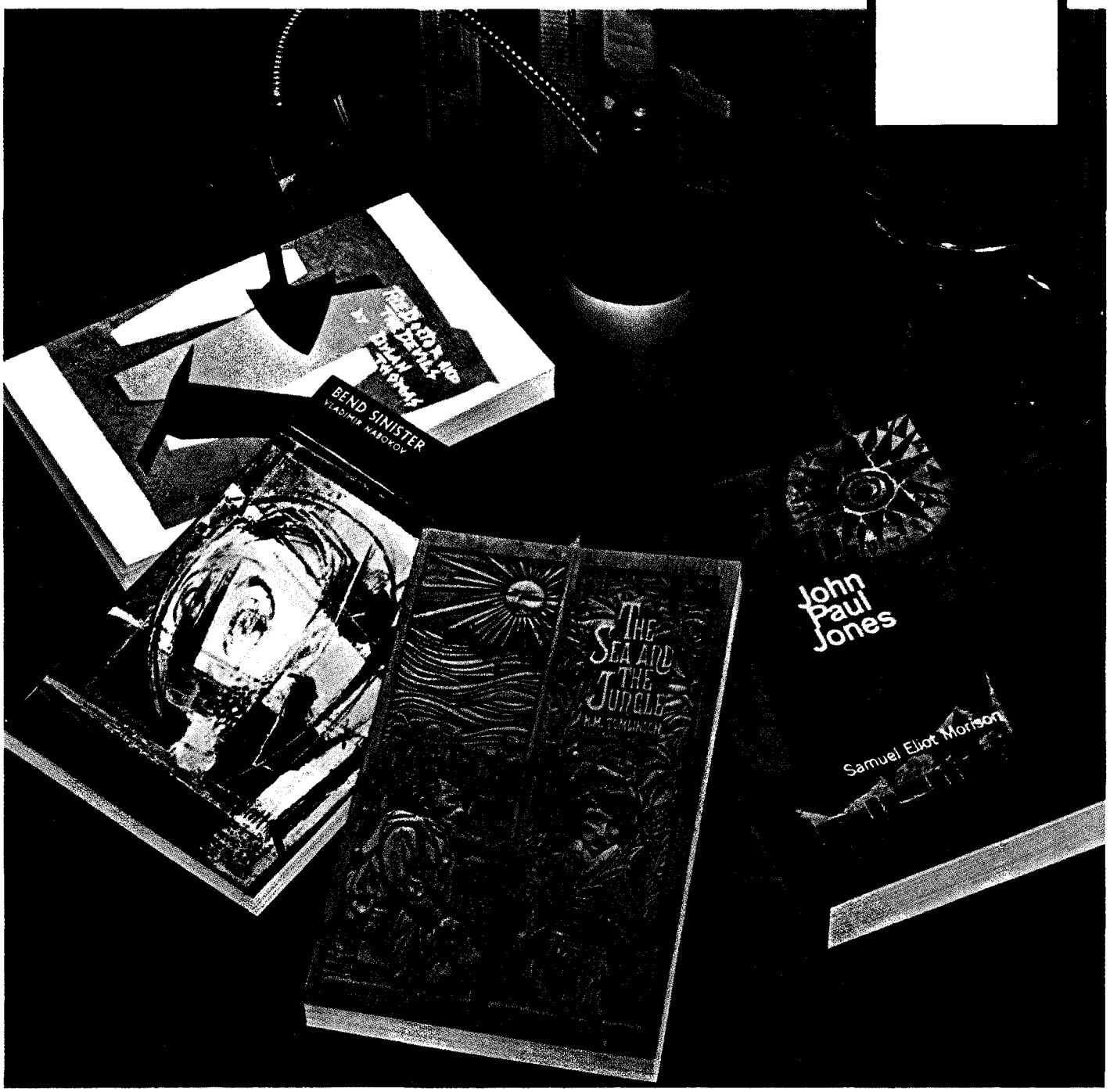

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deluxe does not figure in any manufacturer's program, and the motoring world of France is a classless affair. In Germany and Italy this is not so, but in Germany it is only Mercedes-Benz which implies affluence, and until last year there was no German car corresponding in size, performance, or prestige to Lincoln, Imperial, and Cadillac.

In Italy, where cutting a good figure is of prime importance, there is a limited production of choice chassis with bodies which blend artistic design and mechanical excellence. In superlative degree Ferrari stands at the top, and has the smallest output; Maserati is slightly below; Alfa Romeo and Lancia are building bigger numbers of specialized cars with engines of less than 150 cubic inches capacity and with road speeds which do not normally exceed 110 mph — a mere loiter for the Ferrari or Maserati drivers, as I was once told by the great Bertochi, the head tester for Maserati. As we sped through the traffic between Modena and Bologna at a steady 2 miles a minute, he said, "Mr. Pomeroy, it is not too fast, but then this is not a sports car; this is a touring car."

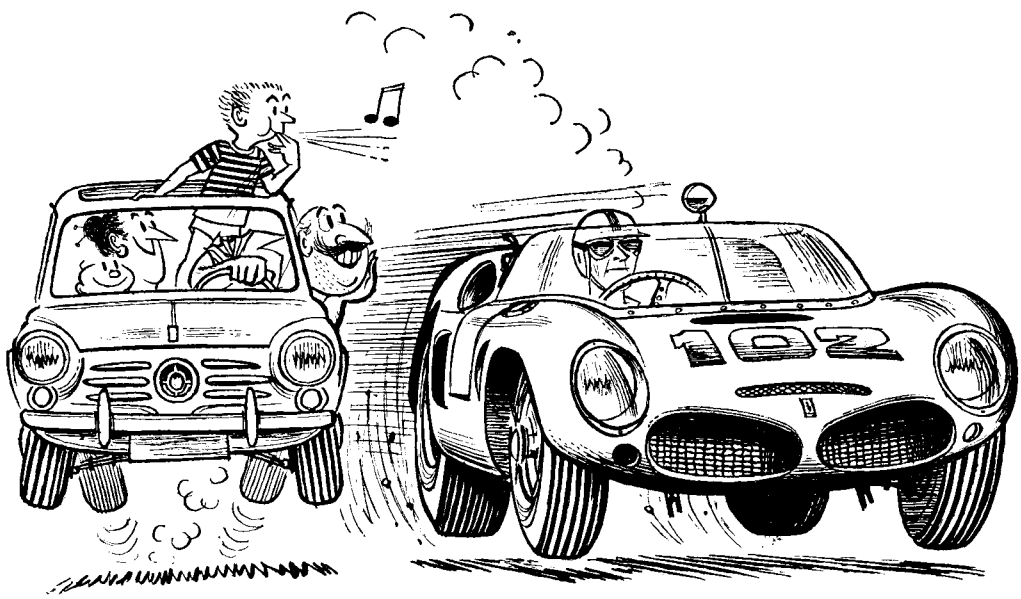
Motoring in Britain presents a variegated, not to say kaleidoscopic, picture which I will try to make a moving picture by describing my experiences with some of the dozen or so cars it has been my fortune to drive in the past six months. They represent a range of fifty years in dates of construction, of ten to one in price, including a 25 percent purchase tax, of six to one in engine size, and of one and a half to one in maximum road speed.

The most elderly, in many ways the most attractive, and certainly not the least comfortable is my 1914 Vauxhall, in which I had the honor of touring the New England states in 1957 in the Anglo-American Vintage Rally, which included a sprint across Times Square at over 50 mph in the very late evening! Here is a car which sustains its original maximum speed of some 75 mph, with an engine running at a little over 1700 rpm at a cruising speed of a mile a minute, and which can, as a demonstration, be started from rest in the same gear. It has deep and comfortable buttoned leather upholstery, and the passenger's height when seated in the car is about the same as when he is standing on the ground, so that he retains a natural sense of perspective and has a splendid view over a rolling countryside.

With no brakes on the front axle, and very small ones on the rear axle, it is technically possible to combine comfortable springing with superb stability; and although the absence of weather protection, apart from a windshield, makes one think twice before undertaking a journey on a rainy day, this car, unlike most old cars in the United States, is used for ordinary daily journeys. That is to say, in London I use it for shopping and visiting friends; collecting my daughter from boarding school and taking out her friends, who are delighted with the cheers, bows, and raising of hats with which the progress of the car is attended; and in the summer, for business journeys. Also, of course, for picnics, when the wide running boards can be used either as seats or as tables.

As my father designed this model, and as my early youth was spent in corresponding vehicles, I am prejudiced in its favor and am proud of the fact that it runs speedily, economically, and reliably after fifty years on the road on its 34-inch-diameter tires.

Thirteen years younger, and possibly having



Italy

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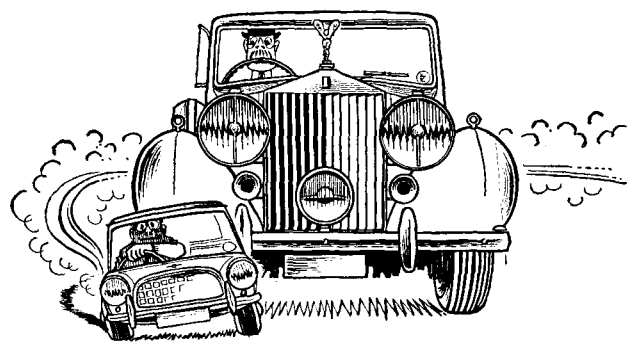
covered only a fifth of the distance, is a supercharged Bugatti belonging to a friend of mine which provided an exhilarating day just before Christmas. Bugatti was a major artist with a natural endowment of engineering skill, and in his drawing office his freehand sketches were converted into conventional elevations by a very skillful team. This particular car is related closely to his racing models of a period when, in his mid-forties, he was at a peak of his powers and his cars were at the summit of success in competition.

The engine starts after a clang from the pinion, the echoes of which are submerged by a cascade of sound from twenty-four valves, eight pistons, eighteen ball or roller bearings, the gear wheels driving the OHC, and the supercharger. One moves away from a haze of sweet-smelling Castrol R through a shriek of gears, to settle down at a steady 80 to 85 mph in the knowledge that there is at least another 30 mph in reserve. The springs are ironhard but are not too unbearable on British roads, and there is no roll as one corners at nearly breakaway speed with a steering layout having one and a half turns from lock to lock and so accurate that one could deflect three feet either way if challenged to run over a matchbox casually thrown down. Shifting gears is like inserting a hypodermic charge; resolve and rapidity are all, and the whole outfit completely sustains my definition of a sports car as one which gives adequate reward for the exercise of superior skill.

KEEPING a car of this kind involves a high degree of mechanical skill and plenty of spare time from the owner, or else a sympathetic understanding with the bank manager; and to a lesser degree this comment is true also for the highly tuned production car, of which the outstanding examples in England are the Lotus version of the Ford and the Cooper kind of B.M.C. Mini. I had the opportunity of savoring one of the latter in its highest "stage," sitting low to the ground in 1300 pounds of metal shell at around 110 mph: a sobering experience which would be frightening if the steering and stability were not so outstanding.

These qualities were proved in the Monte Carlo Rally which this model won, and flow from the fact that Designer Alec Issigonis has a background of competition driving in his younger years and is still able to test his cars up to the very limit when he cares to do so. The small size enables one to slip through unscathed in a situation where overoptimism might lead to disaster with a larger machine, and the wide track and disc brakes make what seem to be impossible maneuvers not only safe but also physically comfortable for passengers, once assured that they are in the presence of something unique. The Cooper Mini, originally designed as a "people's" car, has turned out to be a "brilliant horse."

The Renault R 8 and the Vauxhall Viva cars have attractive qualities of their own. The rear-engined Renault has the most comfortable seats I have come across in any normal car; it is particularly quiet running, and with all-independent suspension is comfortable over really rough surfaces. The General Motors-owned Vauxhall reminds one of a baby Buick, with almost unnervingly light steering, good brakes, and power steering despite the light weight of the car, and the kind of interior finish that photographs better than it really looks



Great Britain

and feels, a state of affairs which seems unique to the large American producer. That it is noisy above the average is something which may be cured with development (it has been on the market only a relatively short time); that it will reach current standards of comfort and control with a rigid rear axle may perhaps be doubted.

I have chosen these cars in particular to stress that although in their standard forms they compete in price, size, and performance, they represent such widely diverging technical concepts as front engine and front drive, front engine and rear drive, and rear engine and rear drive. With rubber springs, coil springs, and leaf springs as suspension media, they share in common four-cylinder liquid-cooled engines, rack and pinion steering gear, combined body and chassis, and four-speed transmissions. In appearance they are quite unlike, and whereas one, in London and Paris at least, supplies status, two of them have made no impact upon the social scene.

Even the long-standing claim of Rolls Royce that they make "the best car in the world" has never unanimously been accepted. Fifty years ago they were challenged by Mercedes, Napier, and Daimler; in the twenties by Hispano Suiza, Bentley, and Lincoln, and in the thirties by Cadillac, Daimler, and Mercedes. But with four exceptions

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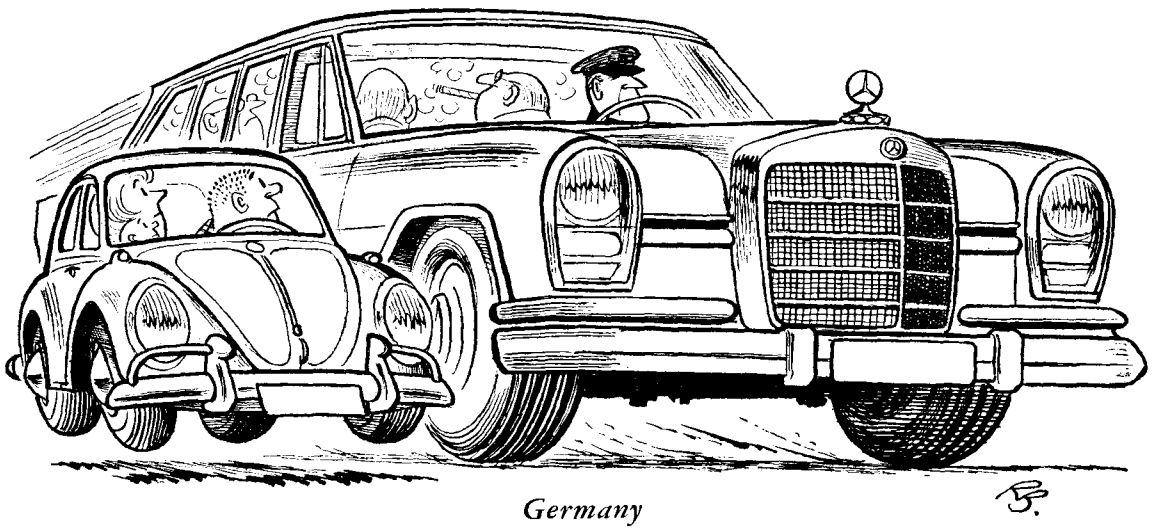
these rivals have fallen by the wayside, and by general consent the Royce claim has been justified.

The particular merits of a Royce are seen plainly in my own personal car, now in its eleventh year. After 115,000 miles it has an almost inaudible engine, which consumes oil at the rate of 1000 miles per quart, a gearbox that makes merely a murmur, an unheard rear axle, and no lost motion in any of the controls or the steering. The seats have not sagged and are covered in leather that looks like new; the immaculate woodwork includes picnic tables of adequate area to support lunch and a drink, which in conjunction with the car gives, in Jorrock's words, "a werry gentlemanly feeling." The car has enough space in the back to allow the tallest man to stretch out his legs.

This is one of those rare cars in which it is pleasurable to drive and to be driven, but with a weight of 5000 pounds, a frontal area of over 30 very square feet, and an engine giving no more than 150 brake horsepower, performance on the open road is well below today's standards; so one must keep a stiff upper lip at a cruising speed of 70 mph, or maximum of 80 mph, as the lesser breeds fly past.

These qualities have real and not sentimental value, as is shown by the fact that the market price of this car is about one fifth that of a present-day Rolls Royce, which at the cost of a severe cut in interior space, a more aerodynamic if less impressive shape, and a slight increase in noise level is more than 30 mph faster and has such acceleration that few cars can stay with it. Only the height of the floor betrays the fact that the car was designed a dozen years ago, and except for the replacement of the six-cylinder in-line engine by a V-8 four years ago, it has remained almost unchanged during this time.

The earlier type, introduced to the public in 1955, earned some fame in America by an advertisement headed "at 60 m.p.h. the noisiest thing in the car is the clock," which, in *The Confessions of an Advertising Man*, David Ogilvy said was the best headline he has ever written. It is not far removed from my words in the *Motor* of February, 1958: "The legend that at 60 m.p.h. the noisiest thing on the car is the clock is in this instance substantiated." I used the word "legend" deliberately as the phrase had originated in a 1908 copy of the *Autocar* dealing with the Silver Ghost model!



Germany

Drawings by Russell Brockbank

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WHEELS AROUND THE WORLD

by James Egan

James Egan, a New York advertising man who has written for the ATLANTIC'S *Pleasures and Places pages, returned recently with his wife from a leisurely trip around the world. The Egans live in Westport, Connecticut, and have just come home from a stay in the French West Indies.*

JAPAN

The total length of all the streets in Tokyo is 6800 miles, or more than one quarter of the distance around the globe. As Tokyo was preparing for the Olympics last year, it sometimes seemed as if every mile of every street was torn up and boarded over. According to the Tokyo Construction Bureau, the city tackled 10,000 construction projects, including roads and highways, overpasses, subways, parking lots, and monorails. That total excludes buildings. Yet, incredibly, the major projects were completed on time.

One visitor when he saw the boarded-over streets remarked, "I knew the Japanese built their houses of wood, but I didn't know they paved their streets with it."

I saw two Japanese businessmen get out of a taxi on the plank-covered Ginza, Tokyo's main shopping street. One paid off the cab and dropped a coin. It rolled into a crack between the planks. They both bent over double, lower and lower and lower. I assumed they were after the coin, but Japanese know better than to try to recover the lost treasure of the Ginza. They were simply bowing good-bye.

Of more than two million cars and trucks in Japan, almost half are in Tokyo. Reporting on traffic problems in the world's largest city, the English-language newspaper *Asahi Evening News* said, "An example of paralysed functions of the city is the traffic jam." Contributing to the paralysis, eighteen million persons commute to Tokyo every workday, well over half by taxi, private car, motorbike, bicycle, or shoe leather. The Tokyo metropolitan police have done their bit to cope with the traffic problem. They are stern. The maximum penalty for illegal parking in Tokyo is a fine of 30,000 yen ($84) or a jail sentence of six months.

Tokyo taxi drivers wear white gloves, ornament their cabs with bud vases filled with plastic flowers, and carry a pair of three-foot-long feather dusters as standard equipment. Why two dusters? So they can wield one with each hand as they tidy up their cabs between fares.

By now everybody has heard about Tokyo street addresses, or the lack of them. For the Olympics, signs were erected with street names in both Japanese and English. But taxi drivers continued to seek addresses by landmarks. An American resident of Tokyo told me that he started out for a business address just south of the city, naming a building as a landmark. His driver took him almost all the way to Yokohama before the American discovered that his landmark had been torn down.

Many Japanese, including hordes of schoolchildren, see their own country by motor coach. At shrines, temples, palaces, and gardens — there are 1700 of them in the tourist city of Kyoto alone — the coaches line up to pour out their camera-clicking

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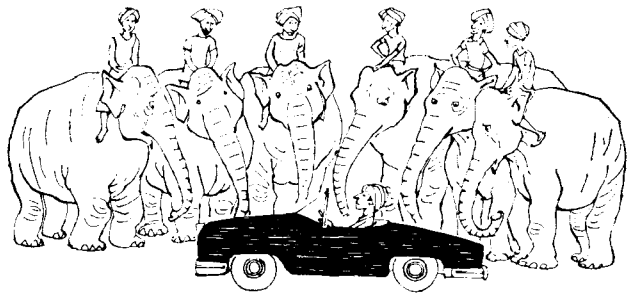
loads. Each coach carries a pert hostess, uniformed like an airline stewardess. I took a Japanese-language bus tour around Nagasaki. The hostess kept up a running chatter into a microphone for three hours. Every so often, just to tide the passengers over the dull spots, she sang a sweet little song.

INDIA

Buying a new car in India is an economic nightmare in which the prospective buyer, clutching a maharaja's ransom in his fist, pursues his car down an endless corridor of time. Only 50,000 cars a year are available, one for about every 10,000 of the population.

To build up an automobile industry and conserve foreign exchange, India has clamped down hard on car imports. The developing nation now manufactures two domestic cars: the Fiat, under license from the Italian company, and the all-Indian Ambassador, a car resembling the pre-war Plymouth. Both cars still use about 30 percent of imported materials.



The Fiat sells for $4000; a buyer waits about four years for delivery. The Ambassador sells for $3500, and a buyer waits two to three years. The British Standard, an economy sedan known in the United States as the Triumph 1200, is assembled in India, sells for $2500, and has a two-year waiting list.

"Some of our people are getting around the waiting list," an Indian official said. "They are finding someone who is at the head of the list and paying him a black-market price. But they must then drive the car registered in the proper owner's name instead of their own name. If there is an accident, it can become *very* complicated."

Despite current import restrictions, American cars have maintained their standing in India pretty well because the diplomatic community and the foreign-aid missions can import them duty free.

"I own a 1960 Chevrolet — a luxury car here," one of our embassy attachés told me. "It cost me only $3000 new. When I leave the country I must sell it to the Indian State Trading Corporation, and they'll give me exactly what I paid for it. But a late-model American car is in such demand that they can turn around and sell it for $12,000 to $13,000."

In Kashmir — as far north from the big industrial centers as you can get in India — you find no smiling Kashmiri running used-car lots. It would be a fertile field for their talents. With only some 1200 cars in all Kashmir, a 1952 Chevrolet in satisfactory running condition brings as much as $4200.

Kashmir's truck traffic is largely military, since the bulk of the Indian Army is stationed there on the Pakistan and Tibetan borders. One day in the paradisiacal Vale of Kashmir I watched a long convoy of troop-carrying trucks heading north for Ladakh on the Tibetan frontier. "Made in India," said my companion, a Kashmir government official. On the hood of each olive-drab giant was blazoned the nameplate — *Shaktiman.*

"Does the name mean anything?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "All-powerful. Can you think of a better name for a truck?"

NEPAL

Before 1956, every automobile in Nepal had to be carried in, part by part, on men's backs. In 1956, India built the first road into Nepal, through the jungle and over the mountains to Katmandu, capital of the little Himalayan kingdom on India's northeast frontier. Now the Chinese, as a contribution to foreign aid for Nepal (and for their own military advantage), are building a road down from Tibet. It has the Indians scared stiff.

The Nepalese still venerate their antique, hard-to-come-by cars and keep them running. At the Katmandu Airport, I stepped into a 1938 Packard sedan with no glass in the windows. The starter was beyond repair. A boy hand-cranked the car smartly, leaped in beside the driver, and we lurched off to town.

"You don't get to the real back country here by car," said Robert Jaffie, the affable United States Information Service Director in Nepal. "You fly or walk." He took me over to a map on his wall. "See, there's only one road north and south in Nepal and a few lateral feeders — all right here in the Valley of Katmandu. Except for a couple of valleys and the jungle strip of the Terai along the southern border next to India, Nepal is all mountains. That takes in the Himalayas.

"You have airstrips here and there," he said,

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pointing to about a dozen places on the map, "but everywhere else, you walk in — a one- to two-day journey. Last week I went to Baghut, a marvelous town in the mountains. They have nothing in the place on wheels. They've never even seen a bicycle. Yet they take a helicopter for granted. And they have a college there."

An American Peace Corps man told me that there is a staff of a hundred in Nepal, some posted pretty far out, or up. One Corps man, who unfortunately has asthma, is stationed at a village 18,000 feet high. Peace Corps teams have to get around catch-as-catch-can, often against considerable odds.

A Peace Corps worker recently came into headquarters and reported an accident with a Jeep down in the jungle of the Terai. "We ran over a tiger," he said.

"Did you hurt him?" asked the director.

"I don't know," said the Peace Corps man. "We didn't go back to find out."

ITALY

Giorgio Panni is a sculptor who lives in Vernazza, a tiny medieval port that clings to a spur of rock on the Italian Riviera some sixty miles southeast of Genoa. Vernazza has no access by road. It is a village without a single automobile. Handsome, thirty-one-year-old Giorgio, a sculptor whose star is on the rise, works in his studio in Vernazza all summer. Last season he had an exhibition in Milan of his sculptures in native black stone and iron. It was a two-man show: the other exhibitor was Picasso. Giorgio's works were a sellout; Picasso's, at considerably higher prices, did not move so well.

In winter Giorgio leaves carless Vernazza and his studio to take up another career. He is *professore* — no Italian would hold a lesser title — in an auto school in Rome. So is his slim, pretty wife, called "Meri," a chic Anglicized version of "Maria."

Giorgio's vision falls just short of twenty-twenty, so he holds only a license for passenger-car instruction. Meri, whose vision is as flawless as her figure in a bikini, gives instruction on all types of vehicles. At the wheel of a twenty-ton trailer truck, she wears a narrow white sheath, gold sandals, and coral polish on her toenails.

Giorgio takes automobiles seriously, as do all Italians. He reads *Il Giorno Motori*, a twenty-four-page color supplement that comes weekly with the respected Milan newspaper *Il Giorno* — it would be comparable if the New York *Times* were to publish a fat automobile supplement every week.

A friend of Giorgio's who summers in Vernazza, Aldo Cesare Trionfo, a well-known Italian play director, gave me an explanation of the national attitude toward automobiles. "Cars are no longer a luxury in Italy, but every Italian still wears his car as if it were a bauble, a jewel, a crown. He cannot yet accept an automobile as a matter of course. He hasn't owned one long enough."

Giorgio's and Meri's pupils — especially Meri's — include men of ninety or older. "They sometimes take a hundred lessons without learning how to drive," said Meri. "It appears that they would like to restore their virility but cannot."

I asked Giorgio which among the glittering birds of passage along the Via Veneto was the current snob car in Rome. His answer surprised me.

"A Volkswagen," he said. "It is the car of the sons of the rich — the ultimate in simplicity."

Giorgio himself drives a dashing Alfa Romeo Sprint. I asked him if he had ever had an accident.

"Only three in my life," he said in his most explosive Italian, "and always with a Neapolitan. I will tell you about Neapolitan drivers. Eh? I was standing still in a line of traffic in Rome. This car in front of me backed up and bumped me. I could see that my damage was slight — not more than three thousand lire, five dollars. The other driver descended and began to wring his hands.

" 'I am a poor man,' he said. 'I have driven all the way from Naples to Rome to see my sister who is in the tuberculosis hospital.' The Neapolitan began to cry. 'Do not ask me to pay. No? Do not call a policeman. I have no documents. There will be a big fine.' "

Giorgio continued. "Then a policeman came along. I tried to make nothing of the accident to help the poor fellow. But the policeman asked for our documents. And do you know what that Neapolitan did? Eh? He took out his wallet. He showed the policeman his documents. His wallet was bulging with lire!"

Giorgio paused dramatically. "There was something else?" I prompted.

"*È vero!* The bandit blamed the accident on me. And I had to be satisfied with a thousand lire. Eh? That is a Neapolitan driver!"

SCATTERED REPORTS

Booming, bustling Hong Kong installed parking meters two years ago. The Chinese populace immediately named them coin-eating tigers. Hong Kong drivers come from all over the world, so they

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started feeding the meters an international diet. Hong Kong police found coins from thirty different countries in the tigers' maws, including the currency of Nigeria, Algeria, Indonesia, Taiwan, Thailand, and Malaysia. Some of the coins caused indigestion, jamming up the meters. But others worked fine, and when the police figured out the net daily take, they found that the value of the foreign coins often exceeded the actual meter rate.

* * *

Thailand's capital, Bangkok, has found an easy way to build new roads and widen old ones. The roads department simply shoves earth into the networks of *klongs*, or canals, that thread the city. There is no need for condemnation proceedings. Randolph Hamilton, American adviser to the lord mayor of Bangkok, reports that by this ingenious method the city has added twenty-eight miles of new roads and sixty-two miles of extra lanes in the past five years. Bangkok is now building two twelve-lane boulevards, permitting traffic-flow patterns even more advanced (and possibly more complicated?) than those in the West. On the road gangs, women do the lighter work, such as carrying baskets of rocks.

Bangkok can use the new roads. Traffic there is as desperate as in any city of the Orient. Bangkok had only 4000 registered motor vehicles at the end of the war; now it has more than 400,000. Slow-moving bicycle rickshaws have been banished to provincial cities, leaving the field open for Bangkok taxis to beat the lights — and gently swindle tourists by refusing to use their meters. The city is adding new cars at the rate of one every two hours, twenty-four hours a day. Traffic engineers calculate that each new car needs 250 square feet of additional lebensraum, says Mr. Hamilton. He is grateful for the *klongs*.

* * *

In Iran the import duty on cars of the Chevrolet-Ford-Plymouth class is 100 percent. On Buicks, Chryslers, and other medium-price cars, it is 200 percent. And on Cadillacs, Chrysler Imperials, and Lincoln Continentals, it is a forbidding 300 percent. The avowed purpose of oil-rich Iran's graduated duties is to discourage the wealthy from conspicuous consumption. In Teheran, automobiles are apparently considered as precious as diamonds. At night, automobile dealers draw folding iron grilles across their showroom windows, just as jewelers do in other countries.

* * *

In Israel it is against the law to leave the ignition key in an untended car. According to an Israeli official, the purpose of the law is not so much to protect the car owner as to prevent an unlicensed, and presumably incompetent, driver from making off with the car and endangering others. "We are survivors here," he said. "You will appreciate that we have a high regard for human life."

The most popular cars in Israel are the small European makes, but the Volkswagen, understandably, is not one of the favorites. Nevertheless, it has its adherents. A while back, when a West German official paid a visit to Israel, he was met everywhere by protesting pickets. The leader of one picketing delegation down in the Negev arrived at the official's reception driving a Volkswagen.

* * *

In Yugoslavia just outside Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian Coast is a colony of camping huts about the size of bath cabins. They are reserved exclusively for the buyers of motor scooters. The idea is to buy a scooter and get a vacation absolutely free, a gimmick that smacks of capitalist merchandising. The buyer gets a lottery number with his purchase, then waits. He may have to wait a year or more, but when his number is drawn he gets his free vacation. Painted by grateful hands on the outside wall of each hut is a life-size portrait of a scooter traveling at full throttle, slanted at a rakish angle, trailing speed lines in its wake.

Drawings by Carl Rose

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JOHN R. BOND

How good are American cars?

John R. Bond spent twenty-two years in the automobile industry before he became publisher of the well-known motoring magazine ROAD AND TRACK. *He owns and drives many European and American cars, and is an authority on engineering and design as well as many aspects of motoring.*

AMERICAN cars are highly prized, greatly respected throughout Europe, where competition is extremely keen. Our cars cost anywhere from 50 to 150 percent more there than at home because of duties and discriminatory levies, yet 144,510 American passenger cars were exported in 1963.

Why are our cars so popular overseas? Because they run and run and run. Our engines use little oil and ordinarily need no major repairs for at least 50,000 miles, usually much more. The chassis components stand up better than overseas products on bad roads. The bodies do not rattle or corrode. A well-used American car with 100,000 miles on the odometer will still bring a fantastic price — in other lands.

Durability and reliability are taken for granted by the American consumer. This circumstance explains why, with the single exception of the Volkswagen, the American public has become so disenchanted with the small imported car. Many of the latter proved to be economical on fuel, but not so economical when repair charges and depreciation were added up at the end of two or three years.

Today every American car manufacturer has a large engineering department and extensive acreage devoted to proving grounds. The auto companies have found, sometimes through sad experience, that it is cheaper to test a new design exhaustively than to produce a relatively untried model and face expensive service problems or corrections in the field.

A combined total of a million miles or more of testing is virtually standard procedure before any new model is introduced. A typical example is Rambler's all-new six-cylinder engine, announced in mid-1964. One test car with the new engine racked up 107,000 miles with no major attention except routine maintenance. At that mileage the oil consumption was still less than one quart per thousand miles.

An interesting sidelight of this particular Rambler test was that the company used off-duty Chicago policemen for drivers. American Motors' engineers stated that their regular test drivers notice incipient malfunctions and report them for correction. Policemen drive like most ordinary people and keep going till the car quits. In all, AMC built ten experimental test engines (very expensive) and logged 2 million miles on these and pilot production-line samples.

Tests were run also at such diverse places as Phoenix, Arizona, and Bemidji, Minnesota. More than 15,000 hours were logged on dynamometer testing in Kenosha and Detroit.

Such thorough procedures as those described for AMC's Rambler "232" engine are not at all unusual; they are typical throughout the American automotive industry. Equally important, such testing is not confined to the power plant.

Tailpiece drawing by Robert Osborn.

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The seats in a five-year-old car, for example, do not fall to pieces as they did before the war. Why not? Every major auto manufacturer in the United States has an extensive testing laboratory, filled with strange and weird-looking machines. Seats are tested by a machine which forces a wooden model of a derriere into the cushion a given distance, then releases it. The process is repeated every three seconds and continues for a million cycles (if nothing fails). Spring sag, spring breakage, and upholstery durability are evaluated accurately.

These laboratories perform several functions. Their first and most obvious duty is to test newly designed components for function and durability before production commences. A second duty is to test items submitted by outside suppliers. A simple stoplight switch is a good example. Samples submitted for approval must pass a test of one million cycles without failure. Once a supplier is selected he must expect further checks on the quality of his product; such tests as are required are a continuous process on a spot-check basis. It is not unusual for an entire shipment from a supplier to be turned down because half of a batch of twenty samples failed prematurely.

Laboratory tests are of course an important adjunct to the normal road-test program. A shock absorber that will stand up for 500,000 cycles within a week in the laboratory will probably outlast the car in normal use. Engineers call this accelerated testing, and talk of correlation between lab and road tests. Testing procedures are developed so that a week in the laboratory is equivalent to five years or more on the road. This saves time and money — especially important in an industry which has new models almost every year.

No part of the car is too small or too insignificant to escape the laboratory. The outside rearview mirror is a good case in point, and here is a brief outline of the procedure used by the Ford Motor Company.

Sample mirrors are given a ninety-six-hour salt-spray bath to test for plating quality. Other samples get a sixteen-hour corrosion-abrasive test, considered even more severe than the salt bath. Qualification details are spelled out in specification sheets, even to the amount of porosity permitted in the die-cast mounting and the quality of the mirror glass. ("First surface" type of glass is specified, the best on the market, in order to avoid a double image.) Sample mirrors are also installed on test cars which run on a very rough proving grounds circuit for 40,000 miles, deemed equivalent to 100,000 miles on ordinary roads.

Other sample mirrors get an interesting lab test of the ball joint used for the adjustment feature. This joint must not stick or freeze, yet it must also retain its ability to stay put if the car owner wants to make an adjustment. Mirrors are cycled in the lab by a series of special machines which oscillate the mirror back and forth and in two different directions. At intervals during the cycling the temperature is lowered to minus 20 degrees Fahrenheit, raised to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. After 3500 gyrations the ball joint must still have 70 percent of its original frictional characteristics to pass. As a result of these tests over the years, Ford specifies a special lubricant for the ball joint, which eliminates sticking yet inhibits wear during the cycling test. The testers have also found that stainless steel (rustproof) mounting screws are essential. After preproduction mirrors are approved, samples from every batch supplied by the vendor are checked on a regular schedule to ensure maintenance of quality control.

The Delco "Delcotron" alternator adopted by GM cars in 1964 is an excellent example of thorough testing. Delco, as a large supplier for GM, has its own test laboratory. Before this new alternator was ever placed in production, Delco engineers tested various samples and designs for the equivalent of 70 million miles. Other tests included 2.2 million miles on the dynamometer and 25 million actual miles on the road — all this from a supplier. The auto manufacturer has his own additional qualification tests before acceptance.

Some tests are more dramatic than others. At Chrysler the writer watched brake hoses on test. These are the vital connecting links between the hollow steel brake lines and the bouncing wheels of your car; failure of only one of the four flexible lines would mean that you had no brakes. A battery of machines actually whips them to tatters, and this test runs twenty-four hours a day.

A few years ago Pontiac introduced a car with a curved or bent drive shaft connecting the engine and the rear wheels. One of the tests involved a laboratory duplicate of the backbone-like chassis: engine in front, the drive shaft inside its backbone-like tunnel cover and the complete rear axle assembly. A dynamometer replaced each rear wheel. Automatic controls actuated the engine's throttle, and once every thirty seconds the "car" started up from a standstill, raced up to 80 mph at full throttle, then came to a full stop. The curved drive shaft had to take this enormous strain without failure for 100,000 miles. Before the design and material specifications were finally settled, nearly 100 different shafts were tested. Needless to say, Pontiac Tempest's unique curved drive shaft gave absolutely no trouble in service.

In 1938 Chevrolet had 13,000 square feet devoted to lab tests; today it has over 100,000 square feet

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for this purpose, located at the GM Tech Center just outside Detroit.

Chevrolet has a test fixture for the front suspension which strokes the two wheels to duplicate driving over railroad ties for a distance of 1000 miles. This severe test is computed on the basis of 250,000 cycles of the machine. Another test machine at Chevrolet simulates a loading equivalent to a front-wheel side skid. The suspension must not fail in 500,000 cycles.

Rear suspension systems get similar abuse. When Chevrolet first introduced its coil-spring system, it took a test car down to the racetrack at Darlington, South Carolina. The car was elaborately instrumented, and the driver made several laps at over 120 mph. Then the engineers took the recorded data back to the laboratory and built a special test machine to simulate the stresses and strains imposed on the rear end at the track. Cornering loads equivalent to 625,000 racing miles were duplicated before the rear suspension was approved for production.

Accessories, optional at extra cost, are very popular with car buyers, especially since these accessories are thoroughly engineered by the car manufacturer and built to give long life without the need for attention or repairs.

Automatic transmissions are the most popular extra-cost item: 77.6 percent of all cars produced in the United States last year were so equipped. As with engines, these complex assemblies are not redesigned every year. Chevrolet's Powerglide, for example, has been refined in detail, but it has been fundamentally unchanged since it was first introduced in 1949. But as with engines, a new or revised automatic transmission is thoroughly tested for millions of miles before production commences. The value of this policy was amply demonstrated by the Lincoln division of Ford two years ago. At a new-model preview, Ford let members of the press drive one of the new Lincolns, then immediately drive a year-old model with over 100,000 test miles on the odometer. There were some differences, but the average driver would not be able to notice them.

Chrysler's durability test procedure for its optional four-speed manual transmission is interesting, and the company says that it is somewhat more grueling than the requirements of competitors. Chrysler specifies a life test of twenty hours in first gear, twenty-eight hours in second gear, and thirty-five hours in third, under load. The load is varied for each gear and is equivalent to the strain of running continuously on a hill steep enough to force the engine to operate at wide-open throttle. Years of experience with this accelerated laboratory technique have shown it to be equivalent to over 100,000 miles of driving by the average owner.

Air conditioning is an optional accessory becoming more popular each year. In 1964 some 1.4 million cars left the factory equipped with air conditioning. The industry expects that the demand will rise rapidly; 76 percent of the three luxury cars produced in 1964 had air conditioning, as compared with only 17.89 percent of all cars produced.

The air-conditioning systems are not redesigned every year. The design of component parts is, however, under a continuous process of development, both to improve cooling performance and to reduce costs. A standard performance test is to put a black car out to bake in the sun, windows closed. A test driver then steps in, fires up the engine, turns on the air conditioning, and clocks the time required for the interior to come down to 70 degrees Fahrenheit. One and a half minutes for a drop from 120 degrees to 70 degrees is not unusual.

Another critical test for an air-conditioned car is the performance of its engine-cooling system. The A/C system imposes extra loads on the engine and requires a larger heavy-duty radiator. Also, an engine at idle tends to boil because there is no forward movement of the vehicle to provide a blast of air for engine cooling. For this test most manufacturers specify that on a day when the temperature is 110 degrees, the engine must not boil when idling for at least thirty minutes. For durability of the A/C components, they require 40,000 miles over the rough-road route, equivalent to 100,000 miles of ordinary driving.

Testing includes many other accessories. For instance, jacks are tested, and trailer hitches also get careful consideration. In fact, nearly all cars are available today with special options designed and tested solely for the benefit of those motorists who pull trailers. The companies even test roof racks, which surprisingly enough have in the past given a lot of trouble. The test load for a large roof rack is usually 250 pounds. Among other things, they test with a loose load at 90 mph, then put on the brakes for a crash stop.

Now let us consider some of the criticisms of our cars. It is true that our most popular, so-called standard, cars have grown larger and heavier since the war. This is a simple result of the great American desire to "get ahead." The mass market for post-war cars has proved to be for something bigger and better than just transportation. And there is nothing wrong with this attitude; if the bulk of sales are in what used to be the Buick-Chrysler category, why blame Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth, and Dodge for supplying products to meet the demand? These four cars, with weights approaching two tons (unloaded), account for more than

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half of all sales. All four are big cars in the truest sense of the term, and though gasoline consumption is not nearly so economical as the pre-war standard of twenty miles per gallon, the fact remains that the consumer is willing to pay for more luxury, more performance.

As for the compacts, the figures show conclusively that only one out of five buyers is interested in economy. All these cars weigh under 3000 pounds, and weight is the all-important factor when it comes to economy, whether we are talking about fuel, oil, tires, or even first cost. American compacts are far superior to comparable imports, primarily because they are designed, tested, and built to give genuinely economical transportation. They may not give thirty miles per gallon, but cost-conscious buyers know that the annual fuel bill is not a significant factor in computing the cost of owning an automobile.

Forced obsolescence has been much maligned. When production quantities exceed 350,000 units per year, the tooling is worn out anyway. Hence, the technical innovations evolved each year by engineers can just as well be incorporated when tools, dies, and machines are replaced. While Henry Ford may have saved a dollar or two per Model T (by making no important design changes), he spent over 100 million dollars in 1927 to make the change to the Model A. Yet only 4.5 million Model A's were produced before complete retooling was required for the 1932 V-8. From that time on, Ford retooled every year for a new and improved model. Even Ford capitulated to the inexorable march of technological advances.

The detractors of the American car like to point out that most major technical innovations come from Europe. This may well be true if one talks of who was first. But it remained for Detroit to produce the soft-riding independent front suspension at a reasonable cost in 1934. It was Reo in Lansing which first offered an automatic transmission in 1933. Duesenberg in Indianapolis pioneered four-wheel hydraulic brakes in 1921. American tire engineers developed the balloon tire in 1924, the extra-low-pressure tire in 1949, the low profile in 1964. Goodyear pioneered the caliper-disk brake on the Crosley in 1949. The supercharger, first used on the Chadwick car in 1908 and later adapted to high altitude flying by GE, helped us to win World War II.

Current European cars often abound in technical or novelty features, but it takes American engineering, design, testing, and manufacturing to make these features practical and available to great numbers of people at a cost they can afford.

An oft-quoted example of European "leadership" is the widespread use of independent rear suspension. In the United States, we have only the Corvette and Corvair with this system of rear-springing.

I have talked with dozens of engineers in and around Detroit on this subject. They all agree that independent rear suspension has some advantages, but they also agree that the ride is not noticeably improved, that erratic handling is difficult to overcome, and that the high manufacturing cost is not justified by the results. The Corvair would not be possible without independent rear suspension because of its rear-mounted engine. The Corvette needs a similar type of suspension in order to get adequate traction with its tremendous power-to-weight ratio (up to 425 horsepower, weight only 3200 pounds).

Independent suspension gives a much improved ride on small, light cars, but on 4000-pound American cars the ratio of sprung to unsprung weight, even with solid one-piece rear axle assemblies, is not critical. The latest American development — positioning the rear axle more positively and accurately by means of three or four rubber-cushioned links — gives excellent results at low cost. The links are arranged to negate acceleration squat and brake lift; they give good cornering control and freedom from transmission of axle-gear noise.

The typical American car is astutely designed to supply a simple need: comfortable, reliable transportation at a reasonable cost. I regard the modern American car, at well under $1.00 per pound, as one of the best buys in the world today.

Once there was the wheel.

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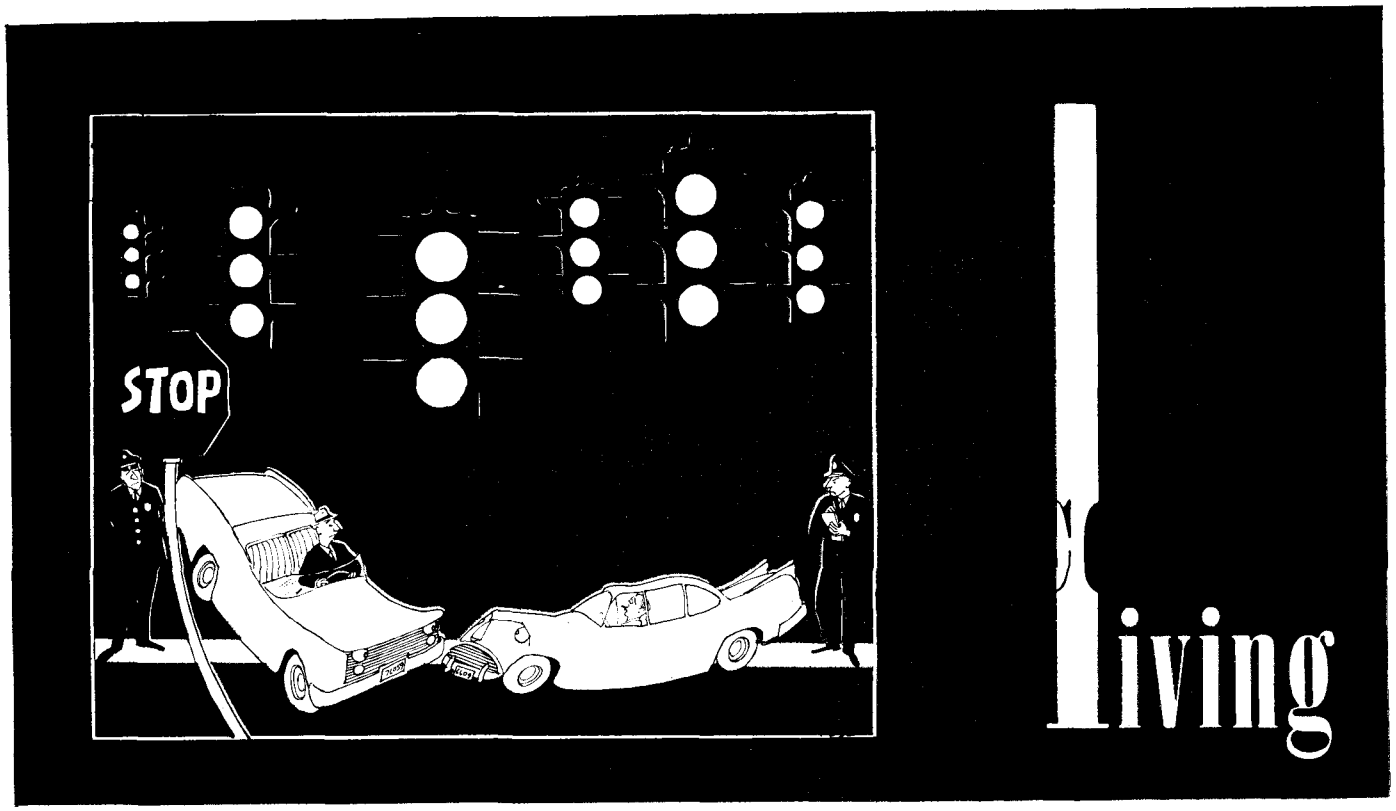

THE WORST DRIVERS

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Almost anyone who drives a car is convinced that there are more bad drivers in his own community than anywhere else in the land. This is only natural, one supposes; as long as driving depends on individual judgment and skill, some will drive well and others badly. If the ingredient of manners is added to the driver's makeup, these variables lead even more briskly to hard feelings, and the driver reaches home of an evening with the sense of having survived a virtual conspiracy against himself by the others on the road. He has escaped only by outwitting them.

However bitterly the local driver may regard his fellows, there are great areas in the United States where the driving is phenomenally good. The local driver will hoot at the statement, but I believe that California, Chicago, and New York City drivers, in the total environment they create for traffic, are unsurpassed.

Boston is deservedly celebrated, by all who have ever driven here, as the home of the worst driving. Even as I typed these words I could see from my office window a driver backing against the one-way traffic on Arlington Street preparatory to backing around the corner into one-way Marlborough Street against its traffic, and then putting his foot down hard and backing at a good 25 mph for most of the long block to a point where he had glimpsed a vacant place to park.

Backing — fast — against one-way traffic is a daily occurrence in Boston. What Los Angeles authorities would do to this kind of driver fires the imagination, but I have yet to see one flagged down here. Traffic police are in fact rather scarce around Boston. On the July 4 holiday a year ago, in heavy traffic all the way, we drove from Cambridge through Boston to Kittery, Maine, and back without sighting a single police officer of any kind, while the local drivers kept in trim by fast driving in the breakdown lanes and cutting back into line whenever they had to.

In Boston, the police are preoccupied by parking violations. Almost anything else goes, especially on the highways outside the city, and to cross the state line into Connecticut is to leave behind, suddenly, the constant sense of crisis that Massachusetts driving generates. Being overtaken on the wrong side, at 60 mph in a 50-mile zone, by a trailer truck doing 70 should not be unexpected in Massachusetts, but it does become fatiguing.

New York seems to believe in live-and-let-live, and the driving is expert more often than not, but a great deal of pent-up meanness — combative motoring at its worst — is directed against the car with out-of-state plates. One could concede the New Yorkers a reasonable wish to revenge themselves on Massachusetts drivers for ancient wrongs around Boston, but even the cab-drivers in New York want to make plain their superiority to drivers from anywhere else.

California makes the visitor immediately aware of roads heavily patrolled. Plagued by an ever greater volume of traffic that must move over odd combinations of the superhighway and the archaic roads of pre-war days, the California community seems to believe in the function of traffic police. Without enough police, California would become immobilized. One can gauge the efficacy of the traffic police and their prestige among drivers by what happens at a sign calling for a full stop. Even if it were plain that no other car was on the road, I believe most California drivers would stop, simply to make sure of not being arrested, somehow, for failing to do so. Chicago is equally cowed by its cops. I was with a man

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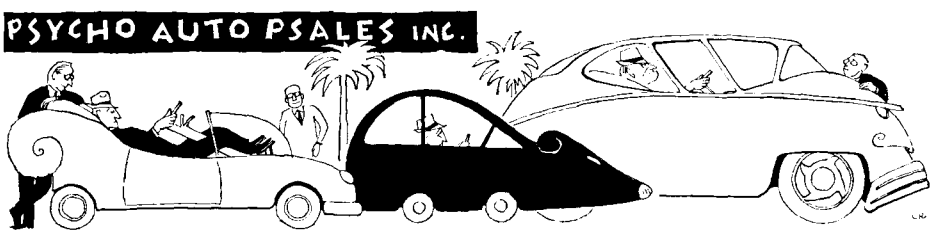
who was driving out the North Side and inadvertently went through a red light. No more than semi-respectable himself, he was a Chicagoan of great wealth and power, so much so that his armed bodyguard was following us in another car as protection against kidnappers. I should have thought such a personage could deal with traffic police as he saw fit, and I was not prepared for his fright on his realization of what he had done. After getting clear of the intersection, he pulled over to the curb and stopped. He waited for the blast of a whistle or harsh words, but nothing happened. No police were at hand, but he waited at least a minute more, as if performing a sort of penance. "I wouldn't have wanted the police to think I did it because I was in a hurry," he explained to me as we set off once again.



There's a Freud in Your Future

BY MARGARET BENNETT

MARGARET BENNETT *is the pseudonym for two Sherman Oaks, California, ladies, both of whom are librarians.*

Buick, in naming one of its models after a popular psychological complex, the Electra, finally acknowledged a basic truth: the automobile in American life serves primarily not as a means of transportation but as a couch; its main purpose is not to move us from place to place but to provide us with a socially acceptable outlet for our psychosexual needs.

If the Electra proves financially successful, we can expect a psychogenic rash of imitative behavior on the part of other firms. In fact, when the model year 1975 rolls around, automobile advertising may sound like this:

Freud Motor Company's most prestigious dream car, the Megalomaniac LSD, makes your every delusion of grandeur come true as you revel in the complete fulfillment of two traffic lanes and three parking spaces. You will thrill to Megalomaniac's unsurpassable Fantaseeflyte transmission and delight in the overreaction of its exclusive Egocentric power steering. Your Megalomaniac has, as standard equipment, pretension coil springs, overinflated tires, self-aggrandizing power seats, and superior mental climate air conditioning. Of course, a symbiotic host of optional aberrations are available at exorbitant prices. Don't you think it's time you let yourself be transported by this unique autistic experience?

After years of painstaking research into the repressions and unconscious desires of the American public, the Freud Motor Company proudly announces a car that you will be compelled to love — the Oedsel. There is a strength of maturity in its ample, flowing lines. There is warmth and security in the living-womb comfort of its softly padded and upholstered interior. Every bump along life's road is blotted out by the Oedsel's Rorschach absorber system, and you know you're safe when you're held fast by the uncuttable miracle-cord Umbilo-belt. The Oedsel appears in many subtle, guilt-tinged shades. All in all, it's a completely arresting vehicle, one that you'll hate to have to get out of.

This is the hot one! Freud's new free-wheeling action car, the LeSatyr, is the climax of almost a half century of auto-erotic achievement. From the phallic symbol ornament on the lustrous hood to the licentious plate on the fast back, this road-hugging piece of machinery is designed for those whose love of performance is insatiable. Couple your LeSatyr's high-potency Passion-8 engine with either the exciting Libido-matic transmission or the orgiastic four-on-the-floor four-speed sex drive. Intensify your pleasure with the special lo-fidelity instant-warm-up radio, errant conditioning, and pneumatic bliss tires.

First-place winner in this year's Humble Economy Run is Freud's dependable, modestly priced compact, the Superego, respected everywhere for its purity of design, clean lines, rigid construction, and structural integrity. You'll always enjoy perfect control with the Superego's original austeering wheel, oversized self-adjusting brakes, tension-action stabilizer bar, and high-repression-ratio engine. The interior, tastefully done in virgin vinyl and stainless steel, features upright seating upholstered in sturdy moral fiber, and a halo-lighted instrument panel. Available in several models: Model Wife, Model Husband, Model Son, and Model Citizen. The Superego will suit your compulsive drive to perfection.

The product of diabolical German engineering and accident-prone Italian design, the Sado-Masochisti Gran Praecox sports roadster brings a new dementia to your driving. Never before has such a versatile torture mechanism appeared in Freud's exhibition rooms. The GP's wild horsepower psychomotor, equipped with uninhibited neurasthenic exhausts, allows you to simultaneously terrify and deafen as you whip in and out of traffic. The claustrophobia-inducing interior dimensions, springless floor seating, and arm-wrenching ten-speed Eterno-shift make your own ride pure agony. The Sado-Masochisti's complex construction and all imported handmade parts turn each minor repair into the ultimate experience in financial self-flagellation. Customize your GP with the popular Rally Pac, featuring ticometer, automatic choke, Torquemada converter, and Marquis de Sade grille. Yes, with the Sado-Masochisti Gran Praecox you can find release for your every destructive urge and death wish. Truly, this is the car for the Jung at heart.

But, on second thought, it's probably not necessary to wait until the future for your Freud. Just look into the advertising — and the cars — of today. A neurosis by any other name . . .

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The Next Step Forward Is Back

BY R. G. G. PRICE

A regular contributor to PUNCH *of light articles and literary criticism,* R. G. G. PRICE *lives in Sussex and writes for the* ATLANTIC *on a variety of subjects.*

The London *Times Literary Supplement* is a noble but worried paper. It broods about getting left behind by rapid changes in fashion. It knows its readers revere it for the soundness of its attitude to new manuscripts of Chaucer, but it sometimes fears they may think it a bit old-fashioned when it comes to what's new. This gnawing terror has driven it into producing two plump special numbers devoted to reporting on the avant-garde. They are packed with manifestos from alleged avant-gardists, and action typography, and poems consisting of casually assembled syllables that form poetry because the poet says they do.

These are illustrations of current practice; but I get the feeling that the *Supplement* thinks it is telling its readers about trends and helping them to hold their own in conversations about Whither Verse? and The Novel — What Now? But the assumption that advance continues in the same direction is quite unhistorical. The next stage in literature won't be like the present avant-garde only more so. My guess is we are going to see a return to the simple, the comfortable, the middlebrow; and the leaders of ultra-experimental writing will howl their heads off saying it isn't literature at all.

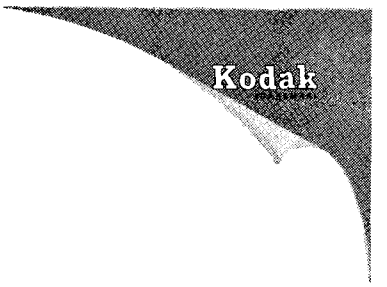
When Wordsworth caused violently raised eyebrows with *Lyrical Ballads*, his mild ditties were not attacked for going right over the edge of comprehensibility, for pushing the heroic couplet way out beyond decent limits. They struck contemporaries as feeble-minded. The biggest new development in poetry for over a century was dismissed as smug, incompetent, and childish. It was yawned at.

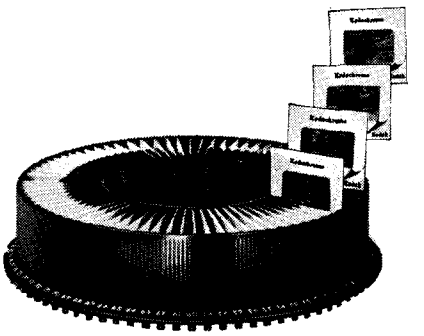
But where else can modern writing go except back? Detailed descriptions of ever less widely shared perversions with alternate words printed upside down? Poems in algebraic symbols? Drama with the dialogue electronically randomized? Novels with blank spaces for the reader to fill in with any word that occurs to him, preferably dirty? Once you have broken down sense into jumbled type there is nothing left to do except give up attempting to communicate at all. The only thing to do in a cul-de-sac is turn around and go back the way you came till you come to another road forward. The new middlebrow experimenters would find life hard. They would be confused with the poor souls who have never stopped copying the writers their grandfathers loved; but any real critic ought to be able to distinguish between writers who have passed through current fashions and emerged with something quite new and poor dumb creatures who have never noticed anything happening at all.

The trouble with stunts and gimmicks and shocks is that they have to be exceptions in a humdrum world to produce any profitable response. De Quincey made a good thing out of being an opium eater because the average writer was respectable and would never have dreamed of eating opium, even on anniversaries. Now that writers, and painters, fill up with drugs before working, drugging has become an orthodoxy. Well, it always takes toughness and patience to be a heretic, and the abstemious will just have to persevere until the arts belong to them once more. They will go underground, feeling persecuted but in the right, and refuse to take the easy way and join the older generation in dope, debt, and dissociated prose.

I see these sober heralds of the new dawn turning their backs on the traditional hangouts of the progressive, like Paris, San Francisco, Ischia, and Mexico. Harold Ross said the *New Yorker* wasn't written for the old lady in Dubuque. Well, Dubuque sounds like just the kind of town for the real, not the phony,

The editors are saddened to report to ATLANTIC readers the death of Robert Fontaine, a frequent and valued contributor to these pages.





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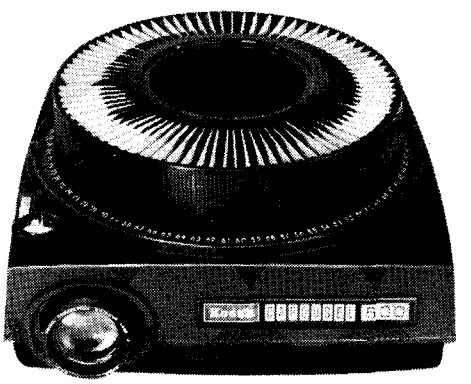

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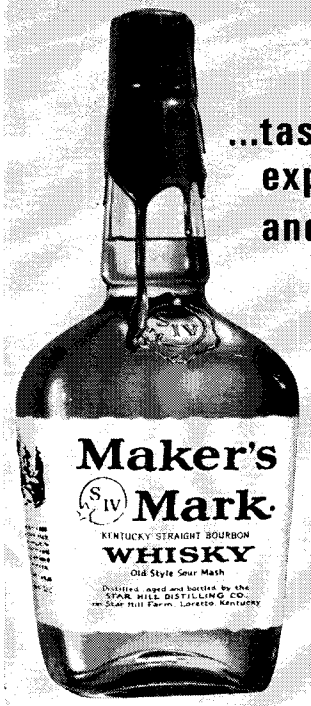

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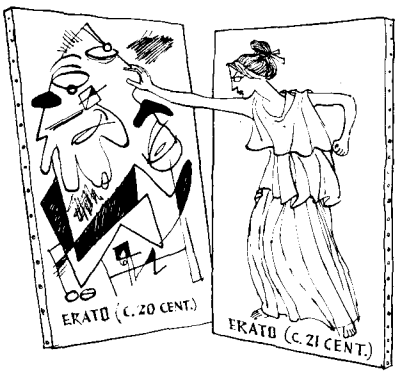
innovators to settle in. They will merge into their community, and their meetings with one another will be formal. Dining together, writers will look a bit like a whiskey ad. After the meal there will be a pause for the relaxed digestion of good



wine and food — but not for snob wine-and-food talk — and then plans will be discussed for publishing a new magazine, something quite new, with the lines starting top left and finishing bottom right and never being interrupted with pictures of human eyes, technical formulas, or outbursts of obscenity. There will be a good deal of courteous, coherent, and well-reasoned argument about its title: *A Treasury of Prose and Verse? The Dubuque Monthly Record of Literature? Mens Sana?* When it finally appears, many readers who have been used to a hotter, spiced diet will find it tame and unreadable. But sooner or later the young will be attracted by its novelty, and one of the most savage critical battles in history will begin.

In the mid-sixties artists have been having it even better than writers. Editors don't pay as much for a poem consisting of forty-five "I's" followed by an equation as dealers do for canvasses with one half left bare and the other painted a single color. The heretics will begin by starving because they are meticulously representational, ostentatiously skillful, and visibly industrious. Buyers will feel they are getting their money's worth in hours of work, even if the result is a bit short on surprise. Sculptors will stop fusing heaps of nails into a rough-and-ready unity or giving slapdash impressions of the effects of erosion and try to find somewhere to look that their predecessors have missed, perhaps even nature.

Delivering commissions on time, being moderate with stimulants, fitting in with everyone, the new wave is going to seem pretty gray to the jaded appetites of the middle-aged. But what the over-thirties think doesn't much matter. The young will respond to something that is fresh, and what is fresh in 1965 is anything that isn't avant-garde.

BELLE

BY TIM REYNOLDS

There never was such a woman for losing things:
her glasses, books, teeth, oh God, she'd lost her
toys, her youth, her honor and a war,
lost her looks, her money and her mind.
What little she'd kept, we found
stashed away in plastic-
capped cans and jars,
wrapped in tinfoil:
a withered carrot, pliable as clothesline;
a dab of cottage cheese, blue green, furred;
a few grains of curried rice;
one stony doughnut
that outlived her muttering dotage.
A bed; two rachitic chairs; a table
with half a bottle of Jim Beam on it
and a deck of cards.
We remembered the occasional clink
and the steady plack plack
plack through the thin walls;
was it solitaire she played,
or did her limp cards foretell this particular
fortune, this utter loss,
over and over?

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The Neurotic's Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

Forget about calories — *everything* makes thin people thinner and fat people fatter.

People are like birds: on the wing, all beautiful; up close, all beady little eyes.

Loneliness, insomnia, and change: the fear of these is even worse than the reality.

A hypochondriac is one who has a pill for everything except what ails him.

If people find your silences interesting, don't disillusion them.

Neurotics would change places with anyone — except the people they know.

Neurotics have plenty of nonneurotic friends, but not for long.

The last selfless doctor I can remember was Jean Hersholt.

If you take the high road and I take the low road, naturally I'll get there before you.

The chief function of an executive is to keep those who really do the work from doing it in peace.

A sense of humor is a major defense against minor troubles.

If you jot down every silly thought that pops into your head, you will soon find out everything you most seriously believe.

Has there ever been a time when it was not respectable to be conservative?

Reminder to clever wives: it is better to be kind than to be witty, and practically impossible to be both.

A woman will wear her heart on her sleeve if she thinks it goes with her dress.

If your children spend most of their time in other people's houses, you're lucky; if they all congregate at your house, you're blessed.

Fine feathers make fine birds, until it comes time to fly.

Children are the noisiest creatures on earth, but they never forgive a mother who screams at them.

Bribes and punishments are equally unavailing against the real don't-cares.

Love fills a man's eyes with smiles, a woman's with tears.

Men marry sexy little girls for some *other* quality, as they never tire of telling you.

A woman on a diet soon develops a Joan of Arc complex.

No matter what she looks like, every woman secretly considers herself rather seductive.

They threaten me with lung cancer, and still I smoke and smoke. If they'd just threaten me with hard work, I might stop.

A successful marriage requires falling in love many times, always with the same person.

A man will overlook much in his wife if she just doesn't keep him waiting.

For the happiest life, days should be rigorously planned, nights left open to chance.

Creative people usually head for the big cities: more than theaters, museums, or libraries, they need each other.

No one really listens to anyone else, and if you try to for a while, you'll see why.

Doodles courtesy of Charles W. Morton.

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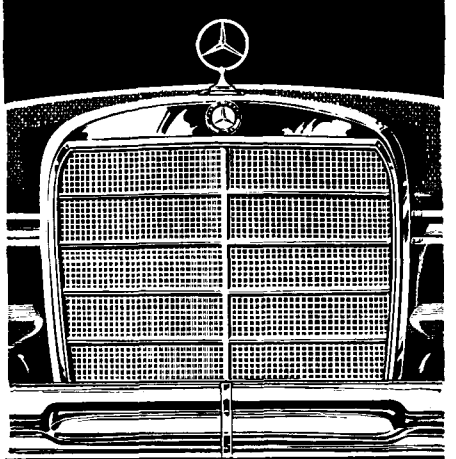

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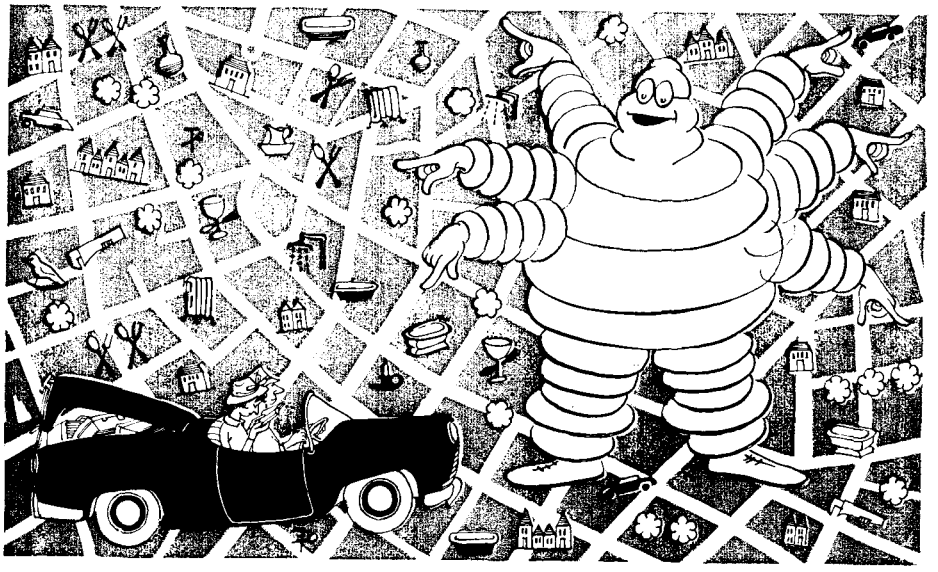

DOWN WITH MICHELIN!

BY KEITH WILLIAMS

Who doesn't know about Michelin guides? The basic one is about French hotels and restaurants, one thousand pages and two pounds of Red Guide, selling for about $2.00. Take Fleurance, a little market town we stayed in for a while last summer. The *automobiliste* heading toward it can find from the Michelin Red that it is in the department of Gers, has 4310 inhabitants, is 98 meters, or about 300 feet, above sea level, is 29 kilometers from Condom and 24 from Auch and 660 from Paris. The best place to stay is the Hôtel de France, 69 rue République, telephone 68, meal from 9 to 14 francs ($2.00 to $3.00), with a carafe of wine at 1.50 francs. It has 20 rooms costing about $2.00 to $2.50, with steam heat, bidet, bathtub, shower, garage, which the customer has to pay for, money changing, and no dogs allowed in the dining room. All this information about both town and hotel is conveyed by words and signs in two and a half lines.

The next listing, alphabetically, is Fleurines (where I've never been), which happens to have a one-star restaurant. You get all this if you know how to read the guide:

In the Oise Department, 671 inhabitants, 98 meters altitude, 51 kilometers from Paris.

Nearby Halatte Forest is a one-star attraction.

The Vieux Logis with its star belongs to a fellow named Le Hir, who closes it down from August 16 to September 15 and every Thursday. It is at 2 Paris Street, and its telephone is 13. The meal costs 12 francs, or about $2.30, and the wine in carafe 4 francs. Specialties are *Sole au Champagne*, *Poularde aux morilles à la crème*, *Vacherin glacé Chantilly* (the last two items: fattened pullet with morel mushrooms and cream; meringue with whipped cream). Le Hir offers five rooms to transients, for $2.30 to $6.50, and he has steam heat, bidet, bath, and free parking. He does not accept radios in the dining room, although dogs are not excluded. All this is boiled down to four lines in the Michelin Red. A second, humbler restaurant in little Fleurines is also described, in less than a line and a half. The thirty-four-page Paris part of the guide gives the same kind of details about more than 500 hotels and restaurants.

Michelin stars are extremely important to establishments which earn them. On page 32 of the current Red is an explanation of the star system:

"Almost everywhere in France hotels and restaurants serve good meals and good wine. Nevertheless, some merit being brought to your attention by one, two, or three stars.

"3 Stars, 11 in all France — One of the best tables in France, worth a special journey. The food is always very good, sometimes wonderful. . . .

"2 Stars, 61 in all France — Excellent cuisine, worth a detour. . . .

"1 Star, 555 in all France — A good restaurant for its class . . . a good place for the passing motorist to break his journey. . . ."

If money is an object, Michelin goes on to explain, in three-star restaurants "price has no meaning." Among the two-stars, "do not expect meals of this quality to be cheap." Pages 28 through 31 show about 200 places where you can have "good meals for less than 12 francs." All this wine and food precision is accompanied by maps of every town of 5000 inhabitants or more. A Michelin Red in your hand means that you can know nearly everything about France — everything if you buy the supplementary Green guides to attractions and sites. Of these last there are seventeen in all, ranging from Brittany to the Côte d'Azur and the Vosges to the Pyrenees. Red guides now exist for Germany, Benelux, Italy, and Spain, in addition to France, and Green guides to Austria and Switzerland as well. The guides to Morocco and Algeria have long been out of print and are now collectors' items.

What criticisms can possibly be made of such exemplarily erudite and concise guidebooks? Why is it that I now take their recommendations with a grain of salt and a good half of the hotelkeepers and restaurateurs of France earnestly desire their disappearance?

To speak for myself first: When I was very young I held jobs in Syria and Lebanon and for four years explored the whole Middle East, checking into overpriced bad hotels and underpriced good ones and running along carefree over *pistes non automobilisables*. The chick-peas and yogurt and local stews pleased and filled me.

When my wife and I moved closer to Europe and started driving around that continent during annual vacations, the guides snared me and I soon became an addict, although I vaguely sensed that they de-

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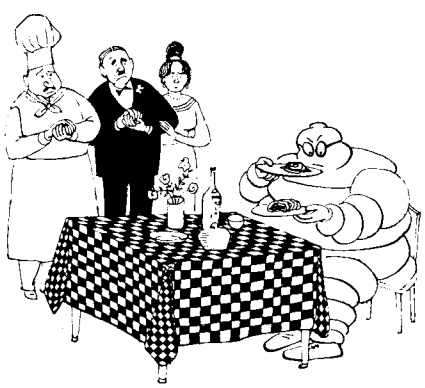
flowered the countries for me. I remember Assisi, for example, the first week of our Michelin honeymoon — how the little hired car made undeviatingly for the best hotel for the money, how we already knew that it had fifty-five rooms and several baths and a good restaurant and would not completely break us. The next morning, Italie Green in hand, we spent all the time in the Lower Basilica over the two three-star and the five two-star attractions, aware that the Upper Basilica had only two three-star attractions and the Cimabue frescoes were "unfortunately ruined."

Passing thus smoothly through Italy, never once checking into a crummy hotel or eating in a low dive, we felt grateful to Michelin. My wife did complain that she had sat all that time in the front seat reading about the next town, and navigating me through it by the map when we got there, with no time to look out and see anything, but this was only wry tribute to the quality of the guides. When we stopped, it was for a three-star attraction or maybe a church with only two-star windows, but a week for 500 miles did not allow enough time for the one-star things. Or, I now see, for discovery.

In France, Italy behind us, this early Michelinisme of ours reached its apogee. That first night in Nice we poured some *pastis* down the children to make them sleepy, bribed



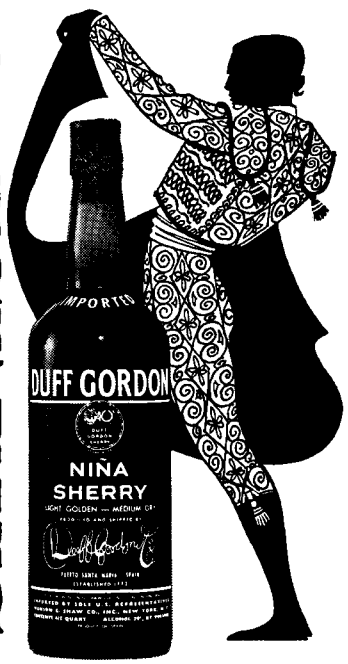
the chambermaid to look in on them once in a while, and set out, Red in hand, to Restaurant A, with its two stars, "worth a detour." It was crowded with Anglo-Saxons bearing Red guides, and very expensive, so I determined that we should go on to Restaurant B, "good meals for less than 850 francs" (old francs, of course), to get a glimpse of the real France. In front of B the mother of my children clapped her hands and said, "Oh, *sweet!* Just like those Skid Row missions where they serve free breakfasts." Restaurant C then, with its one star, a good mile away over cobbled streets, was closed because it was Tuesday.

Restaurant D posted a *menu touristique* which looked reasonable, and it *did* have two crossed spoons (out of a possible five; the crossed spoons relate only to the comfort and service of the restaurant, not its cuisine). After four acceptable courses and a liter of some of the fairest old aged-in-the-aluminum Algerian wine ever to be mixed with a drop or two of Bordeaux and sold for two dollars, I paid the bill — to which, since this was France, about 60 percent had been added in service, taxes, *couvert*, and deposit on the wine bottle — and we walked back to our three-tower (out of a possible five) hotel clutching our guide and our gorges, which were already rising. This was seven or eight years ago, but even today the gluttony inherent in all but the meanest French menus plays havoc with the outlander's digestion.

This has not, of course, been a serious criticism, but a left-handed expression of what is good about the Red and how useful it is to the innocent traveler, especially if he remembers to bring his Tums along. Stick with Michelin and you go only to the best hotels in each category and eat only in restaurants where the cooking is at least competent and often magnificent. In addition to the starred places, Michelin lists other restaurants which are working toward a star, knowing how much it means in dollars and francs and Deutsche marks and shillings; Michelin makes travel *safe*. Anyone with $25 or more to spend per day per person (half price for children) is silly to deprive himself, in a Michelin country, of the services of the guides.

This is not the whole story, though, even in France — especially in France, perhaps, which remains a country of many independent, often surly, always fat, quasi-Poujadiste individualists in *hôtellerie* and *restauration*. This sort of entrepreneur often displeases Michelin, and Michelin certainly displeases him. Take M. Dupont, proprietor of the Hôtel du Château in Aix-du-Béarn (Aix is pronounced "x" to preserve anonymity; I don't want to get him in any more trouble with Michelin than he is because someday he might want to make peace).

DUFF GORDON SPANISH SHERRY



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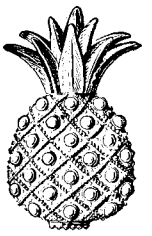

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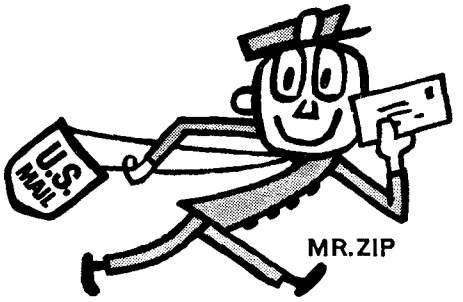

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"Why am I not in Michelin?" said M. Dupont, pouring a round of Izarras and taking one himself. "Why? Have you seen that barracks down the street they list first? You see, it was about ten years ago, when my father was still in charge. An *instituteur* [elementary school teacher] didn't like the way we hosed down the terrace or something and wrote to the Boulevard de Pereire to denounce us. We lost our Michelin listing. When my father became old I took over and resolved to get us back in Michelin. Dozens of contented guests wrote to say how good we are. Don't think it didn't cost me a fortune in free drinks, this Operation Michelin. Michelin never answered. One contented guest, my sister-in-law in point of fact, the one who lives in Lausanne, wrote and asked for an immediate answer. Why had Michelin not responded to her demand that they re-evaluate the Hôtel du Château? The *salauds* still didn't deign to answer."

The Hôtel du Château is an eighteenth-century château built within the walls of a ninth- to eleventh-century castle (the walls are still largely intact). The view is magnificent over the cold little river 400 feet below and the rolling hills to the highest peaks of the Pyrenees; and the trout, *foie gras*, preserved goose, and Béarnais specialties are as good as in all but the multiple-starred Paris restaurants.

The twenty-odd rooms of the Hôtel du Château are large and clean and comfortable. Officially it is ranked as a one-star hotel by the tourist department. If I had followed Michelin, I wouldn't have stayed there but at a mean and deserted smaller place down the street, with no view and no history, or at a decent but bleak *hostellerie* two miles out of town on a blank prairie, with no view and no strolls.

M. Dupont is clearly sour, but his place *is* by all odds the best in Aix. It is notorious that to get a Michelin star you should sport on your menu a *quenelles* or fish-dumpling dish, preferably with a red fish sauce. One Paris restaurant owes its star to putting such a sauce, with two little crayfish, alongside its half *poularde*, the whole thing being served with rice, in the style of an American hostess throwing a buffet supper. Hardly Brillat-Savarin. Once you get into the French countryside you find that the places Michelin favors are, quite naturally, inundated with English, German, and American tourists; expensive, if only relatively; clean, even if humble; mean, with strictly one-person portions served; overwhelmingly if chastely feminine, from the melancholy female who receives you and watches you fill out the hotel *fiche* or takes the dining room order, to the frail little maids who carry in all the heavy bags if you let them, to the starched, perfunctory twelve-hour-a-day maid-waitresses who so crisply serve the food. When I first came to France I liked these efficient women-run places, but now I am a slob and enjoy discussing with the *patron* what we are going to eat and drink.

No Chinese restaurant in Paris or anywhere else has a star or even three crossed spoons, no matter how white its napery or obsequious its personnel; and the food in some, usually more Vietnamese than Americans are used to, is superb (to try are *beignets de crevettes*, or shrimp doughnuts, and *nem saigonnais*, like egg rolls but better).

Although Michelin shows absolutely nothing between Arcachon and Biarritz on the Atlantic coast, you can for a dollar, in a poor people's *plage* called Biscarrosse, have a *dégustation* of "sea fruit," including oysters, clams, shrimps, *clovisses*, and various sea snails and crabs, with bread and wine thrown in. I ordered one such plate and two dozen oysters (at 50 cents a dozen), and it took five of us a half hour's work to finish those raw things off before the cooked fish came. This was not so much a restaurant as a fish shop with some tables, hence much too humble for Michelin, but it is impossible to eat better or be better served than we were there.

Going abroad, in the deserts of non-France, Michelin becomes a disaster. Take Spain, for instance — not such a bad little country really. Leaf through the Espagne Red, and you find all the same signs and symbols as in the France Red, with one difference: there are no stars. No restaurant is good enough, even in Madrid. Most of the hotels (even the best one in a city of 50,000, Ecija) do not rate even one tower but bear the glass-and-fork symbol of the *très simple*. The text, too, tells the percipient reader that Spain is a pretty appalling country in which the fat coat-and-tie Frenchman slums at the cost of his comfort, as in

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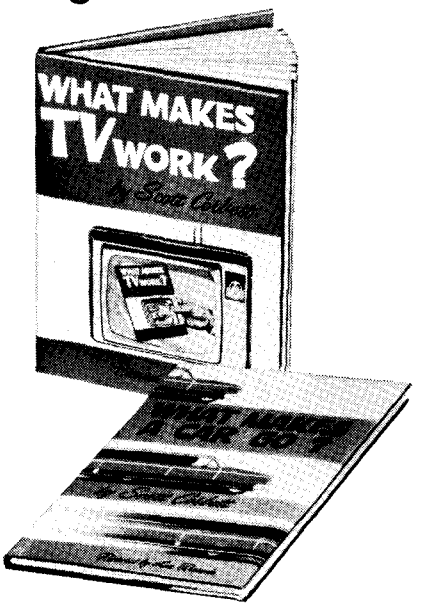
for enthusiastic first graders



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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Central Africa or the Midwest. Cheap, yes, but (it is implied) low tariffs are weak excuses for barbarity. The Spanish had several chances, the last one under Napoleon, but they failed to take them, and the sad truth is, *they are not French.*

If in a British publication we were to read that "the Spanish know nothing about the preparation of a proper cup of tea, their biscuits are saltless and treacly, and their lavatory paper, on the rare occasions it is to be found, is much too soft," we should chortle and consider clipping the bit for "This England" in the *New Statesman.* But we only nod wisely when we read in Michelin:

> Spanish cuisine is more complex than it is refined. Black pepper is hardly ever used, but to certain dishes pimentos bring their flaming note. Table wines are in general quite alcoholic (12 to 18 degrees) and very fruity. Dry or light vintages hardly exist. The most famous dessert wines, like those of Xeres (Jerez) are. . . appreciated in England. Andalucia produces "coñacs" as fruity as they are cheap, but their *finesse* is disputable.

A disputatious Spaniard might respond:

> French cuisine is overrefined, although it lacks real complexity. Table wines are in general quite weak (10 to 12 degrees) and not sufficiently fruity. The most famous dessert wines (such as Castillo Yquem) are in short supply and hideously expensive — the French know nothing about fortifying a wine and serve their weak *vidueños* unimproved. Their "cognacs" are even more carameled and vanillaed than coñac, and not nearly as cheap. Pimentos are practically unknown, but in certain dishes black pepper contributes its flaming note.

Italy receives somewhat kinder treatment, with some restaurants actually meriting one star, even though Italians obviously don't understand spaghetti, not cooking it sufficiently for a Frenchman's taste. I have not yet seen the new Deutschland, nor am I acquainted with the Benelux Red. So far England and Portugal remain guideless, and actually there are a lot of other places in the world where you don't have to decide for or against Michelin, but will it last? When De Gaulle visits all Latin America and recognizes Communist China, can Michelin be far behind?

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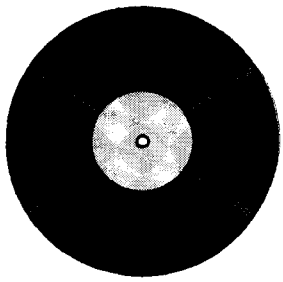

Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Bloch: Baal Shem—Three Pictures of Chassidic Life; Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Piano

Isaac Stern, violinist; Alexander Zakin, pianist; Columbia MS-6717 (stereo) and ML-6117

Probably no other living violinist can play as many different kinds of music as skillfully as Isaac Stern, but the music on this record strikes especially responsive chords of sympathy within him. Ernest Bloch's *Baal Shem* is a distillation of the Hebraic spirit in music — more specifically, of the mysticism and joys of the messianic vision. Echoes of synagogue cantillations and festival melodies produce the effect of a kind of spiritual folk song suite. There is a similar mood in sections of Bloch's Violin Sonata No. 1, but this remains a more reserved and impersonal piece, without the evocative powers of *Baal Shem*.

Schumann: Piano Concerto in A Minor, Opus 54; Introduction and Allegro Appassionato for Piano and Orchestra (Konzertstück), Opus 92

Rudolf Serkin, pianist, with Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy; Columbia MS-6688 (stereo) and ML-6088

Rudolf Serkin is hardly a neglected pianist, but at sixty-two he seems to be assuming the mantle of an old master, proceeding along a stately and settled course while a younger generation vies for pre-eminence. Every so often a record comes along which demonstrates that the old master retains his mastery, and this certainly is one. Serkin has recorded the Schumann concerto at least twice before, but his newest effort is an exhilarating blend of vigor, poetry, and sheer pianistic skill. The Schumann concerto is an aural definition of musical romanticism, and Serkin's playing of it no less so. The *Konzertstück* on the reverse is a substantially less imposing piece, but Serkin has a special affection for it, and performs it accordingly.

Verdi: Rigoletto (two versions)

Rafael Kubelik conducting La Scala Orchestra and Chorus, with Renata Scotto, soprano; Fiorenza Cossotto, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; and Ivo Vinco, bass; Deutsche Grammophon 138931/33 (stereo) and 18931/33: three records

Georg Solti conducting Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus, with Anna Moffo, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Alfredo Kraus, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; and David Ward, bass; RCA Victor LSC-7027 (stereo) and LM-7027: two records

On paper, the RCA Victor lineup promises the better sung and more vigorously directed *Rigoletto;* but the reality turns out to be something quite different. For Deutsche Grammophon's set, produced at La Scala with a German baritone and a Czech conductor, emerges as a *Rigoletto* with a crackling intensity that hasn't been heard since Toscanini conducted the fourth act of the work at a wartime benefit concert in Madison Square Garden. The credit belongs to the conductor, Rafael Kubelik, who has rediscovered the musical driving force and dramatic urgency that give *Rigoletto* its power. In place of the usual succession of arias, duets, and choruses — topped, of course, with *the* quartet — Kubelik gives us a deftly controlled, tightly interwoven, perfectly timed, and dramatically charged performance of a masterpiece. None of his singers achieves especially notable vocal feats, Fischer-Dieskau being a slightly dry-voice Rigoletto, and Renata Scotto a somewhat sharp-edged Gilda. But all fit admirably into Kubelik's musically truthful portrayal of human beings caught up in tragedy. By comparison, Victor's *Rigoletto,* for all Robert Merrill's suave singing, seems little more than routine. The Deutsche Grammophon recording spreads itself over six sides, but its sound, like its conducting, is exceptional.

Marc Blitzstein: The Cradle Will Rock

Howard Da Silva, director, and Gershon Kingsley, pianist, with Jerry Orbach, Lauri Peters, Nancy Andrews, Gordon B. Clarke, Joseph Bova, and others; MGM SE-4289-20C (stereo) and E-4289-20C: two records

Although the name of George Avakian does not appear among the credits listed above, it was this veteran producer who helped bring *The Cradle Will Rock* to records, through sheer doggedness and determination, after initial plans for the active participation of Leonard Bernstein and sponsorship by Columbia Records had fallen through. Was it worth all the effort? Surely in 1937, when Blitzstein's proletarian musical became a theatrical *cause célèbre,* this recording would have created a sensation. Today we can view it as a period piece, with the problems of unionism in Steeltown, U.S.A., a long way from Broadway — or even off-Broadway. Still, there is an enormous vitality to Blitzstein's music, and a sharp bite to his lyrics. After all, the policeman taking bribes, the editor yielding to pressure, the college president harkening to the trustees, and the artist humoring his benefactress are not exactly types completely unknown nowadays. In any event, plenty of musical zeal and zest has gone into this gusty recording. Its allusions and its attitudes seem dated occasionally, but it is pointedly reminiscent of a time when our musical theater had something to say.

Bernard Shaw: Caesar and Cleopatra

Directed by Anthony Quayle, with Claire Bloom as Cleopatra, Max Adrian as Caesar, Judith Anderson as Ftatateeta, Laurence Hardy as Brittanus, Jack Gwillim as Rufio, and others; Caedmon TRS-304S (stereo) and TRS-304: two records

There is only one complaint to be made about this excellent Caedmon Theatre Recording Society production, and one might as well make it at the outset: it is cut. And so brisk and brilliant is this display of Shavian repartee and history that one regrets every exchange that has been trimmed from it, even if the object was to get the "complete" play onto two LPs. Nevertheless, one listens with avid amusement to a performance in which not only the leads but even the lesser roles — such as Brittanus, Caesar's righteously British but always loyal servant — are played with elegance and wit. G.B.S. would seem to have a brilliant future on records, but the last thing he needs is editing.

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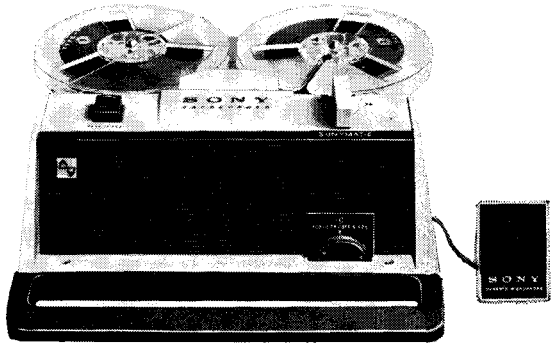

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

EVER since 1963 the demonstrations in behalf of Negro rights have rocked the cities in the North — Rochester, New York, Detroit — spasmodically if not as violently as the smaller communities in the Deep South; and now for the first time, the entire nation has had to face the local difficulties of granting Negro Americans the full measure of citizenship. Though the struggle originally centered in education, it soon spread to voting, to travel and accommodations, to employment and housing, and to the churches. As television has shown, every demonstration has called out more sympathy among the twenty-year-olds than among those over fifty; the restraint of the Negroes despite the brutal handling in Alabama and Mississippi has been admirable, and if proof were needed, Selma has given it that neither the Negro nor the white demonstrators have a monopoly on courage. We are all in this, for even the diehards admit that change is coming, and the scope of what needs to be done is so big as to be staggering. Our hope is that the young are committed to the doing and that as the Negro secures the vote, he will demand and respect the opportunity for development so long denied.

Truth has no color line: it is just as imperative to listen to the evidence and explanation of Ralph McGill as it is to that of James Baldwin — a fact which the South recognizes, as witness the extraordinary sale of McGill's book *The South and the Southerner* from Atlanta to New Orleans. There will be many seeking to testify in this crucial year, and the first, in whom I have a special interest, JOHN A. WILLIAMS, is the author of THIS IS MY COUNTRY TOO (New American Library, $4.50).

A Negro novelist and poet, Mr. Williams was born in Jackson, Mississippi, forty years ago. His parents soon moved to Syracuse, New York, and there during the Depression he grew up. The dream of America had begun to taste sour in his mouth before he matriculated at Syracuse University, and his biggest battles during the war were not against the Japanese, but against the segregation in the U.S. Navy, which cost him three hitches in the brig. *This Is My Country Too* grew out of an assignment from *Holiday:* the editor wanted Mr. Williams' impressions of America, and both knew that the most disagreeable part of the exposure would be in the South.

At Detroit he picked up a new white beach wagon, loaded aboard his bags, typewriter, sleeping bag, road maps, and a *Travelguide* listing places in America where a Negro can stay without insult, and for safety's sake he drove under California license plates. Old friends he had alerted along the way, and for each stop he had a list of newspapermen, Negro leaders, undergraduates, or the braver citizens who would give him the word.

He travels fast and writes breezily, is thin-skinned in his emotional reactions and very concise in his findings. In Detroit his old boyhood friend John Clair tells him, "The Negroes feel that their bloc of votes put Mayor Cavanagh in office. . . . White people move to the suburbs to get away from us, but leave the voting power in our hands." He learns about Louisville from an attractive schoolteacher who says that the responsible newspapers have been pressing for integration for twenty-five years, and that the town has been "blessed with good mayors." And she adds in a burst of confidence after dinner, "You know what all this has brought on? Colored men and white women. Oh, they've always been ducking and slipping around, but now they've brought it into the open." At the Meharry Medical College in Nashville, he gets a flick of anti-Semitism, Negro medical students worrying about "the Jewish doctors" they would have to compete against.

The further south he drives, the more he dreads the roads by night. In Jackson, his birthplace, he

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asks an old friend who had been born in the North how he could bear to live and teach in Mississippi, and the answer comes back, "We have this house, I have my doctorate. I make good money. . . . I've got security, Johnny." This is confirmed by another friend at Alabama State College who tells him that where there is resistance to integration on the part of Negroes, it is often for reasons of self-preservation. A professor of sociology whom he does not name says curtly, "Governor Wallace pays my salary; I have nothing to say to you. Excuse me, I have a class to get to."

Mr. Williams gets his best material from Negro sources. In his interchange with white liberal newspapermen who have been taking the punishment in the South, men like Seigenthaler of the *Nashville Tennesseean* and McGill of the Atlanta *Constitution*, Williams was too much on the defensive, failed to ask the right questions, and his findings are negligible. I also had the feeling that he was overplaying his dread of Southern violence, but after all, he was reporting his reaction, not mine. Not all the book is concerned with the struggle. His picture of Vermont is dreamy; his relief on reaching Chicago, infectious; his reunion with his mother and brother, Joe, in California, touching.

CASING THE REBELS

As one of the leaders of the Fugitives, ROBERT PENN WARREN was concerned about segregation as far back as the early thirties. He too is Southern-born, having grown up in Kentucky and Tennessee, and when he set forth on his big inquiry, WHO SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO? (Random House, $5.95), he cast a wider net than Johnny Williams; he listened with sympathetic patience to what people had to say, frequently taking down their testimony with a tape recorder. Thus he has had a meeting of minds with the men and women in the many movements and in the dangerous communities, and with the skill of a novelist he has pointed up what they stand for and how they have borne the battle. His interviews in some of the Louisiana parishes and in Mississippi placed him in jeopardy, but he writes without repugnance, and his book is a comprehensive case study, vivid, searching, and compassionate.

Here is the Reverend Joe Carter's narrative of how at the age of fifty-five he tried to register; of how he was falsely arrested, stripped of his clothes, forced into a uniform, and eventually released — without the registration blank; of how he organized a school to study voters' rights; and of how the next fall he led twenty-three Negroes down to the courthouse and this time he *was* registered. We hear from Lolis Elie, a practicing Negro lawyer in New Orleans, who got his degree with G.I. money after Korea and who believes that the desegregation of the armed forces is "one of the most significant things that has happened in this country." Elie admits that the Southern judges are prejudiced against a Negro lawyer and that this drives away his clients, but he finds hope in the fact that there are today twenty-five Negro lawyers in New Orleans when a decade ago there were two. Mr. Warren has a fascinating session with Clarice Harvey of Jackson, the manager of a successful business combine and the founder of Woman Power Unlimited, in the course of which she remarks that Martin Luther King's nonviolence "is really an aggressive force which speaks to the conscience of the wrong doer." Or he seeks out Dr. Aaron Henry of Clarksdale, Mississippi, whose house has been bombed and shot into and whose store windows have been repeatedly knocked out; whose daughter Rebecca has grown so used to the abusive phone calls that when the anonymous voice says, "I just shot your daddy," she replies, "Aw, fellow, are you kidding?" Dr. Henry lives with an armed guard, but what arms his spirit is knowing "that the United States sanctions what we are doing."

This is at times a shocking book and, thanks to Mr. Warren's probing, an edifying one. His long talk with Ralph Ellison, the Negro novelist, is the most profound of any in the book. Ellison's words are charged with affirmation: "Another factor is that Negroes, despite what some of our spokesmen say, do not dislike being Negro — no matter how inconvenient it frequently is. *I* like being a Negro. . . . I have no desire to escape the struggle, because I'm just too interested in how it's going to work out, and I want to impose my will upon the outcome to the extent that I can." In their talk Ellison insists, over and over again, on the Negro's will, even under slavery, to develop discipline and achieve individuality. His prophecy of what the South will be is eminently sane, and when he says that "Negroes are forcing the confrontation between the nation's conduct and its ideal, and they are most American in that they are doing so," one is prompted to reply Amen! An interchange such as this is tonic for any reader and blessedly free from sociological molasses.

WINSTON'S SUNRISE

LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER is uniquely qualified to tell us of the formative and stormy years of Winston Churchill, and my, how well she has done it! She was nineteen and he was thirty-two when they first met at a dinner party in the summer of 1906, and she was fascinated by

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the "torrent of magnificent language" in which he railed against the brief mortality of man, ending with the words, "We are all worms. But I do believe that I am a glowworm." She listened to him spellbound, as she was to do many times thereafter. She sparked his interest in poetry and introduced him to Keats's odes, which he promptly learned by heart. His world, she writes, was built and fashioned on heroic lines, and throughout their friendship she was an intuitive and bracing force in his development.

As the daughter and confidante of Herbert Asquith, the Prime Minister who first brought Churchill into the Cabinet, she knew better than any other woman how Winston was being judged by his seniors, where he excelled and where he was vulnerable.

In her devoted and discerning book, WINSTON CHURCHILL: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT (Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.50), she illuminates many aspects of his character: his immense power of concentration, the careful memorization of what he was to say in the House of Commons, his passion to vindicate his father, who had been dismissed as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his spurring belief that he would die young and must accomplish his life's work by forty. She tells us of his brave, rambunctious career as a war correspondent, and of how after the Boer War he earned $50,000 in five months of writing and lecturing, money which was to finance his early career in Parliament.

From her seat in the spectators' gallery, Lady Violet watched Winston's sunrise: she thrilled at the brilliance of his debating, was amazed that in eight weeks he could absorb the knowledge of economics which he had to have in his passionate support of free trade, and her spirit soared when Winston broke with the Conservatives and crossed the floor to serve with the Liberals under her father. She saw how Winston was played upon and mesmerized by Lloyd George, and she did not like it and told him so. She catches the tension of the crisis over Agadir, when her father and the Cabinet stood up against the German threat, and she shows how this led to Winston's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty, an office he held for four of the happiest years of his life. She describes the extraordinary foresight with which he prepared the Fleet for the eventual showdown, the courage with which he committed the Dreadnoughts to the 15-inch gun, and in vivid detail she writes of his plans for the Dardanelles expedition, "perhaps the most imaginative strategic concept" of the First World War, which were frustrated by a "monolithic soldier," Lord Kitchener, and a "megalomaniac sailor," Lord Fisher.

Her words throughout are fresh and beautifully selected; not the smallest detail escapes her, as, for instance, his love for butterflies and the idea of devoting part of his Eightieth Birthday Fund to the "creation of butterflies." And in her summing up I prize this sentence: "He makes his own climate and lives in it and those who love him share it." An endearing book, worthy of its subject.

ALLEN OF ALLEN'S ALLEY

From the Calvin Coolidge Administration until his death in an airplane crash in 1935, Will Rogers was our national humorist. In that shrewd, drawling way of his, he cut through bluff and hypocrisy, and we accepted his criticism, however stringent, whether of the President or of our national failings, because of the affection we felt for him.

On Will's death, Fred Allen moved into the top billing. He was beyond question the funniest man in radio and at times the most caustic. But because of the limitation of the industry, Fred was not given anything like the liberty which the *Times* gave Rogers.

Fred Allen had always wanted to write, but in the heyday of Allen's Alley he was so absorbed in his show, so busy with his staff writers (Herman Wouk was one of them), so embroiled with Jack Benny or the professor in the box, or with caricaturing the little people — for example, that awful family of father, mother, and destructive Junior on their first visit to the World's Fair in Flushing Meadows — that he had small time for FDR and the foibles of the New Deal. In the midst of all this, his letters became a kind of literary consolation, and at last, thanks to his friend Joe McCarthy, they have been collected in an engaging volume, FRED ALLEN'S LETTERS (Doubleday, $4.95).

Fred never used capitals; he preferred to write in a lower case patois reminiscent of Don Marquis. Like all American humorists, he is at his best when exaggerating and complaining. Fred never in all his life found a resort which he and Portland could enjoy. His one visit to Bermuda, where the water felt like warm sarsaparilla, ended in three days, and the nearest thing he could come to a holiday was at Old Orchard Beach, where he tramped around the golf course caddying for his friends. His best letters are naturally to those in show business, to Groucho Marx, Mark Leddy, and Jack Donahue, a great comedian-dancer whom he adored and for whom he had written comedy skits. This book should be read in snatches, with the eye skipping over personal paragraphs in quest of the satire and fantasy. It is spoken prose, and in listening to it one hears again that dry, rasping voice which was beloved in so many American households.

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Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

The death of FLANNERY O'CONNOR at the age of thirty-eight was a serious loss to American letters. Though she had been ailing for the last thirteen years — crippled by the dread disease of lupus — she managed to carry on her life cheerfully, and to the extent that illness permitted, continue the loved and laborious task of her writing. A posthumous collection of stories, EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95), shows that her unusual talents escaped even the ravages of disease.

Her qualities are unique and quite inimitable. She was a Catholic and a Southerner, and though both of these traditions are alive in her fiction, they scarcely define its individuality. Deeply religious, she is never sentimentally pious. Her Catholicism — as that of François Mauriac, a writer whom she much admired — emerges in an extraordinary vision of the evil and perversity at work in the heart of fallen mankind. But she is more human than Mauriac, and her vision of evil is complemented by an impish and delightfully absurd humor. Though she is a thoroughly regional writer and all her characters belong to the South, they are nearly always paradigms of mankind at large contending with the ultimate perplexities of life.

The title story deals with a bus ride into town by a young man and his mother, in the course of which they run into the race question. The mother represents the old South and cannot change her patronizing, if kindly, attitude toward the Negro; the son, educated and liberal, wants to acknowledge the Negro's equality and is very much embarrassed by his mother's conduct. The two generations cannot communicate. But

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I am not, I must confess, particularly fond of animals. Aside from a painted turtle once sent me as a souvenir from Florida, I have never had a pet. Circuses, apart from cotton candy, have always bored me. And I haven't been to a zoo since I gave up smoking and re-developed my sense of smell.

Therefore, you can understand my surprise when I recently glanced at Hermann Dembeck's *Animals and Men* and found myself completely captivated by it.

As the subtitle says, this book is an "informal history of the animal as prey, as servant and as companion," and it is loaded with interesting facts and amusing stories about animals of all sorts.

For example, there's a bit about a Roman emperor who kept two tame bears in his bedroom, and another about how peasants killed wolves in feudal days; a chapter on falconry, and an explanation of why some people won't eat pigs; and an account of how Jefferson Davis introduced camels into the United States Army. There are also hundreds of pictures, including one of a pet stork on a dining room table and another of Los Angeles during the ice age.

In addition to all this fascinating lore, there is also some practical information on how to keep pets humanely, which covers everything from goldfish and birds to cats and dogs. Reading the book has made me feel quite a bit differently about animals, even though I'm not yet ready for bears in my bedroom.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Animals and Men, by Hermann Dembeck ($7.50) is a publication of the Natural History Press, which is the Publisher for The American Museum of Natural History, and a Division of Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 17116 Kercheval Avenue, Grosse Pointe, Michigan.

what emerges even more strongly from the whole episode is the son's feeling that his very intelligence and education have doomed him to a feckless existence in the South.

The single moral, indeed, that runs through these stories seems to be that the liberal mind, convinced of its own rationality and self-righteousness, cannot possibly understand the perverse depths of the human personality. In "The Lame Shall Enter First," Sheppard, a social worker, tries to befriend a young delinquent, Rufus, by bringing him to live in his own home. A widower, Sheppard is also charged with taking care of a ten-year-old of his own, Norton, whom he nevertheless manages to neglect. Rufus is lame and has had a horrible childhood, having suffered all the deprivations that arouse compassion in any right-thinking social worker. But kindliness and good intentions work no miracle with the boy, and Sheppard desperately begins to suspect that he is confronted with some appalling incarnation of human evil. By the time, however, that he has got rid of Rufus, he has contrived, through his high-minded stupidity, to bring about the death of his own son.

The details are woven together perhaps a little too neatly in order to establish the moral parable. But the power of imagination and the vivid simplicity of language are what make the story live as art, and in the end, what succeed in really getting across its frightening message.

THE HYPERTHYROID JOURNALIST

With everybody twitching to the rhythms of the frug and the jerk it is to be expected that language itself will have to be jumping, too. English prose has somehow survived the convulsions and writhings of various journalistic innovators in this century, so we may take heart that it will also outlast the newest hypermanic jitters of TOM WOLFE. THE KANDY-KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAMLINE BABY (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50) is a collection of his reportorial pieces, and its title gives a pretty fair idea of the tone of the whole book, in which every day has to be parade day with tons of confetti and strings of firecrackers.

Yet he is a remarkable reporter too, who, by his talents and even more by his failings, manages to hold a slightly warped but fascinating mirror up to the contemporary American scene. The very vulgarity of his urge to be sophisticated, to be "in," is itself a revelation of what now preoccupies a whole generation of Americans. Las Vegas, custom cars, decal eyes, beehive hair, stretch pants — oh, yes, Mr. Wolfe has quite an eye for stretch pants, and he probably mentions them more than any other single item in the American culture. At the same time, he must be able to drop a reference to the sociologist Max Weber just to show that his generation is knowledgeable and read the highbrow quarterlies back there in college a decade ago.

He is at his best when he writes about what really interests him, such as the stock-car races in the South, and he diligently probes into the human beings behind the spectacle. These races are more dangerous and demand more raw courage from the driver than any other automobile competition in the world. Most of the drivers, it seems, got their training on the dirt back roads of the South, carrying bootleg whiskey while eluding the federal revenue agents. It's good to know that the tax on liquor has produced some tangible benefit.

HAUNTED LADIES

In a previous novel, *The Light in the Piazza*, ELIZABETH SPENCER related the experience of an American girl in Italy with a grace and insight that could only be compared with that of the early Italian novels of E. M. Forster. KNIGHTS & DRAGONS (McGraw-Hill, $3.95) returns to the same Italian theme, but not nearly so successfully. Despite many touches of a very fine and unusual talent, the story as a whole is too fragile and haunted and lacks the solidity of the author's previous fiction.

Martha Ingram works in the cultural office of the American government in Rome. She is young, beautiful, poised, brilliant at her job, and so would seem to have everything to live for. But inwardly she is in distress, haunted by the specter of her husband, from whom she has just been divorced. But here, precisely, the reader's trouble arises. Gordon Ingram, the ex-husband, and her marriage to him are never quite real enough to make one understand why they still hold such a powerful grip over Martha's mind. A live

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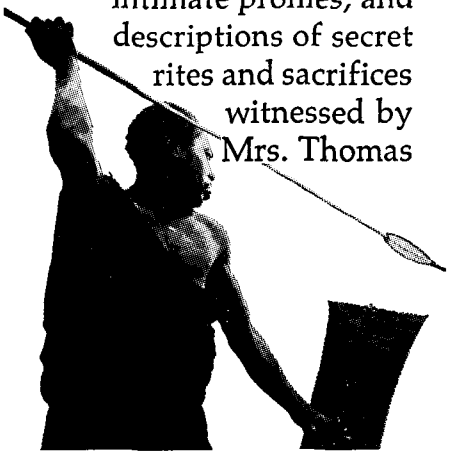

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person can turn into a ghost to haunt one, but a character who was never more than a ghost ought not to have enough substance to linger on.

Martha meets Jim Wilbourne, an economist who has arrived to work for the American embassy. She sees Jim clearly enough — he is pushy, opportunistic, mendacious, and a bit crude — but she allows herself to have an affair with him. In her spiritless mood she can drift into almost anything, and even her own self-degradation does not seem to bother her. Not only does Jim have a wife, but also Martha knows that in time he will return to America while she will stay on in Rome.

When Jim does go home, Martha seems to have found her real freedom at last. But this ending is thoroughly ambiguous; she has escaped the specter of her ex-husband, and she has survived Jim's departure, but she seems to have lost all sense of herself also. Has she in fact found freedom, or has she become inhumanly detached?

This portrait of a lady passing through a phase in which nothing seems quite real to her is done with much subtlety and delicacy; but the very unreal detachment of Martha's mind is what makes her story just a little too distracted and wispy.

A lady in even more desperate straits is the heroine of EDNA O'BRIEN'S AUGUST IS A WICKED MONTH (Simon and Schuster, $3.95). It is hard to say whether this is an entirely successful novel, since the characters are at times so detached from feelings that they seem scarcely human, yet the whole is written with such a deadpan flatness of tone that it becomes an entirely convincing account of one month of nihilism in the life of a young Englishwoman.

Ellen is estranged from her husband, and they agree to separate on their vacations. He will take their young son with him on a summer trip to Wales, while she proposes to have her fling of freedom on the Riviera.

Miss O'Brien's theme is sex, but she does not hoke it up. Ellen is not a crashing success as a seductress, and when she does find sex, it is as insipid as champagne without fizz. In the midst of her sordid adventures a long-distance call from her husband tells her that their son has been killed in an accident. In the enormity of her affliction Ellen can

A Drama With a Cast of Three Thousand

was enacted in the United States from 1945-47. The three thousand were the relatively few scientific and technical workers who formed the Federation of American Scientists. The drama they took part in was the battle for civilian control of atomic energy.

In A PERIL AND A HOPE Alice Kimball Smith records the two years after World War II when scientists who worked on the Manhattan Project strove to convince the American public and government of the peril they themselves had ushered in.

THE CONCERN of scientists with public policy no longer needs apology but it is largely because of the efforts of these two hectic years when the scientist first became lobbyist and publicist that this is the case.

ALTHOUGH THERE IS NOTHING of the "I was there" approach in Mrs. Smith's book, she *was* there. She lived in Los Alamos and later worked on *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. She has written "as nearly as possible an unvarnished tale... in the currently unfashionable belief that recreating the past is a respectable and fascinating end in itself." The tale may be unvarnished but it is not unadorned with grace and style and it is, indeed, fascinating.

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experience grief only as a paralysis of all feeling. Her story ends in the same flat monotone that has carried it throughout: back in England, Ellen looks at the falling leaves and hopes for a cooler and less harassing autumn.

Miss O'Brien has a genuine gift for fiction and a scrupulous honesty. The material she writes about — the blank desperation of the young woman whose marriage has failed — is real enough in modern life too; but somewhere in this desert of modernity there must be less dehumanized pockets from which her talent could dig a richer ore.

WAR AND THE INTELLECTUAL

The literary history of the nineteen twenties has been pretty well researched, but about the earlier decade of the teens, which in many ways set the stage for America's coming of age intellectually and culturally, much less is generally known. The outbreak of the First World War, which caused utter dissension among the writers, has obscured other developments in the period, particularly those on the literary home front. The period has not attracted attention partly because it did not have the sensational figures and masterpieces of the twenties. The decade of the teens was a time of spadework and preparation in American history rather than of glamour.

One of the more brilliant figures of the time was Randolph Bourne, and the selection of his essays and letters in THE WORLD OF RANDOLPH BOURNE (Dutton, $5.75), edited by Lillian Schlissel, is valuable not only as historical documentation but as very interesting reading in its own right. Bourne was a free-lance critic who ranged widely over the subjects of books, politics, society, and travel. One is tempted to speculate that had he not died prematurely at the age of thirty-two, he might have been an earlier Edmund Wilson. But bad luck seemed to dog his footsteps, and his really productive period was brief, from 1911 to 1918, when he fell victim to the nationwide influenza epidemic. Yet, numbered as his days were, he did leave a decisive mark upon his time.

Bourne was a liberal and a socialist, though not a Marxist. The American intelligentsia was to feel the impact of Marxism some years later. His socialism was of a progressive and gradual kind, and for a general philosophy he looked toward the pragmatism of John Dewey, who was then the great intellectual bulwark of progressivism. Bourne later broke with Dewey when the latter approved our entry into the First World War. As a pacifist, Bourne had denounced the war from the start and continued to do so after we were in it. He was thus abandoned to a most unpleasant and alienated position, and his bitterness comes out in a treatise on the state, which he was working on during the last years of his life. His thesis, simply put, is that "war is the health of the state" — the means by which those in power can unify the herd under them in some kind of blind crusade. Otherwise, the masses would simply fall apart into their own passive and diverse interests. In order to survive, the state must seek the perpetuation of war, which is done even in periods of nominal peace by the maintenance of armaments. If there are no hot wars, there at least have to be cold wars.

One positive result of our own long siege of the cold war is that it has compelled more people to become attentive to public affairs and international policy, and there has consequently grown up a whole new generation of Clausewitzes pondering the strategy of the bomb. One of the best in this field is DR. HENRY A. KISSINGER of Harvard University, and his new volume, THE TROUBLED PARTNERSHIP (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), is a highly topical and illuminating reappraisal of the Atlantic alliance.

So far as the public is aware of strains within the Atlantic alliance, it tends to think that these have all been caused by one man, De Gaulle. Nothing is more dangerous, Dr. Kissinger holds, than to persist in this simpleminded line of thought. The fact is that the world has changed very much since 1949, when NATO was set up. Our allies have become much stronger and are ready to challenge our decisions on a good many matters, as full-fledged partners should. Russia does not loom as so immediate a threat to Western Europe as it did fifteen years ago, and the Western nations, therefore, do not feel they have to cling so desperately to our apron strings. We, on the other hand, in-

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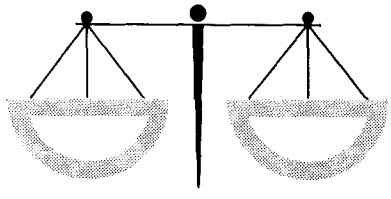

One of the most eloquent spokesmen for the high traditions of American law is Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr. of the United States District Court for Massachusetts. His best pronouncements of the last 25 years, written and oral, have been gathered in one volume along with his first-hand portraits of great judges — Brandeis, Holmes, A. N. Hand, Learned Hand — and essays on social and individual morality. $6.95 at all bookstores

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stead of welcoming such changes as a remarkable triumph of our original policy (which was designed, after all, to make Europe strong), have remained stubbornly entrenched in our older attitudes and administrative machinery.

If the Atlantic alliance is to be revitalized, we are called upon for more flexible thinking, and Dr. Kissinger proceeds to examine the concrete alternatives by which improvement may come.

SEARCH FOR THE SELF

A new translation of a classic is always an occasion for comment, especially when the author is not as well known as he should be. DEMIAN by HERMANN HESSE (Harper & Row, $3.95) is the first of a series in which the publisher intends to introduce the bulk of this remarkable author's writing to the American public. Though Hesse won the Nobel Prize in 1946, he never gained many readers here, except perhaps for his novel *Steppenwolf*, and then mainly among college students. Yet he looms now, three years after his death in 1962, as one of the deeper writers of the whole century.

Demian is the story of the boy Arthur Sinclair and his growth into young manhood. At school, Arthur is terrified by a bully until a new boy, Max Demian, who has some unusual and hidden power, appears. Demian turns off the bully, and he and Arthur become friends. Demian has some special secret, some hidden grace, and fascinates but mystifies Arthur. They are separated when Arthur goes off to boarding school, but years later come together as young men, and Demian introduces his friend to a strange world of mysticism, magic, and theosophy. In any other writer's hands this business would ring false, but Hesse's passionate irony makes it convincing. Demian's secret, which marks him off from the run of mankind, is simply that he is one of those rare ones who have found themselves.

This novel, which first appeared in 1919, created a sensation among readers who had known the destruction of the First World War and the confused aftermath. As is the case throughout most of his writings, Hesse's characters are searching for an identity within a disintegrated world, a theme that is as timely (or timeless) for us as for his generation.

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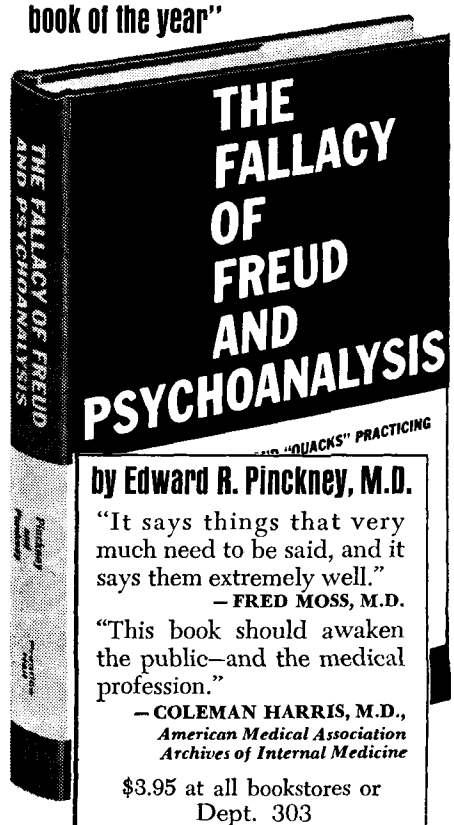

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

The author's foreword perfectly explains the existence of THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS (Simon and Schuster, $12.00). "I first came across the tale of Rorke's Drift," DONALD MORRIS begins, "in a long-forgotten collection of stirring deeds written for children. . . . I certainly did not know who the Zulus were, nor even where Natal was. It stuck with me as the story of a fight, however, and it always seemed to me a more satisfactory battle than such better-known events as the Alamo or the Little Big Horn . . . and by 1955 I was planning a magazine article on" Rorke's Drift and Isandhlwana. Then "Ernest Hemingway pointed out to me that there had never been a readable account of the Zulu War of 1879, nor, indeed, any account published in the United States, and that it would be a pity to throw the two battles away on a magazine. He was, of course, right, and the present volume is the result." Six hundred and fourteen pages, all highly readable and well worth the trouble Mr. Morris has obviously expended on them. He not only describes Rorke's Drift; he explains how it came about, and therefore begins with South Africa before the arrival of the Dutch in the seventeenth century. The subsequent encroachments and collisions of Dutch, English, and Zulus (who were no more native to the territory than the Europeans) are expounded with clarity, liveliness, and sporadic explosions of a mordant humor, which, if brutal, is nevertheless just what the subject deserves. I was bewitched by the book, but before recommending it promiscuously, I should perhaps confess to a pro-Zulu bias acquired through early reading of Rider Haggard.

In defense of Ian Fleming, KINGSLEY AMIS has written THE JAMES BOND DOSSIER (New American Library, $3.95), a careful but not entirely serious study of his late friend's popular, much abused creation. The book is stuffed with shrewd insights and amusing footnotes and explains, among other things, why, although Bond is a derivation of the Byronic hero, his following remains predominately masculine. "We don't want to have Bond to dinner or go golfing with Bond or talk to Bond. We want to be Bond." This relieves me of any further responsibility toward Bond, and I am grateful to Mr. Amis. Also much entertained.

It always seems faintly boorish to complain of a work undertaken by a competent author with the intention of aiding the cause of literature, but DAVID WRIGHT'S translation into modern prose of Chaucer's THE CANTERBURY TALES (Random House, $7.50) is really too much for good manners to bear. In the first place, Chaucer himself is not all that difficult to read. In the second place, Chaucer was a master-hand at getting comic or satiric or emotional effects by the juxtaposition of sounds and by subtle shifts in the timing of his lines. All this automatically disappears in a prose version. Frantic efforts by the prose paraphraser (translation is the wrong word for the business) may preserve part of it, but there is no indication that Mr. Wright has made any effort at all or has even noticed that the baby has gone out with the bath water.

HELEN BEVINGTON'S CHARLEY SMITH'S GIRL (Simon and Schuster, $4.95) is a memoir of the author's youth, and it differs from the general run of female memoirs in being neither spiteful nor sentimental. Mrs. Bevington was unlucky in her parents. Her mother was a woman of some talent and decided virtue, but coldly inept in dealing with people. Her father, Charley, was that ludicrous figure of folklore, a Methodist minister with an incorrigible itch for girl chasing. This dryly convincing book seems to be a belated attempt to do the pair justice — not because they were much better or worse than their young daughter thought, but because, on reflection, Mrs. Bevington has realized that they did as well as they knew how.

THE BETTER HALF (Harper & Row, $6.95) by ANDREW SINCLAIR is a solid study of the changing habits and position of American women during the nineteenth century. It inevitably becomes a history of the suffrage campaign. Mr. Sinclair offers no spectacular theories or unexpected discoveries. He does, however, bring together in an orderly pattern information that is normally left scattered about in several different fields.

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